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THE MAD QUEEN
OF SPAIN



Joan the Mad
From a contemporary portrait.

A decorative border with a repeating floral motif surrounds the entire text area.

THE MAD QUEEN OF SPAIN

by
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PREFACE

THE central figure of this book is that of a woman who, like one of the leading personalities in a Greek tragedy, was the victim of an inexorable doom, leading step by step from the summits of happiness and good fortune into the abysses of sorrow and suffering which overwhelmed her though she was guiltless. Unique in her love and her hate, passionate beyond the limits of reasonable restraint, marvellously self-sacrificing, she possessed a passive temperament, though endowed with invincible energy, and at every moment she was subject to the ruthless hand of destiny.

As a young princess her parents betrothed her to the man who gave life both meaning and purpose, and to love whom was her mission. Four times in brief succession fate snatched away the heirs to the Spanish throne, as if resolved to drag her forth from her retirement into the limelight of history. Having dangled before her the most brilliant crown, the mightiest realm of her day, it penned her under restraint for wellnigh half a century.

Unable to fulfil herself as queen or to sacrifice her happiness as a woman, she offered up all for love, and that, too, was frustrated. Betrayed, she hated no less wildly than she had loved. Because what her husband wanted was not a woman but a crown, she strenuously, staking freedom and life, defended the royal power which she did not covet against the man who was everything to her. Then, as soon as destiny struck down him she had learned to hate, she forgot hatred, and wrestled desperately for his life.

As by her husband, so by her father and later by her son, she was betrayed by those who were interested, not in her,

PREFACE

but in her realm. The common people, who were devoted to her, began to weave legends about her long before she died, and made of her name a symbol of freedom in their rising against the detested foreign rule. But when, after a decade and a half, they broke down the doors of her prison, she was still under the spell of fate, failed to recognize her liberators, and fulfilled her doom, dying mad and forgotten.

Such was the life-story of Joan, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, mother of two Holy Roman Emperors of the German Nation, Charles V and Ferdinand I. For three and a half centuries the Spanish archives guarded the secrets of her *via dolorosa*, those of the woman who was Habsburg's path to world empire. Regarded by sober historians as a lunatic, but transfigured by the popular imagination, she lives in the hearts of her fellow-countrymen as "*Juana la Loca, loca de amor*"—Joan the Mad, mad from love.

CHAPTER ONE

POLITICS AND ROMANCE

JOAN was sixteen when her parents, Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholics, betrothed her to Philip the Handsome of Burgundy. This was a political marriage arranged by ruling houses to further dynastic prestige, to increase influence at foreign courts and in distant lands. Principalities and powers were wedded, wars were waged for the succession, sway was extended or strengthened by a shrewdly conceived family alliance.

Less than thirty years before, Isabella, heiress of Castile, had married Ferdinand, heir of Aragon, thus uniting the two chief crowns in the Iberian Peninsula. Joining forces, the young rulers had in ten years effected the conquest of Granada, the last Moorish realm on European soil, and now Castilian knights were fighting the French to conquer the kingdom of Naples for Aragon. In a quarter of a century there had been established south of the Pyrenees a realm with whose might all the powers of Europe had to reckon. The family policy of the Catholic monarchs aimed at continuing by peaceful means the enterprise begun by war. Their ambition was to permeate Europe with Spanish influence.

Infanta Isabella, their eldest daughter, was to become Queen of Portugal, while Catherine, the youngest, was betrothed to Arthur Prince of Wales, married him in due course, and, when he died prematurely, still became Queen of England by wedding her deceased husband's brother, Henry VIII. With the Habsburgs, among whom the imperial dignity had been hereditary since 1438, the Spanish rulers were doubly

connected: by the marriage of Infante John, son and heir of Ferdinand and Isabella, to Margaret, daughter of Emperor Maximilian; and by that of John's younger sister Joan, their second daughter, to Archduke Philip, Maximilian's only son, whom the early death of his mother had already made ruler of Flanders and Burgundy. Spain and Austria being thus united, and through their dynastic ties assured of the support of Portugal and Britain, they could count on deciding the destinies of the western world and on at length curbing the power of France. The struggle for the hegemony of Europe began by a policy of encirclement through conjugal alliances.

But amid their far-reaching political aims, the canny monarchs by no means forgot immediate though less glittering advantages. The double wedding entailed considerable savings, for it was agreed that neither of the brides should be dowered. Since, moreover, the courtly state to be kept up by the princesses was, in each case, to be at her husband's charge, it naturally seemed desirable to make the personnel as numerous as possible, so that the foreign court should be permeated by the husband's partisans. Maximilian, therefore, made it clear that he must be entitled to send seventy ladies-in-waiting with Margaret; and Isabella stipulated for the right to supply an equal number for Joan.

Everything connected with the double wedding was political. Spain being a new realm whose standing in the concert of European powers was not yet firm, was, of course, determined to seize every chance of emphasising her importance. She had offered to bring Joan to the Netherlands, and to fetch Archduchess Margaret thence to Castile, and she prepared to do these things with unexampled splendour. The court of Joan and the Spanish retinue of Margaret must give a proper idea of the power and pomp of the Catholic King and Queen. Nothing that might promote Spanish prestige was forgotten. The list of jewels which

Ferdinand and Isabella gave their daughter-in-law as wedding presents filled four quarto pages. A fleet of 120 ships, carrying an army of 15,000 men, set forth from Laredo on the Biscayan coast. It would depend on Spanish diplomacy whether, having sailed northward, these troops would be used by the Netherlands against France.

Queen Isabella decided every detail of Joan's trousseau, chose the wedding presents for Margaret, planned the two girls' households, personally supervised the equipment and victualling of the big fleet—finding time, meanwhile, to give her daughter much sage advice concerning the best way of advancing Spain's interests as soon as she became Duchess of Burgundy. These interests were multifarious, one important matter being to favour Lancastrian sentiment in the Low Countries, since Catherine of Aragon was to marry the heir of King Henry VII, but the Court of Brussels had hitherto supported the now defeated Yorkist cause.

Princess Joan, at sixteen, had from earliest childhood been accustomed to regard as law the behests of her great, wise, incomparable mother. Isabella had chosen famous men of learning to teach her children, but continued to watch over their diligence and progress, and took them with her on her frequent journeys through Spain, even when making war. She had good reason to be satisfied with Joan, who could speak excellent French, and could manage when addressed in Latin to reply in the same language which was still the international tongue of the courts. The girl had a facile pen, writing long and admirably expressed letters. She was so graceful, so elegant a dancer, that she was often made to show her skill at the receptions given to foreign envoys. Devoted to music, she was a creditable performer on various instruments, such as the clavichord and the monochord. The Spanish court was proud of the little infanta, who seemed likely to become as distinguished as her famous mother.

While she obediently listened to Isabella's last instructions, she did so without anxiety, confident that, thanks to her mother's care and forethought, she would have someone with her to give guidance whenever moments came for putting them into practical effect. Thus had it always been, and thus would it remain.

Of course the migration into a strange, unknown world was an ordeal; but it was consoling that Isabella travelled with her to the ship, and slept on board for two nights while the fleet was waiting for a fair wind. This was the first long severance from her mother. Who could say if they would ever meet again? In later years, Joan used to declare what a wrench the parting had been.

In those days any journey, and especially a sea voyage, was a formidable undertaking. The unwieldy ships were exposed to the perils of fire and storm, being little able to cope with the vicissitudes of the weather. No one could tell with confidence how long a voyage would last, whether or where the craft would reach port.

This time, however, the skies proved favourable. On August 22, 1496, the sails were hoisted, and for two days, in brilliant sunshine, the fleet ran northward before a southerly wind. Then came a change of weather, a storm which raged for eight hours, after which the Admiral of Castile informed her that they were changing course to the west, up the Channel which divided England from France. The admiral detached seven vessels for a plundering raid along the French coast, and in a day they rejoined the armada with two prizes—Breton boats.

When the fleet was half way up Channel, and was passing the Cotentin, there was another change of wind, storm threatened, and the ships sought refuge in the open roadstead of Portland. While entering the harbour the flagship, a large carack, rammed one of the small Biscayans. At first there was



Madonna of the Catholic Monarchs

*Kneeling to the left are King Ferdinand and the Infante John, to the
right Queen Isabella and little Joan*

confusion and alarm, but, after all, no serious damage had been done to the big ship, and it was amusing to watch the men of the Biscayan jump overboard and swim about until boats had been lowered to pick them up.

The voyage was interrupted for two days, till the wind veered to the right quarter. Still, Joan was not bored, for she went ashore to be entertained at the Castle, and for the first time in her life was able to enjoy being the centre of interest and the cynosure of all eyes. The nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood foregathered to be presented to the Spanish princess and to kiss her hand.

When the fleet entered Flemish waters, where there were sandbanks dangerous to the caracks, Joan was transhipped to one of the Biscayans which cruised cautiously along shore.

Next day the second of the big caracks, freighted with most of the princess's trousseau and the outfit of many of her ladies-in-waiting, was wrecked. The crew and passengers were saved, but the bulk of the precious freight went to the bottom.

In the Netherlands came a disagreeable surprise. Joan's betrothed was not there, being hundreds of miles away at Lindau on the Lake of Constance, where he was presiding over the Reichstag on behalf of his father, Emperor Maximilian. Couriers were instantly dispatched, but no arrangements had been made for the reception of the Princess or for the housing of her enormous train. Everything had to be extemporised.

The authorities naturally did their best to amuse the bride of their sovereign during this time of waiting. The towns through which she passed by short stages on her progress inland were decorated in her honour. Her entry into Antwerp was a brilliant success. Gorgeously attired, riding a mule, a slender and graceful girl, she passed bare-headed through the streets, attended by sixteen no less beautiful noble damsels of her own age—all dressed as befitted the daughters of Spanish grandees, squired by pages and accompanied by musicians.

The populace most heartily acclaimed the lovely young princess.

But she had to learn that, here in the chilly north, October was a different month from the one she had known in Spain. Archduchess Margaret, who hastened from Namur to welcome her sister-in-law to be, found Joan disconsolate, in bed, where, though she had a bad cold, "she was lying after the Spanish fashion without sufficient covering". As soon as the indisposition had passed, she left Antwerp for a nunnery at Lierre, ten miles away, there to await the arrival of her betrothed.

Meanwhile Philip, who at Lindau had simultaneously received news of the sailing of the fleet from Spain and of its arrival in the Low Countries, was making all possible speed from the Lake of Constance to Belgium. He was accompanied by no more than a few lances, and they were to requisition horses as often as might be needed on the way.

Romance here unexpectedly intrudes into politics. The Princess's royal progress across her intended husband's dominions, popular rejoicings in the towns through which she passed, and then her seclusion in the Lierre convent; the prince's hurried ride to greet her, his tumultuous invasion of the cloistral quiet one autumn evening—these incidents seem taken from a fairy-tale, and designed to appeal to youthful imaginations. The couple did not know one another, had never met; but he was eighteen and she was sixteen. From the first moment of their encounter, they had eyes only for one another. For Joan, from the first moment, it was a love that was to last a lifetime, a concentrated, exclusive, and monopolist passion; in contrast with which everything else seemed pale and unmeaning. For Philip, from the first moment, since he was fascinated by his bride's youth and charm, it was a hot uprush of desire. Impatiently he had to endure the presentation of the Spanish knights, and then,

ablaze with ardour, he summoned the chaplain. The Church must give its blessing forthwith. To-morrow more formal celebrations might be arranged; but this very night the marriage should be consummated.

Nor was the morrow for Joan a sober awakening to the cold realities of daily life. She had fallen over head and ears in love. Love filled her whole being, and her husband had in one night become for her the only man in the world. The hot-blooded Spanish woman knew nothing of compromise, calculation, hesitancy. What she gave, she gave with both hands, in good measure, pressed down and running over. The results of her careful education at the Spanish court, the piety that had been inculcated on her as the first of all requirements, parental influence, Isabella's strict exhortations—all were swept away in an hour. Romance had vanquished policy. The omnipotence of this love might have brought the greatest conceivable happiness, Philip and Joan might have been hero and heroine of an imperishable love-epic had not fate decreed that Joan was to experience the utmost extremity of woe.

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CHAPTER TWO

THE YOUNG DUCHESS

A SPATE of festivities was awaiting the Archduke and his bride as soon as they emerged from the retirement of Lierre convent. The towns vied with one another in the splendour of their receptions and the magnificence of their entertainments. The knights devised tournaments at which they displayed their skill and strength. Nor did Philip content himself with the role of onlooker, but participated vigorously in challenging, tilting, and the splintering of lances, carrying off more than one prize under his wife's eyes.

Joan was happy beyond compare. The jousts were held in her honour. The knights wore her colours, and conquered under her auspices. Banquets took place for her sake, and she was queen of the revels. The cavaliers paid her graceful compliments; the ladies envied her her fine, young husband, whom history has by no means flattered in styling him "Philip the Handsome". He was the most graceful dancer, the most adroit teneys-player, the most valiant knight, the most brilliant conversationalist. But though all the ladies were in love with him, he had no interest in any other woman, nor she in any other man. The country at large seemed to share the love and happiness of its youthful rulers. Joan had never seen such enthusiasm, such devotion, in Spain—not even for her mother, though it was Isabella who had made Castile great and had conquered the Moors.

There were solid reasons for these sentiments in the Low Countries. Dynastic ties bound them to the Habsburgs; but, since they comprised a buffer State between Germany and

France, they had their own interests to think of. The Arch-ducal Council, therefore had been extremely anxious when Maximilian and the Spanish monarchs arranged this marriage, for there was great risk of the formation of an anti-French front, and their distracted land might be involved in the most formidable complications. Still painful were the wounds received during the last French invasions; and in civil wars between the racially distinct populations of Burgundy, Flanders, and Luxemburg. So much had their proverbial wealth been squandered that the crown jewels, as far as they remained extant, were in pawn.

When Philip, a minor, became Duke on the death of his mother, Mary of Burgundy, a more peaceful time began. The Netherland Councils, which assumed the regency, disregarded the Austro-German policy of Maximilian, who regarded the Low Countries as a mere outpost of the Empire, cleared the Ducal Council of its foreign members, and revived prosperity by shrewdly drafted commercial treaties. They wanted to live at peace with their neighbours, and saw to it that the education of the heir to the Habsburg throne should be such that the Netherlands should always come first in his thoughts.

They grew uneasy when Philip stayed so long with his father Maximilian, and were delighted when Joan's arrival gave them a pretext for recalling their duke as speedily as possible. But the size of the Spanish fleet, the number of the Spanish courtiers, and the strength of the Spanish army which had come to escort her, aroused misgivings that once more they were in deadly peril, between Austrian and Spanish scissor-blades this time.

But the first few days the young couple spent in Antwerp reassured them. It was the same young Philip, true to his nickname of "croit-conseil" or "heeds-advice". He could be guided as of old; signed whatever his advisers laid before him;

was bored by his duties as ruler, from which he was glad to escape to the chase, jousting, other sports and amusements. The ruling patriciate was naturally eager to provide a round of these diversions, so that their most accommodating sovereign should be kept occupied in what seemed an expedient way while they averted the Spanish peril.

There was no reason to be afraid of Joan. A girl of sixteen, deeply in love, pliable and brought up to do what she was told, she quickly submitted to the spell of her new environment. The Prince of Chimay, who had been appointed her gentleman in waiting, managed her court as chamberlain. Madame de Halevin, Philip and Margaret's governess, who was instructing them in Burgundian ceremonial, won her full confidence. For their own sake some of the Spanish courtiers who accompanied her—the treasurer Martin de Moxica for instance—favoured the Burgundian cause. Others were less pliable, and the Netherlands decided to get rid of them by making their lives thoroughly uncomfortable.

The generality of these Spanish grandees had an overweening conviction of their own importance, expected liberal emoluments and many tokens of distinction, were eager to push Spanish interests abroad—and were therefore an unceasing source of trouble and intrigue. Philip's absence when they arrived had spoiled their game, defeating their hopes of picking a quarrel with France. Not only were the Netherlands on the best of terms with their powerful neighbour, but declared they had never expected the arrival of so large a navy and so many soldiers, had made no preparations for their reception or entertainment, and showed little inclination to make them welcome. The sooner men and ships went back with Archduchess Margaret, the better.

But by the time the wedding and the farewell ceremonies were over, the season was too far advanced. The storms of autumn were raging. It would never do to expose the Arch-

duchess to the risks and discomforts of such wild weather, and her departure was postponed till the spring. Winter set in, and the chill and damp of the north began to work havoc among the southerners. The common folk lacked the most elementary comforts, there were not even enough blankets for the troops, and while the court was junketing the rankers died like flies. Of the 15,000 who had come with Joan, 9000 are said to have perished that winter, and those that survived to go back to Spain in February, with Margaret, might consider themselves lucky. The courtiers remained, as the treaties had specified, and the Netherlands had to make some sort of provision for them. But there had been no specifications regarding the position and importance of the Spaniards at court, allowances were now granted at so low a figure that they were wellnigh destitute. Instead of being honoured as they had expected, they could not even get enough to eat. Their situation became intolerable.

Of course they complained to Joan, and at first the Princess, who had now turned seventeen, did what she could for them, making urgent representations about their hard case. Since, however (and with good reason), every demand she made was supposed to be put forward in the Spanish interest, she could not achieve very much. She was given to understand that it beseemed her "to think more about her new subjects than about the Spaniards". She was not endowed with a fighting temperament, and her education had not been of a kind to foster independence, for Isabella had never been disposed to tolerate any manifestations of spontaneous purpose on her daughter's part. Joan, being sensitive and easily wounded, was, in the Netherlands, soon taught the advisability of avoiding unpleasantness, and of withdrawing into herself. When, here in her new home, her first promptings were ruthlessly snubbed, and everything was being arranged for her without consulting her, as every-

thing had been in Spain, she let matters take their course—which was that prescribed by Moxica and Madame de Halevin. When the Spaniards saw that their Duchess, while dancing and otherwise amusing herself, did nothing to remedy their grievances, they began to write plaintive letters home to the court of the Catholic monarchs.

Those who returned to Spain with Margaret confirmed the stories told in these letters, declared that Joan thought of nothing but her own pleasure, and was indifferent to the sufferings of her fellow-countrymen, with the result that at the Spanish court gossip about Joan's "hard and unsympathetic heart" became general. Worse still, it was soon rumoured that she was turning away from true piety, and, instead of (like Isabella) choosing strict and stern Spaniards as spiritual guides, she preferred to have Mass read to her by frivolous French priests.

The truth was that Joan, after the first difficulties had been overcome, honestly tried to make herself at home in her new environment. Everything was so different; nature, customs, men and women, even religion. There was enough and to spare of many things seldom seen in Spain; such as verdant forests, shady avenues, broad rivers, well-stocked fishponds, abundant moisture. What was altogether unknown in Spain—an idyllic rural life, a wealthy and independent burgherdom, powerful and privileged guilds whose tastes and whims counted for more with the government than those of an unassertive territorial nobility. All these secured as luxuriant expression in the Netherlands as had in Spain the will of the few but overbearing feudal magnates who were only too ready to account themselves the King's equals. The highly artificialised dictates of a chivalric and courtly tradition called the tune of life. A knight was important, not because he boasted a large train or because he had done good service in war, but simply because of his position at court, where there



Philip the Handsome
in youth

was a stereotyped ceremonial such as did not yet prevail in Spain.

Still, existence was not stiff, not petrified. People were talkative, merry, rather boisterous. They took life easily, eating and drinking to excess. The women were unrestrained and unaffected, made no hypocritical parade of virtue, but laughed and drank and made merry side by side with the men.

Religion took on a different aspect here, as well as life. Joan had never believed that anyone could be pious, and nevertheless seek earthly enjoyment. She had never known that people could pray cheerfully instead of mournfully and with gnashing of teeth; or that God might be expected to love His creatures and gladly to forgive their trespasses, instead of ruthlessly punishing them for every transgression. The men who preached these doctrines, and who themselves enjoyed eating and drinking, were priests, were Franciscan monks, as in Spain, but they came from Paris, which was regarded as the corporeal and spiritual centre of the world.

In Philip's company, Joan visited Flanders; Antwerp, Ghent, and Bruges. She visited Holland; Delft, The Hague, Haarlem, and Leyden. Everywhere, in all these towns, she found the same cheerfulness, the same joy in life and longing for the good things of life; yet everywhere good Christians abounded, pious and contented. The teachings of her youth began to seem somewhat questionable.

To a prior sent by Isabella, she said later: "At first I was gloomy and depressed, incessantly weeping at the thought that I was so far away from Mother and should probably never see her again." The complete change of environment and mode of life was necessarily disturbing, and she admitted having brought "much trouble" on herself by her attempt to help her fellow-countrymen. But what she accepted, she accepted wholly and uncompromisingly. Having adopted a new regime and a new outlook, she naturally wanted French

priests who approved them. It mattered very little to her that her old confessor should become alienated, and should scold her for showing favour to "Parisian winebibbers". Nor did she mind much when Isabella's letters became hortatory and reproachful. She did not answer them. The Spanish ambassador in England, backed up by King Henry VII, urged her to do what she could to improve relations between Brussels and Windsor. These missives, too, remained unanswered. She was eager to avoid friction. How then could she be expected to influence her adopted country? She was not even allowed a say in her own household expenses.

At length she was granted a privy purse of 20,000 gold talers, but the money never passed through her own hands. Moxica told her what he disbursed in salaries and benefactions, and Madame de Halevin dealt with the housekeeping. Both of them would come to her about charities and the like, would show her the funds that were available, and she had merely to sign the authorisation. Always they had excellent reasons why a supplementary payment should be made to one person or another, at the very time when Spanish ladies and gentlemen at court were in the direst need and she had not a stiver to bestow on them.

Sometimes Joan lost her temper, vowing that this should not continue. Henceforward she would decide for herself who was to receive her money. Moxica or Madame de Halevin would no longer be permitted to do so. But, after all, Moxica was treasurer by her mother's will; and she was very grateful to Madame de Halevin for guidance when she had been a stranger in a strange land—so each time she signed "for this once" without protest, though she knew that those who were passed over would write fresh complaints to Spain, and that this would bring more chidings from Isabella.

What was she to do when the only man to whom she might have looked for help, her young husband, was receiving no

less reproachful letters both from her own parents and from Emperor Maximilian? All three of them declared that Philip was not carrying out their policy; he had become francophil; Louis of France had mockingly said, "Philip is as French as the wine of Orleans". Philip, no doubt, told her his troubles. Maximilian and the Catholic monarchs wanted to make war on France. He had summoned the States General, which had voted peace and a treaty with France. Maximilian wanted him to conquer Gelderland and regain the whole of Burgundy, but the States General were opposed to wars of conquest and were content with the peaceful offer of three towns. Trade, they said, was better than war, for trade was a source of wealth. So, in spite of Emperor Maximilian and King Ferdinand, he had to do what the States General and his advisers wanted.

The young rulers were learning that it is impossible to please everybody; and that there are things which a sovereign has to do or leave undone at the cost of "disagreeables". They found that the wisest policy was not to bother, but to hold aloof and make the best of a bad business.



CHAPTER THREE

THE SPANISH HERITAGE

SPAIN, at the south-western extremity of Europe, cut off from it by the lofty mountain barrier of the Pyrenees and divided from Africa by no more than a narrow strait, is a world apart, peculiar and full of contrasts. The sierras cut the land into provinces each of which has had its own development, and has often a distinct language. The climate is almost as much diversified as that of Europe. The rainless, sun-scorched, almost African Levante, in the south-east of the peninsula; Andalusia, sub-tropical in its luxuriance; the arid and lofty plateaus of Castile and La Mancha; the mild and fertile Catalonia; the green and rainy Galicia in the north-west—all, all is Spain. The north is a rude, stubborn, pathless upland, to whose lofty dales in the eighth century the descendants of the Visigoths withdrew before the Moorish invasion and from which the Reconquista, the wresting of Christian Spain from the infidels, began. In independent groups, each fighting in the immediate vicinity of its own tribal settlement, these perennial crusaders enlarged their territories, formed counties and duodecimo kingdoms, as they advanced from the mountains into the tableland of Castile.

For centuries this desolate region was the theatre of fierce struggle, until at length, in the thirteenth century, the kingdom of Castile having consolidated in the north and the centre of Spain, it sent its knights southward to attack sunny Andalusia, the heart of the Moorish realm. At the same time the peoples of the north-east, the slow and stubborn Aragonese and the versatile, businesslike Catalans, having united to form the

kingdom of Aragon, were advancing southward along the Mediterranean coast. Simultaneously Portugal, the third of the chief kingdoms of the peninsula, gained victories over the Moors which enabled it to assume its present form.

Castile, Aragon, and Portugal were mutually hostile. Each was afraid that one of the others might gain an unfair advantage by expansion at the cost of the decaying Moorish power, and it was owing to these jealousies that the Emirate of Granada was able to last so long. Though encircled by Christians, it persisted for two centuries, becoming wealthy and the forcing-house of western Mohammedan culture; for not merely were the Christian kingdoms of Spain at war one with another, but within each dissension was rife. In Castile, more especially, the feudal magnates, each sovereign within his own domain and perpetually at feud with his neighbours, had reduced the royal authority to a semblance.

The life-work of Queen Isabella was to re-establish this authority, enforce her sway over the rebellious barons, and drive the Moors from Spanish soil.

She spent her childhood in a retired dower-house beside her widowed mother, a pious enthusiast. Then came the early impressions of humiliation at the court of her brother, Henry IV of Castile. Her marriage to Ferdinand, heir of Aragon, was a secret one, and took place without her brother's consent. When Henry died, Isabella had to fight desperately for her claims to the throne of Castile, and was often on the verge of defeat. The country was impoverished, ravaged by brigands, torn by the quarrels of rebellious nobles, was not an organic unity, the only link between its feudal dominions being the person of the nominal monarch. Each territorial subdivision pursued its separate interest, and insisted upon its separate rights. But the towns of Castile, where the burghers opposed the exactions of the nobles and wanted an orderly regime, supported their young Queen. Ferdinand was an able com-

mander and a supple diplomatist. Isabella possessed immense energy and was profoundly convinced that she had a mission. Shrewd and cautious, she could be charming when she wanted to charm, winning when there was much to win. Sometimes with the mailed fist and sometimes with the velvet glove, by force or by persuasion, but always with striking ability, this remarkable pair got to work upon transforming feudal barons into courtiers. They organised an army which was regarded as one of the best of its day, and consolidated their power. Then Isabella proceeded with the Reconquista.

During the long centuries of the struggle with the Moors, the Spanish faith had been forged, to become what it seemed to Europe at the close of the fifteenth century—gloomy and passionate. In the last long intermission of the fight between Christian and Infidel, it had grown somewhat less fierce, somewhat more accommodating, but Isabella knew her Spaniards. Proud and reckless, independent and hot-tempered, they followed their impulses, paying little heed to reality. In pursuit of an idea they could display the utmost heroism and the most barbarous cruelty. Once more, then, she fired their fanaticism, and showed these knights and gentlemen a worthy object of conquest for ardent worshippers of the Cross—Granada.

The war, waged under the sign of St. James, the Slayer of the Moors, lasted for ten years. Then the Cross was triumphantly hoisted above the towers of the Alhambra, the last Mohammedan stronghold in Spain. That same year Christopher Columbus, the Genoese navigator, sailed from Palos to discover the New World. The expedition into unknown waters was financed by Isabella, and its success helped to confirm the Queen's belief that her mission was to impose Christianity on the heathen. Indeed, the way in which fortune favoured all her enterprises seemed to her a proof that they pleased God, who was thus rewarding her for her devout labours. With

renewed vigour she addressed herself to the task, as far as home policy was concerned, of making her realm "a united rock of the Faith", and of giving it the leading role in European affairs.

When, more than twenty years after she ascended the throne of Castile, her only son the Infante John was married to Margaret, daughter of Emperor Maximilian, Isabella the Catholic reached the acme of her power. Her family policy had triumphed all along the line; the European thrones that encircled France were closely allied to hers.

But now, when her ambitions had been so gloriously fulfilled and the future that opened before her dynasty seemed to outshine that of any other ruling house, fate struck blow after blow, as if resolved to outweigh by private disasters the boons that had been vouchsafed her as queen and ruler.

Hardly were the wedding festivities over than the court physicians became anxious about the Infante's health. They told his mother that, since John was of weakly constitution, the excitements of continued association with his beautiful and amorous Austrian bride would soon prove too much for him. The young couple had better separate for a time. "Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder", rejoined the Queen with unction. She would trust the Creator's advice rather than that of His creatures. But John (her "angel") grew worse from week to week, fell into a decline, and died six months after the marriage.

It is said that King Ferdinand, fearing that his wife might not survive the shock, tried to mitigate it by tidings that he himself had sustained a serious accident. Then he sent a second messenger to say that this was a mistake, but the Infante was dead. Anyhow her despair was overwhelming, and she did not fully recover though she lived for seven years more. Not the court alone but all Spain went into mourning, and she herself wore black for the rest of her life.

Her only hope, after John's death, was centred upon Margaret, who was with child. But this hope, too, was dashed, for three months later the infant was stillborn.

Since John had been an only son, the house was now extinct in the male line, and the expectation of a permanent union of Aragon and Castile seemed frustrated. The succession to the crowns of the Catholic monarchs passed to their eldest daughter Isabella, Queen of Portugal. The Cortes of Castile paid homage to her, but no woman could reign in Aragon, which decided to await the birth of her expected baby. The mother died in childbirth. The child survived, a son, Michael, who became heir to the thrones of Castile, Aragon, and Portugal.

After this series of disasters, Queen Isabella continued, for a time, to hope that the whole peninsula would be united under her grandson; but Michael, upon whom Ferdinand and Isabella's affection was now concentrated, was a weakly bantling, not expected to live long. No doubt at this time Isabella, bludgeoned by fate, must often have wondered what would happen should Michael die. In that case the succession would pass to her second daughter Joan, happily married in distant Flanders. Joan, too, was with child, but her failure to reply to her mother's frequent letters filled Isabella's heart with concern. To gather information about Joan she had sent a special envoy, Subprior Thomas de Matienzo, who had been dispatched by way of London to the Netherlands. Reports from him must soon come to hand.

Their system of employing clerical emissaries to send tidings as to what went on at foreign courts made the Catholic rulers the best-informed monarchs of their time; but since Joan guessed why de Matienzo had come, she was on her guard. In fact, though the reception was outwardly civil, no financial provision was made for the uninvited guest. Since he did not take this broad hint, and return promptly to Spain, Joan told



St. James

'Santiago, Slayer of the Moors,' Patron Saint of Spain (from Isabella's Portable Altar in the Palace of Madrid)

him bluntly that she was "not altogether pleased" by his coming.

But in the long run she could not cope with so adroit an investigator, and he was soon able to persuade her that he had not come to spy out the land, but only wished to serve her. Not a word would he tell her mother except what she herself put into his mouth. He managed to allay her fears as to hostile rumours which she believed to be current in Spain, assured her that everyone there thought well of her, and that Isabella was her loyal champion. Thus he won her confidence, was invited to visit her often, and was soon able to write to Isabella informing the Queen that Joan asked no questions about Spain, was obviously uninterested in what went on there, and was rather remiss about going to confession and receiving the Eucharist on Holy Days.

The longer the Spaniard stayed at the Flemish court the more indignant did he become, and his letters changed their tone. "People here", he wrote, "are more admired when they have strong heads for liquor than when they live decent lives, and they are so corrupt that it is distressing to think of the punishment which awaits them." But of Joan he became less censorious. "She has the qualities proper to a good Christian. . . . There is as much religion in her household as if it were a strictly managed convent, and we cannot but praise her for this, though her Flemish subjects are by no means disposed to do so." When she had been delivered of her first child—which to the disappointment of the Spanish and Austrian dynasts was a girl—she grew both franker and more docile. In numerous conversations with the subprior she was able to make him understand that she had had no choice but to act as she did, and Marienzo's reports were exculpatory. Martin de Moxica, Madame de Halevin, and the members of the Archducal Council had been to blame, he said, isolating her from all persons of whom they disapproved, "and cowing

the Infanta to such an extent that she scarcely dared to raise her head".

Thus the picture of Joan formed in Spain at this period was a motley one. The subprior's reports gave Queen Isabella little consolation. Although she was reassured as to the welfare of her daughter's soul, there did not seem much use in looking to the young woman for political help. Joan was obviously too weak to make headway against a court which the Spanish ecclesiastic painted in the darkest colours. Hopes of extending Spanish influence in the Netherlands, of establishing there a bulwark against France, were foiled, and the cares of the Spanish court were intensified when there seemed less and less likelihood that little Michael would survive. But at this moment came the welcome news that the Archduchess was once more with child.

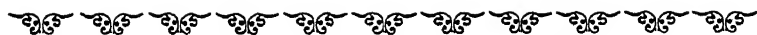
On February 25, 1500, there was a court ball in Ghent. Joan was very far advanced in pregnancy, but felt so well that there seemed no reason why she should not attend the festivity. She enjoyed herself heartily until midnight, when warning symptoms began. Hastily she fled from the ballroom and along the corridors, while the courtiers, who were by no means prudish, watched her hurried departure with great amusement. Since she did not return, and was found suffering from violent labour pains in the privy where she had taken refuge, it was thought expedient to bring the dance to a close; and an hour afterwards, when flares were lighted on the loftiest church tower, the city knew that its rulers had the eagerly desired heir.

Philip decided to name him after his own maternal grandfather, Duke Charles the Bold of Burgundy. The Council of State was instructed to find for little Charles a title appropriate to the youngster's future importance, as the Dauphin was heir to the French throne, the Prince of Wales to the English, and the Prince of the Asturias to the Spanish. After lengthy

deliberations, the Council chose "Count of Luxemburg", and the baby was christened at Ghent with as much pomp as if it had been foreseen that he was to become Emperor Charles V, ruler of a realm "on which the sun never set".

Burgundy did not celebrate the affair alone, for Austria joined in and so did Spain. Forgotten were Joan's transgressions, forgotten her "hard heart", forgotten her subserviency to Philip. Spain, who had hoped by the double marriage to bind the Netherlands and the Empire to her policy, rejoiced that Austria had a male heir, who might one day mount the throne of Spain, for ere the baptismal celebrations were over a courier who had ridden from Granada to Brussels in eleven days brought tidings that two-year-old Michael of Portugal had passed away. Joan was heiress to Castile and Aragon.

Four times in quick succession fate had snatched away the heirs to the Spanish crown, for the benefit of the young Archduchess. Joan, proud mother and happy wife, was interested in the news only by the thought that, when the time came, her idolised husband would occupy her parents' thrones.



CHAPTER FOUR

HIGH DIPLOMACY

FOR the time being Philip, heir to the House of Austria, candidate for the Imperial Throne, ruler-to-be of Spain, was nothing more than what he had been since childhood, Duke of Burgundy, Count of Flanders and Artois. At twenty-two, though his ambition had already awakened, his interests were confined to his own little realm, and were kept perpetually before his eyes by his Netherland councillors, whose aim it was to promote the closest friendship with their great neighbour, France. Upon France depended war and peace, prosperity or desolation. Even if his father Emperor Maximilian should come to Philip's aid, in a struggle between France and the Empire Flanders and Brabant would be no more than battlefields for the great powers.

Still, there were portents of a rearrangement of the diplomatic chessboard, and Philip's palace in Brussels was becoming a new, hotly contested focus of high politics. Messengers arrived from all the countries of western and central Europe, some of them acknowledged, others secret envoys. Pope Alexander VI (father of Cesare and Lucrezia Borgia) thought it expedient to send Duke Philip, in token of friendship and affection, a rose plucked by his own hand. Various intrigues were afoot, for France, Austria, and Spain vied with one another in wooing the favour of this petty State of Burgundy and the Low Countries.

France could count on the support of the ducal councillors. Her principal agent was François de Buxleiden, Archbishop of Besançon, who had been Philip's tutor, now managed his

finances, and was one of his closest and most trusted advisers.

The Austrian cause was represented by Emperor Maximilian in direct correspondence with his son.

Spain had no friends or allies in the Netherlands, but held the prospect of two royal crowns for Duchess Joan. Only through her could Spain hope to exert any influence, but Joan's position became very different when death swept away the various candidates to the throne of Spain. The envoys of the Catholic monarchs therefore got to work upon her in order to persuade her to come to Toledo that homage might be paid there to herself and Philip.

Joan who, on leaving Spain, had little hope of seeing Isabella again, eagerly accepted the proposal. She was delighted at the prospect of a visit to her parents, when she would be able to show off her handsome husband whom they had never seen. Thus she unconsciously fell in with the plans of Ferdinand and Isabella. Since Joan's wish was that Philip should succeed to the throne of Spain, it was essential that they should ingratiate themselves with him, and make him acquainted with the problems and needs of the transpyrenean realm. After many fruitless attempts to influence him from afar, the Catholic monarchs came to realise that they must get him away from the Netherlands for a time, release him from the tutelage of those who controlled his mind, and, by personal contact, substitute themselves as advisers.

In the Low Countries the dangers of this were plain enough, so the ducal councillors did everything they could to postpone the journey, pleading that the season was unfavourable, that important matters of State demanded Philip's immediate attention, that it was inexpedient for Joan to travel since she was for the third time pregnant, and so on. Meanwhile negotiations went on briskly with France, in the hope that arrangements unfavourable to the Spanish plans might be

completed before the young couple left for Spain. At length the Catholic monarchs received the alarming news that a treaty between Maximilian, Philip, and Louis of France was about to be signed, and that one of the stipulations was to be the betrothal of Charles, aged one year, to Claude, the two-year-old daughter of Louis XII.

Thereupon, Juan de Fonseca, Bishop of Cordova, Isabella's head chaplain, was sent to the Netherlands as special envoy. His mission was to frustrate the Austro-French schemes. If Philip continued to postpone his visit to Spain, and Joan would not come alone, let him bring little Charles.

But Fonseca arrived too late to put a spoke in the wheel. Matters were already far advanced, and in the late summer of 1501 the treaty between Austria, Burgundy, and France was signed at Lyons. Joan refused to visit her parents until Philip could accompany her; and Philip was equally averse to entrusting baby Charles to Ferdinand and Isabella, for such a step would probably wreck his own prospects of the Spanish succession.

The young man's fancy had been tickled by the boon which heaven had dropped into his wife's lap, and by the contemplation of himself as future ruler of the world. It was not the same imperium as that of which Ferdinand and Isabella dreamed. He did not think of an expanded Spain reaching across France to guide the destinies of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation, but of the little Netherlands as the heir of Austria and Spain and the Imperial Crown. Philip's realm was to range from the Danube and the Polish frontier to the coast of the Iberian peninsula and beyond into the over-seas regions which only now were beginning to loom—but its heart as well as its geographical centre were to be in Brussels.

Yes, he must make the journey to Spain, taking the rough with the smooth, that fealty might be sworn him as heir to

the throne, but he was determined that his stay should be short; and when he yielded to Fonseca's pleadings, he stipulated that Charles should not go. Nor did he choose the sea-route, as his parents-in-law wished, having decided to travel by way of France and cement his friendship with King Louis. Under little Charles, who was to marry Princess Claude, the worldwide realm would some day include France. Among the medley of noblemen and councillors who set forth upon this diplomatic crusade he therefore took with him the Francophil Archbishop of Besançon—but not so much as one Spaniard, except for those in his wife's train.

The King saw to it that the south-westward journey of Philip and Joan across France from Valenciennes to Bayonne should be tantamount to an unceasing festival. There was a continuous series of receptions, entertainments, and jousts. The whole country testified its respect for the archducal couple, so handsome and debonair; and Louis paid due honour to his new friend. Philip was welcomed with royal honours; the noblest knights hastened to pay their respects; and, in every town he entered, he had the King's privilege of granting an amnesty to those in gaol, and could recall exiles. He was acclaimed by the ringing of church-bells, was greeted by bonfires, and thanksgiving services were held on his behalf. In lieu of the monarch of France, at Paris he attended a session of the House of Peers and presided over the Supreme Court.

This pomp and ceremony really amounted to no more than a shrewd stroke of policy. The guest was a reigning prince, an archduke, the Emperor's son, heir to the throne of Spain—but the welcome was designed to stamp him as a vassal of France. Louis never forgot to insist that on the maternal side Philip was French. The rights granted him were those of the chief of the French peers, and his privileges were those of the King's viceroy. At the receptions he was addressed

as "most lofty, puissant, very noble Prince and Lord" but not (like a true sovereign) as "most dread". He was not given the keys of the towns; and in the House of Peers he did not sit on the King's throne, but beside it. Always the insignia of the highest grade were withheld; and even when the Duke was accorded exceptional honours, the implication was that France must be amazingly great to have so great a vassal.

Philip was fully aware of these subtle distinctions, and his eyes were not blinded when he accepted the position assigned to him. As Duke of Burgundy he was ready to acknowledge the overlordship of the French monarch, so long as he could make sure of Louis's friendship, being content to look upon himself as prince and heir apparent.

Joan held other views. Hitherto isolated and helpless at the Flemish court, in Juan de Fonseca, Bishop of Cordova, she had secured an able adviser, one competent to understand her position in the Netherlands. Soon after reaching Brussels he wrote to Isabella: "If she tried to do any more than she has done, she would only harm herself and gain nothing thereby, for there is not a living soul to support her by so much as a word." Now, however, when Fonseca was with her as adviser during her journey across France, her behaviour changed. He was able to elucidate the significance of every move on the diplomatic chessboard, and he stimulated her ambition. She must, he explained, strengthen Spanish prestige, and must give precedence to no one in the world except her own parents. She showed remarkable ability in adapting herself to the demands of her new position, dramatising herself as the proud Infanta, heiress of the Catholic monarchs. She held receptions during the journey, was able to improvise apt and witty replies to the addresses, speaking in fluent Latin. Fonseca had convinced her that the ambiguous honours were really a cunning slight; and since he advised her to



Joan in Flanders
Painted in Youth

avoid any active demonstrations against the policy of Philip and the Netherlands Council, she always withdrew as speedily as possible from the formalities and festivities, "lest she should do anything which might seem to acknowledge the suzerainty of the King of France"—for it would not do to imperil her status by establishing precedents in favour of King Louis. After she reached Spain the great Isabella and the adroit Ferdinand would know what steps to take.

This French episode marked Joan's first intrusion into the political field, her first attempt to counteract her husband's schemes by passive resistance. Her Spanish pride (a sensitive point) having been wounded, she defended herself with an energy which astonished her entourage, but with a skill which made it impossible for the Netherlands to find any cause for reproach. Her French hosts, however, realised her attitude, and Louis was careful to avoid any step which might impair the working of his shrewdly conceived plans for advancing his own status among the rival powers. The reception at Blois was a masterpiece of political showmanship.

When Philip entered the throne-room which was crowded with the French nobility and the Netherlands of Philip's train, the master of the ceremonies announced "Sire, voilà monsieur l'Archiduc," to which the King smilingly replied "Voilà un beau prince". Philip took off his hat and bowed. Louis rose and returned the bow. Having advanced a few paces, the Archduke bowed again, whereon the King likewise removed his hat and stepped forward to greet the visitor. When both had bowed a third time, King Louis embraced his "vassal".

As Joan got out of her litter, she was asked if she would approve of the King's kissing her. She turned enquiringly to the Archbishop, who answered for her "Yes". As soon as she entered the hall, Louis left the Archduke and the nobles with whom he was talking, and went to meet her. Before

she could make a second curtsey he, bareheaded, embraced and kissed her, and then led her to the throne where Philip and the others were standing. But hardly was this first stage of her reception over than the King hastened to rid himself of this unruly Spanish woman, saying: "Madame, I am sure that your first wish must be to find yourself alone with members of your own sex. I pray you, therefore, to visit the Queen, and leave us men to ourselves."

In the Queen's drawing-room the first "incident" occurred. As the Archduchess was in the act of making no more than a moderate curtsey, like the one she had made to the King, the Duchess of Bourbon, who was holding her by the arm, pressed heavily on it, so that the curtsey became almost a prostration. Joan did not lose composure, but withdrew after the briefest possible interchange of civilities, determined to be on her guard against surprise for any future occasion.

The first days passed off harmoniously. The guests were amused with hawking and hunting, tenneys, tourneys, and festivities. Since the dances were mostly French and German, Joan led a Spanish court-dance. At intervals steps were taken for the formal proclamation of the peace that was henceforward to be established between France, the Empire, and the Netherlands, while the Archduke, whose journey had transformed this peace into a "lasting friendship", was given the honourable title of "Prince of Peace".

Louis, however, seized every chance of inspiring Philip with doubts as to the intentions of King Ferdinand. Was the Archduke really so simple as to believe that his father-in-law, if Isabella were to die first (as was likely enough, though she was only a few months older than her husband), would thereupon renounce Castile of which he had been king for a quarter of a century, and content himself with the "coronilla", the little crown of Aragon? No doubt the present intention was to instal Philip and Joan formally as heirs to Castile and

Aragon, but when the time came for Philip to establish his claims upon Castile he would need friends and allies. In that case Louis would be prepared to give effective help.

Such a dispute about the succession, which would disintegrate the Spain that had so recently grown united and formidable, and lead to a sanguinary civil war, would be a triumph for French policy, especially if France should actively intervene in support of her vassal's claim to one of the crowns. But Philip could only look at the help which would be given him on behalf of prospects which were rather dubious; and though up till now he had been guided mainly by his Flemish advisers, at Blois he entered into close friendship with Louis.

The French court's chief purpose therefore was to trap Joan into some gesture which could be interpreted as an admission of vassalage, for after all she was the real heiress to Castile, and Philip was no more than her consort. A good chance seemed to occur at Mass in the palace chapel. One of the French ladies-in-waiting was instructed to tender Joan money which the latter was to put into the offertory on behalf of the Queen of France. Joan curtly refused, saying that she would make the oblation out of her own purse.

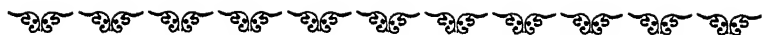
Then, on leaving the chapel, the Queen "forgot" to ask her guest to come with her, marching out by herself and leaving the Archduchess to follow in her train.

Joan was quick to avenge herself. The Queen waited outside in the December cold, while Joan made a lengthy pause in the chapel, and when she did come out she gave Queen Anne the cut direct. The two rulers returned separately to their respective apartments.

Next day each heard Mass in her own rooms. They exchanged visits, and observed the forms when they had to meet, but Joan, who usually wore Flemish attire, now put on Spanish robes and ordered her ladies to do the same. A breach

HIGH DIPLOMACY

had occurred, a fresh incident might ensue at any moment, and it was thought best to shorten the visit. After staying no more than a week at Blois, the guests resumed their journey south, although the winter solstice was a most unfavourable season for crossing the Pyrenees.



CHAPTER FIVE

IN SPAIN AND AT TOLEDO

TO the Netherlanders, Spain was as unfamiliar and strange a world as Flanders to the Spaniards five years before when they travelled north with the Infanta.

From Bayonne, before crossing the Spanish frontier, they shipped their carriages and wagons back to the Low Countries, and mounted their baggage on sturdy Biscayan pack-mules. Then they traversed the snow-laden passes by which the inhabitants of the Basque provinces were wont to procure the necessaries of life from various ports in the Bay, and thence moved southward into Joan's homeland.

The visitors were amazed to see the poor woollen habiliments, the sombre black, of the grandees who welcomed them at the frontier. Did even the gentry have to live in penury? Obviously Spain was arid and forbidding. At home the Flemish fed their horses on oats, but in these barren mountains the poor beasts hardly got enough hay and straw. The 'Flemings were used to copious repasts five or six times a day, but here, though the Spaniards certainly had every desire to be hospitable, sharp-set travellers in mid-winter, with keen northern appetites, found the meals few and far between—and lamentably scanty.

But the foreigners' views changed when they made acquaintance with the wealth of Castile, saw the treasures of the numberless monasteries, nunneries, and churches, and learned how vast were the ecclesiastical possessions. They were told that the Constable of Castile received rents amounting to 72,000 gold florins and could send 1500 knights into the field.

The eleven dukes of Castile disposed of 175,000 gold florins and 3500 knights; the 40 counts had no less, while the chiefs of the religious orders, the marshals, and the adelantados were equally opulent and powerful. These were fabulous incomes, this was fabulous strength. Each knight wanted to vie in display with the great nobles, spending incredible sums on brocades and silks. The family revenues provided for these splendours—until Isabella thought it advisable to issue sumptuary edicts, prohibiting coloured silken raiment and, after the Infante's death, prescribing black attire.

Thenceforward, the nobles flaunted their wealth in the trappings of their horses, which glittered with gold and silver, in strange contrast to the sobriety of the riders' clothing. But this contrast vanished when the Queen cancelled her restrictions in honour of her daughter's and her son-in-law's arrival. Now the brocades and coloured silks reappeared, and the Spanish chivalry rivalled the French and the Flemings in splendour.

As the newcomers entered the valley of the Ebro, the character of the country likewise changed. Towns became plentiful, girdled by mighty walls, and dominated by lofty castles—fortresses within fortresses. One might have fancied that, instead of being secure in the midst of a great kingdom, one was on some frontier exposed to unceasing peril. This bore witness to the days when every town was a bulwark against the Moors or against neighbouring feudal magnates. Nor were the later phases of that past so remote. They had ended with the rise of the present monarchs to power, for then only had the solid walls become superfluous, then only were the towns able to rely upon the sanctity of law and order. But the towns were still jealous of their rights and privileges. When the Archduke approached Burgos, Bernaldino de Velasco, Constable of Castile, rode forth a mile to greet him. Another half mile, and the syndics were awaiting

him. Then, as he drew near the walls of the city, the gates were closed against him, and he was not allowed to enter the gaily decorated streets until he had sworn to respect the burgher freedoms.

Strange manners and customs, a land full of wonders. A woman believed to be an adulteress had been flung from a precipice and, being innocent, and been preserved unhurt by miracle. A chapel had been founded (they were passing it now) to commemorate the mercy of Providence. In Segovia, a hundred miles farther south, the travellers were shown the Devil's Bridge, which had been built in a single night, out of granite blocks, without sand or mortar, by a demon named Hercules. Look at the huge arches, 320 of them in two tiers, some of them over 100 feet high. (It was, in truth, the Roman aqueduct, which still supplied the place with water.) Looking at the mighty structure, the visitors marvelled, and were ready to believe anything. Mass was said eight or ten times a day. On Holy Thursday and Good Friday naked flagellants ran through the streets, and armed men watched the livelong night before the "Holy Sepulchre".

By easy stages, and deviously where the most convenient road ran, Philip and Joan made their way southward across Old Castile. Burgos, with its double walls, was the centre of the wool export to Flanders. Thence downstream to Valladolid, "the loveliest city of Castile, surrounded by vineyards and cornfields". At Medina del Campo, Philip, now feeling himself at home in Spain, took part in the famous fair. Dressed as a Spaniard, wearing a wig, and accompanied by three or four courtiers similarly rigged out, he mingled with the motley crowd. Then to Segovia, "the key of the land, on a hill amid hills". At length Madrid, where he and Joan acted as sponsors at the baptism of a Moor.

In a fine country-house near Madrid the archducal pair dallied for a week after Philip had ranged the forests in pur-

suit of game. The Catholic monarchs, who knew the young man's tastes, were making sure that he should have plenty of amusement. A succession of festivals and receptions, hunts and tournaments, was to make his time pass pleasantly. But these amusements were of an unfamiliar type.

The Spanish jousts, for instance, tilted, not with steel-pointed ashen lances, but with bulrushes. A contest with the symbolical reed "spears" bore witness, not to strength and fury, but to suppleness and skill. These latter qualities brought the palm of victory, and the address shown in throwing the mimic lances, and picking them up again while in mid career, was greatly prized. Bullfighting was the favourite sport. No one was more highly honoured than the champion who, armed only with a sword, withstood the enraged beast's charge, and laid him low. The food and drink, too, were different from the home products. At banquets which followed the tournaments, the guests were not served with strong beer and heavy meat dishes, but with Spanish wines (heady enough, in all conscience!), and strange delicacies and sweetmeats, some of which were relics from the Moorish occupation. Then came agreeable conversations with young noblewomen, or walks beneath windows and verandas, behind whose gratings sat the ladies, listening to the shouts which proclaimed the victors in the sports.

The Pyrenees had been crossed in the middle of January, 1502. Now April was advancing. Spring in Spain is the loveliest season of the year, for the ground, soon to be scarred and scorched by the summer heat, is covered with tender green. In the Low Countries biting frost or raging storm would prevail, but here it was calm and cheerful. An excellent time for the ceremonious entry into Toledo, once the capital of the West-Gothic realm, then the second city of the Moorish Empire in Spain, but for centuries now the capital of Castile and the ecclesiastical centre where its monarchs were crowned.

Every notable in Spain came to welcome the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy. The Cortes had been summoned, and a reception was planned that would outshine anything that Philip and Joan had ever witnessed. The procession which was to meet them had been marshalled, the knights that were to lead it were already in the saddle, when a galloper arrived with evil tidings. Duke Philip was suffering from measles, and had taken to his bed at Oleas, a few miles away.

The Catholic monarchs shuddered. It seemed to be their doom that their great occasions should be dogged by disaster. As, just before the wedding of his daughter Isabella, Ferdinand had been summoned to the bedside of the dying Infante John, so now, accompanied by Cardinal Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, he hastened to the couch of his stricken son-in-law, whom Joan was sedulously tending.

She was on the look-out, and, forgetting the rules of decorum, ran downstairs, to fling her arms round her father and kiss him the instant he dismounted. "She gave him the most affectionate of receptions," reports a chronicler; "then she led him to the sick-room." On entering it, Ferdinand took off his cap; so did Philip, who was not allowed to rise. When the King drew near, Philip seized his hand and wanted to kiss it, but this the monarch would not suffer. Drawing a chair to the bedside he sat down, and the pair began to talk, Joan interpreting, for Philip could not yet talk Spanish while Ferdinand knew neither French nor German.

There was nothing stiff, nothing regal, about this first encounter; just a man visiting a sick son-in-law, who had hitherto been only a name to him, but whom he was glad to see. The notion of the sly and crafty King of Aragon, the notion with which Philip had been indoctrinated at Blois, was scattered to the winds. The young man saw nothing but a middle-aged country gentleman, frank and trusty. In delight the Archduke wrote to Flanders: "He was kinder than I can

describe. Had he been my real father he would not have been more affectionate."

In the course of the conversation Philip learned that Queen Isabella, though herself ailing, proposed to leave Toledo in order to visit Joan and see the invalid. Philip, greatly touched, insisted that this was out of the question. He sent some members of his train, headed by the Bishop of Cordova, to Toledo, their message to the Queen being that if she came he swore to leave his bed and come to meet her. Should she risk her health, he would risk his.

Recovery was prompt, and the formal reception at Toledo took place on May 7th. As Philip and Joan drew near, the crowd following them increased. A mile from the city they were welcomed by the syndics, who then joined the cortège; a quarter of a mile farther on stood the clergy; at length, half a mile from the gates, they encountered King Ferdinand, who was accompanied by the French and Venetian ambassadors, Cardinal Mendoza, and 6000 noblemen.

With Philip to the right and Joan to the left, beneath a baldachin adorned with the armorial bearings of Austria and Spain, to the accompaniment of kettledrums and trumpets, Ferdinand rode through the thronged and beflagged streets to the cathedral. Here the episcopate awaited him, headed by Francisco Ximenes de Cisneros, the Archbishop. After a thanksgiving service, the King and his guests made their way to the Palace, where Queen Isabella was expecting her children. She embraced Philip, whom she now saw for the first time, and Joan who had been away for six years; then Ferdinand and Isabella, Philip and Joan, withdrew to the Queen's private apartments. This was not to be a royal meeting. Father, mother, and children had got together at last.

Conversation was difficult, for linguistic reasons, and Joan had to do double work, being interpreter. But the meeting was joyful. The Archduke had recovered from the measles;

Joan was well and cheerful; and for the Spanish rulers, who had of late years known many afflictions, happiness seemed at last in store. But death had crossed their path so often that they dreaded to show themselves too happy. While the court was in brightly coloured festal robes, they kept to their customary black woollen garments, as if in the hope that humility might avert evil.

Vain was the hope, futile the humility; death again knocked at the door. Philip had already learned the news before leaving Oleas, and passed it on next day. Arthur, Prince of Wales, the fifteen-year-old husband of Catherine, was dead. Ferdinand and Isabella's youngest daughter became a widow at seventeen.

The junketings which had been planned to celebrate the arrival of the heir and heiress to the Spanish throne were quashed, the court was ordered into mourning for nine days, and an endless round of mortuary services and ceremonies began. The Catholic monarchs went into seclusion to bewail their loss, and to consider what had best be done in view of this fresh blow to their dynastic policy—for with the death of Arthur England again became an uncertain factor on the European diplomatic chessboard. The Portuguese and English ties had been severed, and the Austrian link was by no means secure. The success of a foreign policy which had been systematically pursued for a quarter of a century hung in the scales. Everything now turned on Philip's behaviour, and Spanish attention was concentrated on him.

He was frivolous, with a strong bent towards the lighter and more amusing aspects of life. Ceremonial bored him, so did religious services and obituary orations, and he fled from Toledo to the gardens of Aranjuez, where he could find distraction in playing teneys. As soon as tournaments, hunting expeditions, bullfights, and other sports were resumed, he felt better. He quickly learned the Spanish method of jousting,

loved to watch the national amusement in the bull-ring, went out hawking with his father-in-law, and prepared a surprise for Ferdinand and Isabella which took the form of a banquet in the Flemish style. The Spaniards were inclined to take life more seriously, and did not altogether approve of the Archduke's levity, but excused him on the ground of his youth. After all, it had its advantageous side. Surely it would not be difficult to turn this easygoing young man in the right direction by influencing his courtiers, with the aid of a liberal use of money and fair words?

Thus among Philip's immediate advisers, two factions speedily formed. The first of these, led by the Archbishop of Besançon, held firmly to the French cause; but the other, headed by the Archduke's sometime tutor de Berghes and by the Bastard of Burgundy, began to advocate the Spanish interests in preference to those of France. This occurred at the time when a new quarrel between Spain and France was ripening because of their conflicting claims to Naples, and feeling ran high among the Netherlanders.

Philip at first seemed indisposed to bother about the matter or to take a side. The Cortes of Castile had just paid homage to Joan as heiress to the throne, and to the Archduke as her consort, with a "great hand-kissing" to end the ceremony in accordance with Spanish custom. Then Philip kissed the hands of Ferdinand and Isabella. Joan motioned to do the same, but her parents forbade her, and themselves embraced and kissed her.

Now the Cortes of Aragon was to be summoned, and Philip got through the time as best he could while awaiting this homage, determined to set out for home as soon as it was over. But King Ferdinand, as if aware of his son-in-law's intention, delayed to issue the writs. Meanwhile the dog-days were approaching, and the Spanish sun worked havoc among the Archduke's followers even as six years before the damp

and cold of the Netherlands' winter had done among the Spanish train of Joan. Sickness was rife, many died, and Philip grew impatient. He himself felt the heat, considered Toledo a pestilent hothouse, and made no secret of his resolve to get away as soon as possible.

At length, in the middle of July, Ferdinand set out for Saragossa to summon the Cortes of Aragon, leaving Isabella to persuade Philip of the need for a longer stay. She fancied she had good prospect of doing so, until Philip came to a decision which put the Spanish court in a flutter for it made the Archduke's real sentiments plain. Almost immediately after his father-in-law's departure he banished de Berghes and all the members of the Spanish faction from court, ordering them to return immediately to the Netherlands.

Isabella was unwilling to believe that Philip's attitude could be what this step implied, so she secretly told the banished courtiers to put up at Oleas, and did her utmost to induce the Archduke to recall them. Even Joan departed from her rule not to interfere in politics, and begged him "to pardon gentlemen whose only fault had been that of espousing the cause of Spain". But she and her mother were in for a surprise. Their intervention merely annoyed him; and when a letter arrived from Emperor Maximilian urging upon his son the advantages of close collaboration with Spain, Philip began to feel that he was surrounded by intriguers, was being incited against France and led into enmity against his true friend King Louis. He grew stubborn. No machinations should make him yield. The only man he could trust, the only person with whom he now consorted, was the Francophil Archbishop of Besançon.

Isabella was profoundly disappointed when she had to inform the Netherlands belonging to the Spanish party that her labours had been of no avail, and that she could only dismiss them with handsome presents for what they had vainly

tried to achieve. She knew now that she and the whole Spanish court had misunderstood Philip's character and leanings. It was clear that her son-in-law was wholly devoted to the interests of Flanders, Burgundy—and France. There was no prospect of giving his thoughts a turn in favour of Spain, where he was no more than a passing guest, and yet she and Ferdinand had been trying to ensure his succession to the Spanish throne!

In these days the Archbishop of Besançon was suddenly taken ill. Philip hastened to his friend's bedside, to find François de Buxleiden at the point of death. He stayed to the last, and rumour declares that the Archbishop gave him, as testament, advice that guided his subsequent policy. Coming away, he felt sure that his trusty counsellor had been poisoned, dreaded the same fate for himself, and fled from Toledo, taking Joan with him. In a letter to Flanders he said: "I thank God to have shaken the dust of this city off my feet, and shall know no rest until I am well on my way home."



CHAPTER SIX

PARTING

FERDINAND'S negotiations with the Cortes of Aragon were tedious. Again the Aragonese made difficulties about their Salic law. Joan was not entitled to reign in her own right. Her son Charles was in Flanders. Philip did not belong to the ruling blood, and was no more than a Prince Consort. He waited with growing impatience.

Meanwhile war began between France and Spain about Naples, and his position in Spain grew more and more embarrassing. He was friend of King Louis and was heir to the throne of Spain. He wanted to journey home across France, where he was now likely to be treated as an enemy. The Cortes of Castile and the Council of State were pestering him with admonitions to the effect that, as heir apparent of Spain, the French would try to keep him in their country as a hostage. He was informed that if he entered France at this moment, he would not merely endanger his own person, but would do harm to the land over which he was one day to rule.

But Philip would not break with the French monarch. He wrote to King Louis, and was soon able, triumphantly, to show the Spaniards a safe-conduct. His friend was even prepared to send some distinguished knights to Flanders for safe-keeping till the Archduke's return. Philip pointed to this document as evidence that his journey across France would promote the welfare of Spain. He would intercede between King Louis and King Ferdinand, and restore peace, as by his offices with Maximilian he had already restored peace between France and the Empire. He would not come back to

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Castile, but would proceed to France direct from Saragossa.

He must bid farewell to his mother-in-law, who had to stay in Madrid, being indisposed. They were not likely to meet again, for it was an open secret that she was not long for this world; and, indeed, her illness was ascribed to disappointment about Philip. She had hoped so much from a meeting with her children, and now they must part with these hopes unfulfilled.

Still, she could be satisfied with Joan, whose behaviour at Blois had delighted the Spaniards. Moreover, Joan's intercession on behalf of the banished Flemings had shown that she by no means saw eye to eye with her husband. It seems likely that, during the ticklish negotiations now in progress, Isabella had more than once found it necessary to apologise to her daughter, and there can be no doubt that she fully understood how difficult was Joan's position. She did not wish that, while visiting Spain, the Archduchess should be unduly entangled in politics or involved in these delicate conversations. Since Joan was again with child, Isabella induced her to start for Saragossa a day before her husband, that she might travel by short stages.

The chroniclers report that Philip and Isabella parted on the most cordial terms. If this statement be anything more than polite embroidery, we can only suppose that at the last moment the Queen must have decided to refrain from any attempt to influence Philip, and to leave the matter to Ferdinand. It was certainly needful to modify the Archduke's views if possible, since the war against France was being waged for the possession of Aragonian territory, and if the Cortes of Aragon was to swear allegiance to Philip as heir to the throne he would be expected to show himself interested in the defence of his future realm.

The archducal couple's entry into Saragossa was no less imposing than their entry into Toledo had been. The



Isabella the Catholic

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authorities of the towns of Aragon, the county of Barcelona, the kingdom of Valencia, the realms of Sicily, Sardinia, the Balearics, and King Ferdinand's other dominions, were assembled in full force, having apparently withdrawn their opposition. To begin with, Joan and Philip swore "to protect their customs and privileges"; then the spokesman of the Cortes read the formula of the oath whereby Joan was recognised to be the true and lawful heiress of the kingdom of Aragon and the appurtenant domains, and Philip to be her husband. But here (differently from Castile) there was a proviso: "so long only as the marriage lasts, and no longer." Then came a supplementary clause: "Should Ferdinand marry again and have a son, the estates are absolved from their oath, and Ferdinand may declare this son by his second wife to be the King of Aragon."

By this formula Philip's heirship to half Spain was left uncertain. Numerous eventualities might disinherit him: divorce, Joan's predecease, Isabella's death and Ferdinand's remarriage. As if this were not enough, his father-in-law now had recourse to one of those artful dodges against which King Louis had warned Philip at Blois, forcing upon the Archduke treason to his friend. Directly the act of homage was over, Ferdinand hastened away to Madrid, ostensibly "from concern about the Queen's health", leaving Philip to preside over the Cortes. The most important item on the agenda was the voting of supplies for the campaign against France.

Thus Philip had to ask Parliament to grant credits for the war against King Louis, with whom he had recently signed a pact of friendship and mutual aid, and who had just sent an envoy to express pleasure at the near prospect of seeing the Archduke again. Nor could Philip get out of it. Though vassal of France, he had on behalf of Ferdinand to ask the Cortes to provide the sinews of war against France.

To Philip it seemed there was only one thing to do. He

must hasten to King Louis and arrange terms of peace before the money now voted could be used for war. But immediately after the Cortes was prorogued, there arrived a messenger from Madrid with news that Queen Isabella urgently desired to see her son-in-law before he began his northward journey.

Leaving Joan in Saragossa, Philip rode express to Madrid, covering the hundred and seventy miles in four days. When he arrived, Isabella, without mincing matters, asked him to abandon the idea of returning to Flanders by way of France, and to make his permanent home in Spain.

When Ferdinand had given her an account of what had happened in Saragossa, putting his own gloss on the matter, she was under no illusions, being convinced that an oath of allegiance couched in the terms he reported was very likely to result in a fresh severance of Aragon from Castile. She knew that her husband would probably outlive her, and the supplementary clause showed his belief that he would then be vigorous enough to remarry in the hope of procreating a male heir. If successful, he would see to it that Joan should succeed only to the throne of Castile. In Aragon he would found a new dynasty. Therewith she would have struggled and suffered in vain; it would prove of no avail that she had curbed her indignation and tolerated his infidelities; the united Spain she had sought to establish under her children's sway would cease to exist.

Yet she could not blame Ferdinand for trying to secure his position, for determining to ward off the perils he foresaw. United Spain had been their joint creation, together they had opened its path to greatness, and if after her death it was to be ruled by a vassal of France her policy would in the end be frustrated. She decided, therefore, that there should no longer be any doubt. Philip must unhesitatingly decide in favour of King Louis of France or in favour of the Catholic monarchs

of Spain. She had a kingdom to offer, and would exact its price. Spain's future ruler must live in the country, must know its people and their mode of life, and must above all think and feel as a Spaniard.

For three days she and Ferdinand did their utmost to persuade the young Archduke, but he turned a deaf ear to their pleadings. Being skilful diplomatists they had hitherto overcome all obstacles, even moulding the stubborn Castilian grandees to their will. But Isabella could make no headway here. She wanted to transform this handsome young man with a characterless visage into the mightiest ruler in the world, appealing to him from the vantage-ground given by years, experience, and family connexion, but he possessed a will of his own, and would not yield.

He had an answer ready to everything she alleged. His journey would be in the Spanish interest, would promote the cause of peace, would spare Spanish treasure and Spanish blood. His presence in the Netherlands was indispensable, for should the war continue the Low Countries would be in the utmost peril. Friesland and Flanders were already in a turmoil. Before leaving, he had promised his subjects to return as soon as the oath of allegiance had been taken. He must go home forthwith.

When the Queen realised that nothing would move him, from this resolve, she announced a scheme which for some time she had tacitly been cherishing. In that case, Isabella said, he must go alone—without his wife. It was impossible that in Joan's delicate state of health she should be exposed to the hardships of a long journey in winter, which might lead to a miscarriage. Joan must stay in Spain.

This was a bitter pill for the Archduke to swallow. So Castile was hostile as well as Aragon? Was there not good reason to fear that if he left Joan behind, this would prove the first step towards a separation? Since he had come to

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Spain he had seen Joan becoming once more an obedient, a devoted daughter, subservient to her parents' will. If Isabella should die while he was away, and Joan inherit the crown of Castile, would his wife's love for himself enable her to resist Ferdinand's paternal authority?—These anxious forebodings, however, could not weaken his determination. He must go, having pledged his word to Louis, and being weary of Spain. Facing the risk, he agreed that Joan should stay until her baby was born.

He sent a messenger to Saragossa, bearing instructions that Joan should travel by easy stages to Madrid, and set out himself to meet her at Alcalà de Henares, where he intended to tell her they must part company for a time. There he would bid her farewell.

But the Catholic monarchs were aware he had hesitated, and had ascribed this to his fondness for Joan. Hitherto they had avoided putting his affection to the test, but they felt that her love might succeed where their advice had failed. When Philip reached Alcalà, a messenger had been beforehand, bearing a letter from Ferdinand and Isabella to the Marquis of Villena, their daughter's escort. It ran as follows:

“FROM THE KING AND QUEEN.

“MARQUIS AND COUSIN:

“The Prince our son is so eager to go to France that he has determined to say goodbye to the Princess our daughter at Alcalà, and we are informed that he intends to discuss the matter with the aforesaid Princess. We need hardly tell you that we are much distressed at the prospect, especially since we know how much it will grieve her, and we should be glad, therefore, if you will make it your business to find out whether the Prince our son does actually talk the matter over with her. When you hear that he has done so

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urge her to stand firm, persuade her to oppose the Prince's departure, showing her that it is strongly opposed to her interest and to our own—could not, indeed, be more so. See to it that she shall not be distressed and disturbed as she would be by his going, and tell her we shall do our utmost to ensure that the Prince shall not thus leave her. Be sure to write to us next morning how her health is after the Prince has spoken with her; whether she is sad or merry, what he said to her, and how the affair was settled—if you can discreetly gather the information. But act throughout as if on your own initiative, without letting anyone know that we have written to you. Inform us, too, at what hour on Sunday evening she is expected (D.V.) to arrive. Madrid, December 7, 1502.

"I, the King; I, the Queen.

"Penned by command of the King and Queen,

MIGUEL PEREZ DALMAZAN."

The letter and the date mark the beginning of Joan's *via dolorosa*, which led through all the stations of suffering to hopeless loneliness and ultimately to madness at Tordesillas.

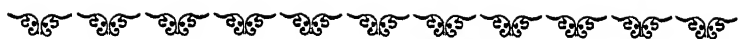
The immediate upshot was her first serious quarrel with Philip. Her idolised husband's unexpected decision to leave her to her own devices came like thunder from a clear sky. There had never been a word about the imminent separation, and she had not dreamed of anything of the kind. Now she was told that he was going to France and Flanders without her, and was simultaneously informed that the journey was an outcome of stubbornness on his part which would be most injurious to herself, her parents, and Spain. She had refused to go to Spain without him, though her parents summoned her and two thrones awaited her, while now he refused to delay a few months until her confinement was safely over. He would leave her to bear the brunt alone; had no wish to

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see his child when it should be born. On learning, too, that her parents wished her to oppose his will, and that they would aid her to do so, she lost control, and gave way to an outburst of the wrath which had for some while been gathering. For the first time Philip realised that his wife's passionate temperament could find vent in other fields than those of love.

He had never anticipated so volcanic an eruption of temper on the part of Joan, usually quiet and tractable. Since this followed the prolonged irritations resulting from his arguments with Ferdinand and Isabella, and replaced the affectionate leave-taking to which he had looked forward, it was too much. He was sick to death of Spain. Nothing would henceforward persuade him that he had not been lured hither to be tricked, to be robbed of his heritage, estranged from his home. Intrigues were afoot against his liberty, his power of self-determination. His trusty friend the Archbishop of Besançon had been poisoned, perhaps his enemies were conspiring against his own life—and now Joan had joined hands with them. She, too, had turned against him. In a fury, he overwhelmed her with reproaches and invectives.

Thus their first parting was signalised by contentions, anger, and mutual hatred.



CHAPTER SEVEN

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

JOAN was at a loss. She could not make out what had really happened, and why Philip had parted from her in anger. When she left Spain to become his bride, she was no more than a petty princess, undowered, with no prospects to speak of—and she was happy in her marriage. She lived for love, unconcerned about the world and its doings, wishing only to be a good wife, and such a ruler as her subjects desired. In pursuit of these ends, she had made sacrifices, and had incurred the displeasure of her parents. Then she had drawn the winning ticket in fate's lottery. She was proud to bestow the succession to two royal crowns upon her husband and her son. It had delighted her to watch him cheerfully forging great schemes, to find herself again in Ferdinand and Isabella's good graces, and to bring them and Philip together. They should share her affection for him, and he should share her veneration for them. Now, of a sudden, these fine hopes had been dashed.

She had been so proud to show him her home, its wealth and its greatness. Since she had been back in Spain, she had once more felt herself in all respects a Spanish woman. Now Philip had told her in his wrath that he cared nothing for Spain, nay, that he loathed it.

A gulf had yawned between her husband and her parents; a rift that severed her personality in twain, and there seemed no way of bridging it. He said that nothing would induce him to become a Spaniard or to sacrifice Burgundy and the Netherlands to Spanish aims. So be it, but why had he so

heartlessly left her alone: She would gladly have gone with him just as she was, bearing the hardships and dangers of the journey. Did he wish to forsake her? Had he ceased to love her? And why did her parents let him go? They had wished her to oppose his departure, had promised to help her resistance to it. Could they not grasp what an agony was this parting? Or had they, perhaps, wanted to sow dissension between herself and Philip? Was the breach beyond repair? They had promised that she should follow him as soon as her baby was born, but would they keep their word?

Distracted by these doubts and sorrows, without knowing what her position was in relation to either of the contending parties, Joan spent her days in gloomy meditation, followed from afar the stages of Philip's journey, secretly hoping for a message from him, a summons to his side, or perhaps an assurance that after all he had decided not to leave Spain until after her confinement.

Ferdinand, who wanted if possible to postpone his son-in-law's meeting with King Louis until Spanish reinforcements reached Naples, tried to play upon Philip's pleasure-loving disposition by arranging for receptions, tourneys, and other amusements in Catalonia. When Philip, serious for once, refused the bait, and prepared for immediate departure, difficulties of all kinds were raised in Perpignan, of course by the King's command. The company needed fresh horses for the journey, and secret instructions to the captain-general had ensured that none should be obtainable. Philip had only two for his own use, while the members of his train were told that they must dispense with remounts. As they approached the frontier, the travellers found that all necessities had been commandeered by the army, while, in case the Archduke's temper might give way and he should try to take what he wanted by force, the reserves had been called up and the fortresses put into a state of siege as if an enemy were approaching.

But Philip's stubbornness overcame these obstacles. On February 28, 1503, two months after he had left Joan and when the birth of her child was imminent, he crossed the French frontier, thus shattering her hopes that at the last moment he would send for her. He traversed southern France to Savoy where his sister Margaret lived (having married the Duke of Savoy as her second husband), and then went on into Austria to join his father Maximilian—without her, without her. They were not to meet again for a long time, when troubles were thickening round her.

Throughout the period of her husband's northward journey, she had grown more and more unhappy, and now, when he left Spain, she fell into profound melancholy. Much concerned, Ferdinand and Isabella, with a whole staff of physicians, came to Alcalà, but could do nothing. The doctors were puzzled by her mental condition, but finally decided that pregnancy must be the cause, and that she would recover as soon as her child was born. But her parents' attempts at consolation did nothing but harm. Joan turned a deaf ear to their pleadings and excuses, as she did to those of her mother's right-hand man Ximenes de Cisneros. She made no reply. What was the use? They would not have understood her feelings. Ferdinand, who was hatching various political schemes, departed for Aragon. Isabella summoned the Cortes to Alcalà, and was soon immersed in its deliberations. There was no room for the petty concerns of private life. Rulers had high duties, and God in His wisdom knew what was best.

While Philip was with her, life had been one long round of amusements—dances, sport, and lively conversation. Even the Spanish court had lost its deadly earnest, had doffed its mourning garb. Now that he had gone, black was once more the customary wear, and the atmosphere was again as gloomy as it had been ever since the Infante John's death. State affairs,

war, the Queen's illness were the only topics of conversation, and these matters were so serious that there was no scope for levity. A very different Spain from that which had welcomed Philip and his wife, and not likely to help Joan out of her low spirits. The change emphasised the difference between life with him and life without him, made her long more than ever for the birth of her child, that she might hasten to rejoin her husband.

The confinement took place on March 10, 1503, and was an occasion for general rejoicing. Congratulations were offered to the Catholic monarchs, for Joan had given birth to a son on Spanish soil. In honour of his grandfather he was to be called Ferdinand.

The baptism was performed by Ximenes de Cisneros, Archbishop of Toledo, and the Bishop of Malaga preached the baptismal sermon. "The Princess," he said, "is beyond praise, above all for her Christian virtues, on behalf of which God has vouchsafed her this boon. From earliest childhood she was under His special blessing. He bestowed on her a husband more after her own heart than perhaps any woman has hitherto enjoyed, sends her many children which come to her without suffering since in her case childbirth is a laughter and a joy. Indeed my sermon would not end for fifty years were I to recount all this fortunate princess's advantages and virtues. At three-and-twenty she has become a happy mother for the fourth time, is beloved by her husband and her parents, honoured by the people, heiress of Castile, first heiress of Aragon since the establishment of the kingdom, summoned to complete the blessed work of her parents, to unite upon her head all the crowns of Spain."

Influenced by this cheerful atmosphere, Joan's spirits did indeed begin to improve. She ceased her gloomy meditations and looked forward to her next meeting with Philip, the parting quarrel having been forgiven and forgotten. As spring

advanced she rapidly got better, and, strength and courage having returned, she made preparations for the journey.

Philip was still at Lyons when the good news of the birth of his second son came to hand. Hospitably received by King Louis, he was doing his utmost to heal the breach between France and Spain, eager to earn his title of the Peacemaker. He was negotiating with Ferdinand a treaty (provisionally secret) according to which the Spanish and the French parts of the dominions of Naples were to be jointly ceded to Philip's son Charles and Louis's daughter Claude as soon as they married. Louis agreed to this, on the proviso that pending the marriage the regency of the Spanish territory should be allotted to Philip, and that of the area in dispute to a trustee for Claude. The Archduke was no match for his French friend, who was a wily diplomat, and he accepted this stipulation; the substantial effect would be to jockey Ferdinand out of his share of Naples while leaving Louis in possession. The church bells pealed in celebration of this fortunate agreement. Orders to cease hostilities were promptly sent to Naples, where the Spaniards were about to attack, and Philip dreamed of proceeding to the general pacification of Europe. He hoped to arrange for a meeting between Emperor Maximilian and King Louis. Perhaps King Ferdinand would be there as well. He himself was the heir of Maximilian and of the Catholic monarchs. His friendship with Louis would be cemented by the conjugal alliance between their children; his son Charles would inherit the dominions of both. It was a vision of a Europe that would be happy and tranquil under the rule of the Habsburgs.

The vision was speedily shattered. Ferdinand denounced the treaty, declaring that Philip had exceeded his powers. Angered by this charge, Philip appealed to his instructions as plenipotentiary, but the document had been so vaguely worded that Ferdinand could interpret it as he pleased. Philip felt that his

father-in-law had cheated him, and had deliberately forced him into a false position in regard to King Louis, for by now Spanish reinforcements had reached Naples, and the result of an armed struggle could hardly be in doubt.

True, Louis was still civil and amiable, but Philip felt profoundly humiliated, and could not go on accepting French hospitality without giving an effective proof of good will. Though he was so desperately ill with intermittent fever that the doctors had little hope of his recovery, he departed for Tyrol hoping to induce Emperor Maximilian to agree that an alliance between France, the Netherlands, and Austria should be formed.

Painful as were the experiences of this journey to Philip, and mortifying to his vanity, they ripened the young man. His glimpses of the undercurrents of international policy shook him out of his provincialism, so that he was no longer exclusively concerned with the petty interests of the Low Countries. After his return from Spain there were no more misunderstandings between himself and his father, who was an imaginative schemer. Thenceforward Philip, being a true son of Emperor Maximilian "the last of the knights", worked earnestly to further Habsburg dynastic aims.

For Joan the continuance of the Neapolitan War signified that her return by way of France was impossible, that she could not rejoin her husband—and forthwith her depression returned. She was inconsolable until her mother promised to send her to Flanders in the old way—by sea. In June, Isabella took her to Segovia, this being (Joan believed) the first stage of a journey to Laredo, from which port, as seven years before, she was to sail.

But at Segovia she was kept waiting, day after day, week after week, month after month. Becoming more and more impatient, at length she complained, to be told bluntly that

she must stay in Spain, for the war made even a sea voyage too dangerous.

In actual fact Isabella had never intended her to go. Finding the summer heat excessive at Alcalà, the Queen had moved to the much cooler Segovia for the benefit of her own health, and for no other reason.

When Philip refused to stay in Spain, Isabella made up her mind. All her life she had fought to render her country the most powerful in the world. If she was to die soon, she would die assured that it was not to become a mere appendage to the Netherlands or to Austria. She had made all her conquests under the Sign of the Cross, had fought and driven out the infidel that Spain might be the chief centre of the true faith. It could not be God's will that after her death the pure and strict Spanish Church should be corrupted by the influence of the French and Dutch clergy, who were lax and detestable. She had had to abandon the hope that Philip would continue her policy either in secular matters or in the religious field, but Joan was her daughter, obedient and docile. The charges that had been brought against the girl in the Low Countries had been false. Joan was a true daughter of Spain. If, from affection for her husband and a desire for a quiet life, she had failed to resist the evil influences of an unwholesome environment, it was the mother's plain duty to save the daughter's soul by snatching her out of it. Isabella, therefore, though in defiance of medical advice (on the ground that "what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder") she had refused to separate her son John from Margaret, proposed now to separate Joan from Philip.

Isabella had always been an affectionate mother, ready to make sacrifices for her children, but this time she must be hard, just as she had been a hard queen—for the kingdom's sake. Her resolve was taken after close consultation with her most trusty adviser, Ximenes de Cisneros, the powerful

Archbishop of Toledo, who now for the first time took a part in deciding Joan's fate.

As soon as Philip had gone, Isabella laid a draft law before the Cortes of Castile (the very men who had just sworn allegiance to Joan and Philip as heirs to the throne) to the effect that if Joan, after Isabella's death, "should be absent, or unable or unwilling to rule in person", King Ferdinand should become governor and administrator of Castile. This unmistakably implied that Joan (not Philip) was to reign, and that if she did not reign then not Philip but Joan's father Ferdinand was to reign in her stead. She must be compelled to live in Spain, compelled to take up the duties of queenship, and only at the cost of a separation from Philip could she become Queen of Castile.

It would merely be requisite to wait till time had softened the pangs of severance, and then (Isabella was confident) Joan would show herself a worthy successor of the Catholic monarchs. The Queen was sure from her own experience that Joan, though devoted to her husband, would never renounce the sweets of power once she had worn a crown and wielded a sceptre. No matter whether Philip returned to Spain or not, the position would be unchanged. Even as Isabella was Queen of Castile and Ferdinand was King of Aragon, so would Joan be Queen of Castile and, after Ferdinand's death, Queen of Aragon, while Philip would be ruler of the Low Countries and later of Austria.

But Joan's impatience grew as the days sped by. Summer was at its height, and she knew that when the time of the equinoctial gales began, a sea voyage would be out of the question. Her mother had promised that she should leave as soon as her confinement was safely over. Letters arrived from Philip saying that he would be back in the Netherlands when autumn came. The agony of parting had already been great, but was now intensified by jealousy when she thought of the

loose ways of the Netherlands' court and how the ladies there would make eyes at her handsome husband

She could remember what her mother had suffered in similar circumstances, and how, after stormy scenes with Ferdinand, Isabella had sought consolation in the royal nursery. Isabella, indeed, had consented to help in the upbringing of Ferdinand's bastards. Never, thought Joan, would she herself accept such humiliation. It was hateful to think of Philip seeking from court ladies a substitute for her own caresses. There was only one way of preventing that. She must get back to him immediately. It would be better for her to reach the Low Countries before him. The sooner she left, the better.

Two contrasted views of life, as respectively embodied in mother and daughter, faced one another here. Queen Isabella was strong-willed. She had fought and conquered suffering of every kind, even jealousy when it was likely to interfere with what she deemed her life's work. Rigid, unyielding, and intolerant, ruthless and harsh to herself as to others, she lived and died for her idea. Joan, the young wife, had asked neither for a kingdom nor for a mission in life, was a woman to whom love was all in all. Living for love alone, that was the thing for which she would fight and make sacrifices. Each in her own way would sweep the board to preserve the one piece she valued.

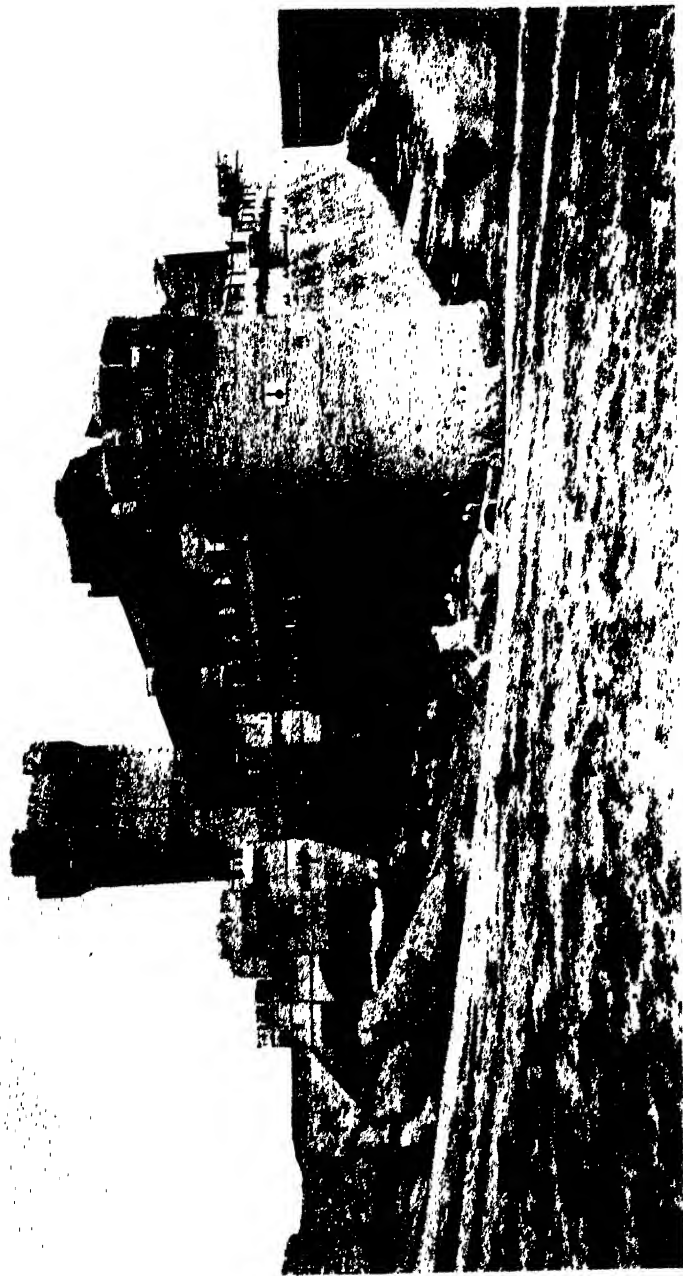
Thus a relentless struggle between mother and daughter ensued, all the more cruel because they were devoted to one another and neither could understand the other. It was not Joan's fault that destiny was offering her a royal position for which she was unfitted, nor was it her fault that this kingdom represented her mother's supreme purpose. Yet Isabella could not possibly allow her life's work, which to her seemed God's work, to be thwarted by the crazy passion of a young woman who recked nothing of the world and its duties.

Each was ready to give everything to the other, to yield upon all matters, except the one thing needful. Thus there were daily clashes. The Queen was ailing, suffered often from fever or paroxysmal pain, and the doctors impressed on Joan how important it was that she should show forbearance and consideration, but the upshot was that the same doctors grew anxious about Joan's health. She slept little, her appetite failed, and she became so weak that she had to lie down most of the day. She made no complaint, but other members of her circle as well as the Queen could plainly see that she was suffering, that her thoughts resolved unceasingly round the one axis—the behaviour of her husband who was so far away, so deeply loved, and so dangerously handsome.

Neither requests nor advice could help there. There was nothing to reproach her for, since she did nothing amiss, did not even weep, but was mournful, ever mournful, as day followed day and night followed night while her vital forces ebbed. Only when the Queen, finding this passivity intolerable, urged action upon her, and demanded some sign of energy, did Joan flash out. Then there were scenes after which mother and daughter were so exhausted by their reciprocal animosity that both had to go to bed as if stricken with fever.

At length the physicians insisted that the pair must separate. To Joan the Castillo de la Motta, near Medina del Campo, was assigned as residence. Since Isabella no longer saw her, and Juan de Fonseca, Bishop of Cordova—who had accompanied Joan from Flanders to Spain and was now recommended to the young woman as spiritual director—brought reassuring news, the Queen believed that she had won the game. Really this was no more than calm before storm.

As autumn followed summer, it became clear to Joan that she was being detained of set purpose. For how long? Fonseca, who must know, was evasive when questioned, and tried to



Castillo de la Motta, near Medina del Campo

persuade her that the war was the reason. Then she began to wonder if Philip might not be privy to her being kept in Spain, and perhaps was mainly responsible. Did he no longer love her? Perhaps he had already found someone more after his heart? But then, in November, came a letter from Philip, who was back in the Netherlands. He asked why she tarried, and wanted her to come home at once.

This was like a message from heaven. Her husband had not forgotten her; he loved her and summoned her to his side. Now no power on earth should keep her in Spain! Just as the Catholic monarch's letter to the Marquis of Villena had caused the breach between Joan and Philip, so Philip's letter, acting on the latent tension between mother and daughter, led to an explosion.

She instantly had her things packed, loaded the trunks on mules, and sent them in advance. Her courtiers and attendants were ordered to prepare for the journey.

But some of her people were faithful servants of Isabella, and promptly informed the Queen what was afoot. The latter, being afraid lest Joan might really run away without leave or farewell, instructed the Bishop of Cordova to prevent this, "by gentle means if possible", but anyhow to prevent it.

When Juan de Fonseca reached the Castillo de la Motta, he found that all was ready for the start. Joan was in the courtyard giving her last orders.

He tried persuasion first, telling her that it would be unpardonable for her to leave without Queen Isabella's permission, Surely she did not wish to set forth without having said goodbye to her parents. She answered not a word. But when he went on to say that it was useless to start, for the fleet was not yet ready, she replied: "I am going overland, through France."

"Don't you know that Spain is at war with France?"

"Spain may be, but I am not."

The indignant bishop commanded that the horses should be taken back to the stables.

Then Joan burst into a rage. Even if she had to go on foot, she would go. Nothing should stop her. She was on the point of putting this threat into execution.

Fonseca, having resolved to use force, did not blench. He ordered the drawbridge to be raised and had the portcullis lowered.

When Joan saw her way to freedom blocked, she lost all semblance of control. "Like an African lioness," writes a chronicler, "she flung herself against the bars and shook them in impotent wrath." She screamed and threatened, gave counter-orders, and when these were ignored she railed at the bishop and the men of the castle guard. Fonseca left by a sally-port, whereupon she ran up to the top of the outlook tower and shouted that he had better be on his guard, for as soon as she was Queen she would send him to the gallows.

But directly he was out of hearing, she repented her outbreak, and sent Miguel de Ferrera, one of her knights, after the bishop, imploring him to return for she wished to speak to him. The indignant prelate, however, only sent back word to the effect that he had not time to listen to the Infanta's tirades, and that he would not tolerate her refractoriness. Her mother the Queen would deal with the matter.

Joan, meanwhile, had succumbed to a fit of the blues. She crouched inside the portcullis which barred her from the outer world and blocked the way to Philip. But though her energy was impaired, her will was not broken, and she was far from being resigned to her fate. Her ladies vainly tried to persuade her to leave the courtyard and come under shelter. She swore she would not move a single step that would take her farther from the Netherlands. Night fell, the chilly November night of the Castilian plateau, but Joan did not stir, rejecting the offer of warm blankets or other help and comfort. Let those

who wished to help her get the portcullis raised, the drawbridge lowered.

The whole of that night and half the next day she crouched by the bars, and then her strength was exhausted. Even so, she would not go back into the castle, but took shelter in the guard-room beside the gate. Here she had a bed brought, allowed her attendants to kindle a fire on the hearth, and here she stayed for several days and nights.

Her kind old friend the Admiral of Castile, and Ximenes de Cisneros, Archbishop of Toledo, both hastened to see her by the Queen's command, and tried to bring her to reason. She was deaf to their pleadings, and would hardly utter a word until the Queen, ill though she was, had herself borne to La Motta in a litter. Then there came a furious scene between mother and daughter—a scene which, so the historians declare, helped to cause Isabella's premature death.

According to the court chroniclers, Isabella most affectionately requested Joan to go back into the palace, promised that she should be sent to join her husband in Flanders as soon as King Ferdinand returned from Aragon, and assured her that neither she herself nor the King had the slightest wish to separate her from her husband. Any report to the contrary was false. "Having the utmost respect for her mother, the Princess declared herself content, and was appeased." But twenty years later Joan's gaoler the Marquis of Denia, writing to ask Emperor Charles V's permission for the use of special coercive measures, justified the request by a reference to this episode in Medina del Campo, saying: "On that occasion Queen Isabella found it necessary to use such means."

The only authentic reference to the scene is that found in a letter from Isabella to her envoy Gómez de Fuensalida. Here we merely learn that the Queen had had to hear things from her daughter "such as I could never have accepted but for the poor state of her health".

With brief interruptions, Isabella spent the rest of November, December, and January at the Castillo de la Motta with Joan. Throughout this time a desperate struggle between mother and daughter must have continued. This is plain from the fact that at the turn of the year Ximenes de Cisneros advised the Queen to have the fleet made ready for Joan.

But the young wife, tortured by jealousy, had to stay on month after month, waiting, waiting; and not until Philip sent a special envoy with strict orders to bring the Archduchess back to the Netherlands, while King Louis promised her safe-conduct through France, did the Catholic monarchs come to the conclusion that it was unseemly to retain by force the sovereign mistress of a foreign State, and that it would be better to equip the promised fleet than to allow their daughter to cross the territory of their hereditary foe—France.

Isabella had lost the battle. Neither her son-in-law nor her daughter would continue her work. When Joan, a little princess a nobody, went abroad eight years before, she was sent by her mother to work in the cause of Spain, to promote Spanish power and Spanish interest. The woman who was again to take ship, without even bidding farewell to her mother, was heiress to the thrones of Castile and Aragon, expected wearer of the crown of Spain, but was a foreigner, almost an enemy. Of her ladies, the Spaniards were staying with Isabella. Never would the proud Queen pardon the words uttered by Joan in the heat of anger, never forget the scene at Medina del Campo. Joan, though weak and timid, sensitive and anxious, left the field as victress. Though her parents had had wellnigh a year and a half to work upon her since Philip's departure, nothing had been able to break her resistance—not Isabella's indomitable energy, not Ferdinand's cunning, not Cisneros' shrewdness and tenacity. Her love was unconquerable.

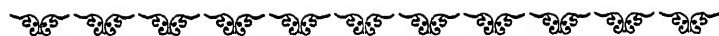
But Isabella's feeling that her work was not safeguarded, her conviction that her heritage was in danger, and her fore-

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

boding of imminent death, gave her unexpected strength. Though vanquished, she would not acknowledge defeat; though beaten, she continued to forge new plans, to excogitate new possibilities. The noblemen who embarked with Joan were given fresh diplomatic instructions, being commissioned to persuade Philip to make the three-year-old Charles over to Spain. In return for this concession Isabella was willing to pay the top price, the price for which Spain had gone to war with France. She would surrender the kingdom of Naples.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

MARTIN DE MOXICA'S DIARY

THE Netherlands, for which Joan set sail, was now her home.

She knew that what she had done meant a breach with her childhood, with her parents and their Church, with Spain. She had placed herself unconditionally on her husband's side; had refused to do what Isabella and her spiritual advisers had demanded in the name of duty, since for her there was only one duty—to be Philip's wife, to follow his call, to love and to be loved by him. The woman who left Spain for the Netherlands no longer regarded herself as a Spanish infanta, for she had cast in her lot with the Low Countries.

That was the feeling of the Netherlanders, who welcomed their Archduchess with lively manifestations of joy. When her ship reached Blankenberghe, Philip and his train came thither to greet her. The days they now spent together after a long separation and so much sorrow were golden without alloy. The journey to the capital was like a renewal of their first honeymoon progress through the land.

But as soon as they were back in Brussels, when everyday life began again after the first joys of reunion, there came to Joan the bitterest experience of her young life. Philip was not the same man that he had been before the visit to Spain. Concerning these days which Joan found so painful, a chronicler bluntly reports: "Donna Juana felt the change which had taken place in the Prince's love. His manner to her was very different from what it had been; and as a woman who loved him beyond measure, she sought to discover what the cause of the alteration might be. She was told that the

Archduke had a mistress, an exceedingly handsome noblewoman, with whom he was passionately in love."

Philip denied the allegation. He had no mistress, and his attentions to the court ladies meant nothing at all.

But, once she had lost confidence, Joan could not be hoodwinked. The atmosphere of the court had changed, and her ladies' attitude towards herself and Philip was a new one. Suspiciously she watched them all, until she discovered the offender. Her enemy was a young Flemish beauty with golden hair.

Accounts differ a little as to what happened. Some declare that she detected the rival trying to hide a love-letter in her corsage, and snatched the missive, but the Flemish woman grabbed it back and swallowed it. Thereupon Joan seized a pair of scissors and cut off the lady's long golden tresses which had been her most striking attraction, and when the Fleming tried to defend herself Joan stabbed her in the face with the scissors.

Another reports the incident as follows: "So infuriated was the Princess that, like a raging lioness, she sought out her enemy and, it is said, injured and misused her, and then commanded that her hair should be cropped to the roots."

But "when the Prince Don Felipe learned what had taken place, he could not contain himself for wrath. He overwhelmed the Princess with reproaches and invectives, and is even said to have raised his hand against her. The Princess Donna Juana being of an extremely sensitive disposition, and having been well brought up by her mother, was so much affected at being thus treated by her husband that she took to her bed and almost went out of her mind."

Life had broken to pieces. What she had struggled fiercely to obtain, that for which she had made such sacrifices, was an illusion. The anxieties that had plagued her before leaving Spain had been fully justified. Philip was so utterly estranged

that he had used physical violence against her because she had taken strong measures to avenge herself on a rival. Yet he must still love her, he had summoned her to his side and had received her affectionately. The whole business seemed utterly unnatural. . . .

Those were days when people believed in witchcraft and the devil, in charms and elixirs and demoniacal possession. Evil spirits could be exorcised by spells and conjurations; a man's affections could be stolen by a witch's brew; and a woman could bewitch her rival. When Joan brooded over the change that had taken place in Philip, it seemed as obvious to her that his alienation had been brought about by a love-potion, as later it seemed obvious to the Spaniards that the Flemish woman must have unhinged poor Joan's reason by diabolical arts.

But Joan's last and most cherished possession was her husband's love, and she was determined that no black magic should deprive her of it. Though her attempt to influence Philip by making an example of one of the women who had come between them had miscarried, she did not give up the struggle. She had endured too much to surrender inertly. Her next step was to dismiss the better-looking of her court ladies that her inflammable husband might not readily be led into temptation. But, being convinced that a counter-charm was the only effective remedy against a charm, she turned to the infidels, whose whole existence was the work of the devil. We learn from the chroniclers that Joan had brought to the Netherlands as servantmaids some Moorish prisoners, and with these she was now closeted. Though they had been baptised after capture, they were, of course, well informed about the love-potions and other sorceries of their native land, so Joan began to try in Brussels the means used by the ladies of the harem to stimulate masculine passion. She made the girls anoint her body and dress her hair with the various

aromatic unguents they recommended. Such exotic practices were a flight from reality, where she dreaded further disappointments and new afflictions. She spent her days lying on a pile of cushions on the floor, refashioning her dresses, trying on her trinkets, adorning herself to the best advantage.

Philip was puzzled by this behaviour. Not being rancorous, he made advances to his wife when the first flush of anger had passed, but found a woman who seemed alien to him. He knew nothing of the refinements of love-life in the East, and was disgusted to find Joan surrounded by dusky slave-girls. "Dismiss them," was his command. Joan, who naturally ascribed Philip's tentatives at a good understanding to their arts, refused, until he threatened never to come near her again unless she obeyed. Then she gave way. Philip, whose flagging senses were stimulated by the new Joan, spent an ardent love-night with her. As was to be expected, she fancied that the charms had worked, and hastened to recall her Moorish attendants.

Philip, in a rage, used force. He kicked out the girls and locked his wife up in her room. "He must have a new mistress," thought Joan. She spent the night hammering at the door and stamping on the floor, while railing at the top of her voice against the slut with whom she supposed Philip to be bedded.

Since her imprisonment was maintained, she went on hunger-strike, refused to go to bed, and became alarmingly weak. Philip yielded, spoke kindly to her, had the children brought. Reconciliation took place—followed by repetition *da capo*. When, weary of domestic brawls, he took refuge in a hunting expedition, she would write him letter after letter full of affectionate excuses for her conduct and vows of amendment, and thereupon he would return from his now numerous mistresses to her arms. Then would come fresh scenes, furious reproaches, and other manifestations of jealousy. Joan's love was of a new kind, savage, suspicious, mingled

with hatred of anything that might take her husband away from her; and her disposition was now violent and exclusive.

This state of affairs became the theme of gossip at other European courts. Philip was by no means inclined to renounce his infidelities, but he felt he must justify them, especially to Spain, so he instructed Martin de Moxica (Joan's treasurer, sent by Isabella, and in the Archduchess' full confidence) to keep a diary. The diary contained a detailed account of Joan's behaviour. Philip sent it to her parents.

When the news of what was going on at the Brussels court reached Spain, "the Catholic monarchs were greatly distressed, especially Her Majesty the Queen, who became extremely incensed against Don Felipe, and deeply deplored having arranged this marriage for her daughter". Isabella may have had pangs of conscience, feeling herself partly responsible, since her policy of forcibly retaining Joan so long in Spain might have contributed to produce the present unhappy situation. "The Queen's longing to see her daughter once more," write the Spanish historians, "and to influence her for good, naturally became intensified as Donna Isabella's strength failed; but there was no prospect of her wish being satisfied." Philip knew that if he sent Joan home he would risk losing her heritage; nor was Joan ready to part from him, for she felt that this would involve a final severance.

Isabella grew aware that her end was approaching, and was overwhelmed with anxiety as to what would happen when she died, especially as regards the succession. She dispatched more and more urgent messages to Philip begging him to send Charles to Spain, but the young Archduke was less inclined than ever to entrust to his father-in-law the little boy who was not only the heir of Austria, Flanders, and Spain, but was also betrothed to the heiress of France. Without flatly refusing, he declared that the troubles in Gelderland made the scheme impossible for the moment. He wanted to

return to Spain, and would bring Charles with him when he did so, but (important though the question of the Spanish succession was) he could not leave until order had been fully restored throughout Flanders. He was about to start on a campaign against his vassal Count Egmont in Gelderland. As soon as it was over, he would come south. Meanwhile, under cover of these fair words, he was busily engaged upon negotiations with his father Emperor Maximilian and his friend King Louis of France as to what was to happen in Spain. Finally the three rulers formed a league to ensure that after Isabella's death Ferdinand should no longer be regarded as King of Spain but only as King of Aragon.

When Ferdinand got wind of this agreement, the bad news precipitated an attack of intermittent fever. "Thereupon the Queen, afflicted by many troubles to which His Majesty's illness was now superadded, was herself attacked by fever, and, on the advice of her physicians, kept her bed. Thus each suffered intensely from anxiety about the other, separation increasing their mutual fears. . . . Especially was Queen Isabella grieved because the King did not come to enquire how she fared. She fancied this must be because he himself was worse, so that she would not believe either the doctors or her own servitors when they assured her that His Majesty's health was improving. Consequently her fever grew worse and her mind wandered."

She had not been deceived, however. We learn from eye-witnesses that Ferdinand recovered in a few weeks. His failure to visit his sorely ailing wife must have had some other reason than his own illness, and we cannot doubt that he stayed away because he was troubled about the very thing that was disturbing Isabella—the question of the succession.

When she died he would cease to be King of Spain, would lose Castile, would forfeit the rich revenues it brought him, and would no longer be able to draw thence the armies he

needed for his wars. Without these funds, lacking these armies, Aragon would relapse into the position of a minor principality. The various forces which he and Isabella had been able to enlist in the service of their family policy—the Empire, the Netherlands, and Italy—would then turn against him. Even the Castilian knights who had been fighting for him in Italy were now saying that Naples must belong, not to Aragon but to Castile. In Castile Joan would reign; and Joan meant Philip, Ferdinand's enemy and the friend of France. But what would be the use of saying all this to Isabella? No matter the considerations he might bring forward concerning the disintegration of Spain, its decline from greatness, the failure of a life's work which had been devoted to the unification of their joint realms. He knew that he would never be able to persuade the pious Queen to alter her testament, or to deprive Joan of any part of the heritage which God had assigned.

Martin de Moxica's diary which Philip sent to justify his own conduct and which must have reached Spain during Isabella's last illness, may have contributed to the Queen's change of purpose in this respect. So long as she still hoped to get better, continued to rule from her sick-bed, received visitors who kept her informed about all that was going on in the realm, she held firmly to her old purpose, and even made light of the distress she felt because Ferdinand would not come to see her. But when dropsy set in, "so that by day and by night she suffered from raging thirst and her strength was rapidly failing", on November 23, 1504, three days before death, she added a codicil to her will. "If Juana, my dearly loved daughter, heiress, and lawful successor should be absent from this realm, or if having come thither she should depart from it no matter when and should wish to live elsewhere, or if being here she should lack the desire or the ability to rule or to administer it", then Ferdinand was to rule, govern, and administer in his daughter's name.

Isabella must have found it very hard to make this disposition. It is recorded that, having signed the codicil, "she sent for her husband and, weeping, made him swear that neither a second marriage nor any other reason would bring him to rob Joan of her crown. Then she fell back on the pillows, seemingly dead, but afterwards came to herself once more."

She commanded that prayers for her recovery were to cease; and that, instead, people were to pray for the salvation of her soul.

On November 26, 1504, the Great Queen died.

At five-and-twenty Joan, young and inexperienced, passionate and uncontrolled, became Queen of Castile, symbol and supporter of the recently consolidated royal power, which was nevertheless faced by a thousand conflicting forces and interests.



CHAPTER NINE

"IN THE QUEEN'S NAME"

ON the afternoon of November 26, 1504, the populace of Medina del Campo watched King Ferdinand, surrounded by prelates and grandees, leave the palace and mount the platform which had been erected in the public square. The Duke of Alva, who was holding the royal standard of Castile, raised it, and the heralds called thrice: "Castile, Castile, for Queen Donna Juana, our Sovereign Lady."

That same day Ferdinand sent an embassy to Brussels with greetings to Joan and Philip "by God's grace rulers of Castile", and issued a circular to all the towns and communes of the kingdom informing them that henceforward laws would be passed and governmental actions of every kind performed in Joan's name.

The Aragonese among his courtiers demanded that, since he sprang from a branch line of the royal house of Castile, he should declare himself the legitimate successor of the late Queen and ascend the throne of Castile, but Ferdinand was far too shrewd to follow this advice. He realised that he would strengthen his position if he acted in scrupulous conformity with Isabella's last will and testament, and would harm himself by any infringement. There was considerable danger that the League (the one formed at Lyons by Philip, Maximilian, and Louis) might intervene. His supporters in Castile were few, and the Castilian grandees, from of old at feud with Aragon and all its works, would have been prompt to seize upon any excuse for rebellion. That was why Ferdinand publicly and voluntarily renounced the title of

King of Castile. He had borne it for thirty years, but it had never been more than nominal. Now, “in the name of Queen Joan”, he summoned the Cortes to Toro, a little town thirty miles from Medina del Campo.

The main text of the Queen’s will and the codicil were read to this Cortes, which held that the codicil became effective, since Joan was abroad. Thereupon Ferdinand swore to protect the royal person of his daughter, to safeguard her life and health, and to watch over the honour and greatness of Castile, “not in any way detracting from it”, the procurators administering this oath to him as regent and administrator of the realm.

Ferdinand had expected by renouncing the royal title to gain the substance of power and remain effective ruler of Castile, but in Brussels Philip and Joan had already proclaimed themselves King and Queen. Now came instructions from Philip that the Cortes was not to be summoned before their arrival in Spain, which would not be long delayed. A special envoy, Monsieur de Veyre, Philip’s chief chamberlain, arrived, bearing full powers, and forthwith among the Castilian grandees resistance to Ferdinand began to stiffen.

The thirty years’ reign of the Catholic monarchs had not sufficed to make the grandees forget their ancient power and independence. When Isabella became Queen her revenues amounted to little more than 40,000 ducats, barely enough to defray the expenses of the court, and many of her vassals were wealthier than herself. The new ruler, however, deprived them of one privilege after another, cutting off their salaries and leaving them no more than honorary titles. Within a few years the income of the Crown had increased more than twelvefold, while most of the castles and fortresses of the territorial nobility had been rased and the owners executed or banished. The monarchy magnified its power at the expense of the feudal aristocrats, stripped them of their rents

and possessions, and began to transform them into knights wholly dependent on the court. Nevertheless the royal power was still young, and as soon as the tidings of Isabella’s death spread, the vassals who had been tamed and humbled by her iron energy and inflexible will began to hope for better days. They had nothing to expect from Ferdinand, but the young and inexperienced royal pair were of a different calibre. Coming from afar, they would probably return to Flanders soon and entrust the reins of government to the grandees. At Philip’s court one of the ablest of them had been at work—Juan Manuel, of the blood royal and sworn enemy of Ferdinand. His missives promoted the formation of a strong nobles’ party which opposed the appointment of the King of Aragon as Regent of Castile.

It was no longer a question of a title, but of the realities of power and the revenues of the Crown. Where these were at stake, Ferdinand was ruthless. Having summoned the Cortes to a formal sitting, he made the following announcement through the mouth of the Speaker: “The revenues, rule, and administration of the kingdom were entrusted to me because our Sovereign Lady Donna Juana is not in a position to take charge of them herself. This incapacity is not, indeed, either specified in the testament or expounded in detail. Now, nevertheless, when the matter has become so grave and is of such moment to all, it seems expedient that I should acquaint the Cortes with the following facts. Long before our sovereign lady the late Queen passed away, she became aware of the malady and passion with which the Queen Donna Juana had become afflicted. It was under stress of this sorrow and in her anxiety for the welfare of the kingdom that the late Queen commanded the dispositions recorded in the codicil. Still, being reserved and scrupulous, and intensely sorrowful, the late Queen would not declare her daughter’s incapacity, but used the general formula ‘if Juana, my dearly loved daughter,

. . . should lack the desire or the ability to rule or to administer’ the realm.” To make the nature of Joan’s ailment perfectly clear, Ferdinand went on to submit and have read to the Cortes “a long document in which an account is given of the occurrences and passions and incapacity to which the Queen is subject, and which deprive her of the power of self-control”. This “long document” was the diary of Martin de Moxica which Philip had sent to his parents as justification of his conduct, and had countersigned with his own hand.

Thus Joan, having first been cheated and betrayed by her husband, had hardly become Queen when her father, coveting her heritage, publicly declared her insane. Philip’s manœuvre, his attempt to blame Joan for the unhappiness of their married life, recoiled on his own head and deprived him of his footing in Spain, for she alone had the right of succession. After hearing Martin de Moxica’s diary, the Cortes declared Ferdinand Curator.

Although his position in Castile was thus formally established, Ferdinand seems to have felt insecure. The League’s attitude was menacing, the Netherlands’ ambassador plotted with the nobles, and Philip announced that he and Joan were coming soon to Spain. Ferdinand had declared Joan incapable of ruling, but what if it should prove otherwise? He must be prepared for this eventuality, and he therefore hoped to secure from her an express renunciation of governmental authority. Though he had induced the Cortes to declare her not responsible for her actions, he himself was by no means sure of this. Therefore the woman who was unfit to rule, incompetent to decide, must take a most important decision as ruler, must entrust him with the regency.

He had promised Isabella on her deathbed that he would never rob Joan of her heritage; he had taken oath before the Cortes to protect the royal person of his daughter; but the ownership of Castile was at stake, the unity of Castile and

Aragon, perhaps the very existence of Aragon (which without the aid of Castilian forces would scarcely be able to keep her overseas possessions in Naples). He was fighting for the things which had been his aims throughout life.

Since the chief of these concerned the greatness of Spain and the firm establishment of the royal authority, Ferdinand could count on the support of the mightiest man on Spanish soil, Ximenes de Cisneros, Archbishop of Toledo.

When after the conquest of Granada Isabella left her mild and pious confessor Fernando de Talavera behind to see to the conversion of the Moors, the then Archbishop of Toledo, Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza, Cardinal and Primate of Spain, drew her attention to a Franciscan monk named Ximenes de Cisneros, who was a most devout ascetic. “Knowing that it was the Queen’s way to consult her father confessor about all State affairs, he believed Ximenes to be the man who would put an end to her vacillations and strengthen her will.” Before long “it came to pass that Isabella decided nothing without Cisneros’ advice. He reformed the monasteries and introduced strict observance everywhere, preaching simplicity and chastity.” When Cardinal Mendoza died in 1495 he left the Queen a political testament wherein, himself a noble of exalted rank and a member of one of the most influential families in Spain, he recommended the appointment of Ximenes as his successor in the archbishopric of Toledo, though this would be most unusual since Ximenes was of low degree.

“Having enormous revenues, numerous liegemen, and at least fifteen populous towns and strongholds, the Bishop of Toledo was both primate of Spain and high chancellor of Castile. Since, after the King, he was the first and mightiest gentleman in the realm, he could, if he headed the nobles against the King, become a grave menace to the throne.” That was why it would be a good thing to place a man of low estate at the top of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, “one who

would support the King against the nobility, a dictator without a following who would be likely to keep the grandees in subjection". Ferdinand wanted to bestow this important position on his natural son, Alphonse of Aragon, then four-and-twenty, but whom as a child of six he had appointed Archbishop of Saragossa. On this occasion, however, "Isabella was obdurate against the King's cajolery, his pleadings, and even his anger", and she made Ximenes Archbishop of Toledo, while Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, a nephew of the late Primate, received a cardinal's hat.

From this time dated Ferdinand's antagonism to Ximenes de Cisneros, whose blunt and domineering ways were most uncongenial to the supple and diplomatic monarch. But when Isabella died leaving Ximenes joint executor with Ferdinand of her will, "the King needed the Archbishop more than the Archbishop needed the King. He invited Ximenes to Toro, went to meet him and made him welcome, begged his visitor to be seated while he himself remained standing. The two held counsel almost daily until the Cortes was summoned." Ximenes, though he had no liking for Ferdinand, continued true to the King and opposed the nobles, for he feared that under Philip and Joan the grandees would regain power, so that there would once more arise the chaotic conditions that had prevailed before Isabella rose to power. This would inevitably weaken Castile. Joan must be induced to make over to her father the substance of rule.

Juan de Fonseca, Bishop of Cordova, and Lope de Conchillos, Ferdinand's private secretary and one of his most faithful followers, were entrusted with carrying out this scheme. They were cleverly chosen. Three years before, at Blois, Fonseca had encouraged Joan's resistance to Philip; while she was in Spain, he remained her adviser and spiritual director, and had much influence with her. Although this influence failed to restrain her at Medina del Campo, Joan

must have been ashamed of her behaviour towards him there, and must have wished to atone. He was with Isabella during her last illness and when she died. Since by the Queen’s wish she was to be buried at the place of her greatest triumph, he escorted her body to its distant resting-place in Granada. He was pre-eminently fitted to appeal to Joan’s filial affection.

It was obvious, however, that his dispatch to Flanders would be likely to arouse Philip’s suspicions, and to allay these Lope de Conchillos was associated in the mission. During the Archduke’s Spanish visit, Conchillos had been his secretary and had won his confidence. It would be a proof of renewed loyalty and devotion should Conchillos go to the Netherlands and offer his services to the new ruler.

Everything went off as Ferdinand had planned. Philip appointed Conchillos Joan’s private secretary, presumably with instructions to keep watch on the interviews between her and Fonseca. In the upshot, it was not difficult for the two Spaniards to work upon Joan by an appeal to her sense of duty towards Ferdinand, by considerations regarding the welfare of the monarchy, and by references to the wishes of her late mother (who had suffered so grievously). In the end she promised to hand over the reins of government to her father, and to write to him to that effect.

As soon as she had given this undertaking, Fonseca returned to Spain, that he might avoid intensifying Philip’s suspicions by a long stay. The Archduke, who had not ventured to quit Brussels leaving Fonseca in possession, being now reassured, went to Treves for the meeting with Emperor Maximilian, and thence to Hagenau, where the terms of the French treaty were to be discussed. The Emperor was to make over the Duchy of Milan to King Louis in return for his support in the Spanish question; but meanwhile in Brussels Conchillos was drafting the dispatch Joan was to send Ferdinand—a touching epistle. If the petitions of a loving daughter were of

any avail, her father would not forsake the realms which he and her mother had freed from their distresses to make great and powerful. She, the heiress of Castile, gave him full authority to govern it. When she came, she would in all respects be guided by his advice.

Joan signed, and Conchillos entrusted the letter to Miguel de Ferrera, a knight who had accompanied Joan from Medina del Campo to the Netherlands, and was now granted home leave that he might convey the Queen of Castile’s affectionate greetings to her father.

Ferrera, unaware that the sealed document contained anything more important than such greetings, and since his homeward road led close to Hagenau, paid his respects to the Archduke, and explained his errand. Philip asked for the letter, broke the seals—and read the document which was to frustrate all his endeavours, and, so long as his father-in-law lived, to rob him of the rule and revenues of Castile.

The Archduke was in a fine rage, but he was convinced that Ferrera was innocent, so the whole brunt of his wrath fell upon Conchillos. He had the secretary arrested and racked, extorted a confession of the plot, and issued orders that henceforward no Spaniards were to have access to Joan.

Before the latter had time to vent her indignation at being thus secluded from her fellow-countrymen, she received tidings from Hagenau. Maximilian sent her a valuable ring, and Philip a letter promising to explain everything on his return. Soon he arrived, handsome and affectionate as ever, to tell her of the intrigues by which she had been snared. The poor woman learned that her father, to whom in filial affection and youthful confidence she had recently decided to give full powers in Castile, was plotting to deprive her of her throne and her heritage. He actually had not shrunk from making public what Philip had written to her parents concerning her outbursts of jealousy, and to declare her

“IN THE QUEEN’S NAME”

insane—in the hope that this would enable him to keep her in tutelage.

Now Philip appealed to her pride. Was she Queen, or was she not? Would she join with him in ruling her realm, or allow a subject to deprive her of her rights on the ground that she was insane? Would she, without resistance and without contradiction, allow the man who entertained these schemes, and was in truth her father, to disseminate such a calumny?

Amid this terrible conflict of which her inner self was now the arena between the husband whom she so ardently loved at the cost of so much anxiety and distress, and the father whom she so deeply revered and to whom she would fain be an obedient daughter, the unhappy Queen—now, as always at the decisive moments of her career, utterly alone, without any disinterested friend and adviser, a mere pawn in the diplomatic game to be outwitted and exploited—wrote to Philip’s plenipotentiary in Spain a letter which will for all time bear witness to the delicacy of feeling and the tact of this woman who had already been declared insane. It was a message from the betrayed but still dutiful daughter, from the betrayed but still loving wife and conscientious mother who did not know that for the sake of her crown she would in due time be betrayed even by her son.

“THE QUEEN.

“Monsieur de Veyre, I have not written to you before, and you will know how unwillingly I do so; but since in Spain it is being declared that I am out of my mind, it seems right that I should say a word on my own behalf; though I cannot wonder that false witness is borne against me when it is actually borne against Our Lord God. But since a matter of so much importance is at stake, and evil rumours are rife at so critical a moment, I pray you to convey a message from me to the

King, my lord and my father, since those who spread these rumours do so, not against me alone, but also against His Majesty; for some of these false witnesses declare that he himself spreads this report in order to make himself ruler of our realm, which tale I do not believe, the King being so great and so Catholic and I his so dutiful daughter.

“I know well that the King, my lord and husband, wrote to Spain, complaining of me in some sort, in order to justify himself. But that matter ought not to go beyond us parents and children, all the more seeing that if in any way I was unduly incensed and forgot the behaviour proper to my station, it is notorious that the only cause was jealousy; and this passion is not peculiar to me, for the Queen, my lady mother (to whom God grant glory as a person most distinguished and choice), was likewise jealous. But just as time brought healing to Her Majesty, so, God willing, shall time bring healing to me. I beg and command you that in Spain you make this known to all those who may, in your belief, advantageously be informed, seeing that persons of good intentions will be glad to learn the truth; whereas those who wish me ill should know that, even were I to feel as they wish me to, nothing would ever induce me to deprive the King, my lord and husband, of the governance of this realm of mine or of any realms that I might possess, or to refrain from entrusting him with all the powers I can—and this not only because of the love I bear him, but also because I know His Majesty and could not wisely or legitimately entrust the governance of this realm of his and my sons and their offspring to any other person than him. And I hope to God that we shall soon be there, where I shall joyfully see my good subjects and servants. Given at Brussels on the third of the month of May in the year 1505. I, the Queen. By command of the Queen, Pedro Ximenes.”

After this letter Ferdinand’s cause seemed lost. Philip

“IN THE QUEEN’S NAME”

demanded of him no less than that he should leave Castile and betake himself to Aragon. Most of the nobles adhered to Philip, the populace adhered to Joan as rightful heiress and Queen and was strongly averse to the continuance of Ferdinand’s rule.

The English ambassador John Stile reported to King Henry VII that the opinion prevailing among the common folk concerning King Ferdinand was that, though in many ways he had been an excellent ruler, and with God’s help had conquered his enemies, he had, even during Queen Isabella’s lifetime, been harsh, and extremely exacting in the matter of taxes. Should he continue to rule, matters would grow worse in this respect. It was therefore most desirable that “Donna Juana and her husband, the King and Archduke, should reign”, now that the Moors had been expelled, and the country could reasonably look forward to a long period of peace and prosperity. If Ferdinand should be King, further hardships were inevitable.

As if to justify these fears, and give warrant for the dissatisfaction of the commonalty, Ferdinand began to impose heavier taxes on Castile, so that Philip complained in his circular: “He takes our revenues for years in advance, that we may not find them when we shall come, and he sends the money from these our realms to his own realms of Aragon.”

But whereas Philip acted “in the Queen’s name” when he issued proclamations to the Castilians, and even when he absolved them of their allegiance to Ferdinand, so likewise did Ferdinand issue all his commands “in the Queen’s name”. It was in Joan’s name that he levied taxes, dismissed Philip’s supporters and filled the vacant offices with members of his own faction, and went so far as to deny his son-in-law’s right to appeal to Joan’s authority since he kept her prisoned in the Netherlands.

In very truth she was strictly guarded in her palace at



Joan of Aragon
Window from a Flemish Church



Joan with the coffin of Philip on the way through Castile

Nineteenth century painting

Brussels, and was cut off from her fellow-countrymen. After inducing her to write to de Veyre, Philip set forth on a campaign against Gelderland. In the conversations with Emperor Maximilian at Hagenau this expedition against the rebellious vassal Count Egmont had been decided on, that Philip, when he went to Spain, might feel sure that the Netherlands had been thoroughly tranquillised. But as soon as he left Brussels, the Spaniards there must have found ways and means of informing Joan that Philip was playing false, having entered into an alliance with Austria and France against her beloved Spain. Above all they were able to convince her that Philip, far more than Ferdinand, was responsible for the growing belief in Spain that she was out of her mind. Perhaps they got hold of Martin de Moxica’s diary and sent it to her. Certainly it has disappeared. Though many Spanish chroniclers refer to the document, none of them quote it verbatim, and it is not to be found in the Spanish archives. But poor Joan may have actually seen this damning, this humiliating day-to-day record of her tantrums—which was countersigned by Philip.

She must have felt that her world was crashing around her. She was encircled by cheats, traitors, and spies. Moxica, whom she had trusted, Moxica whom her mother had sent from Spain, wrote hateful invectives about her. Not only was Philip unfaithful to her with a dozen light-o’-loves, but he craftily put it about that she was chiefly to blame, that she was a madwoman; and he bore false witness against her father to make her renounce her filial duty. Well, she would put a stop to it, and would begin by making a clearance of spies and traitors. She ordered Moxica to dismiss the courtiers he had appointed, and then return forthwith to Spain.

Moxica appealed to Philip, who wrote from Gelderland: “You know that when she is with child she is apt to grow angry

without cause. This is what has happened in your case, after you have served her faithfully for so many years. Since it would not be useful either to her or to ourselves for you to depart in this way, we command you to make no change."

Once more, as in the quarrel about the first paramour, her husband took sides against her, cancelled her orders, compelled her to tolerate the traitor Moxica and the staff he had appointed. Moxica was still to rule over her household. Nay more, Philip insisted that the Queen was to hold no converse with her countrymen. No Spaniard was to come near her, "even though she should send for him". The chaplain who read Mass must quit the palace the instant service was over, without addressing a word to her. A sentry was posted at the door leading to her suite of apartments, the orders being "no admittance". So great seemed the danger that she might send her father full powers, with a Spaniard as her messenger, that Philip instructed the Ducal Council to consider whether it would not be expedient to remove her privily from Brussels.

This matter was actually being discussed when the officer of the watch entered the council chamber and, in the Queen's name, summoned the Prince of Chimay to her presence. Joan knew that the sentry was posted with instructions that if she sent for any Spanish nobleman, no such person was to be admitted. So now she had asked the captain of the guard to inform the Prince of Chimay—who was her "knight of honour", and in responsible charge—that she urgently desired to see him.

In these circumstances the Prince of Chimay did not venture to go to her unaccompanied, but begged another distinguished gentleman, Monsieur de Frenoy, father-in-law of de Veyre, Netherlands' ambassador in Spain, to share the risk. In her rage, Joan was no respecter of persons. "She behaved to them like a fury," writes the chronicler, "railed and threatened",

and when old Monsieur de Frenoy answered back, “she lifted her hand against him”.

The upshot of this scene was that the plan of removing her from Brussels was abandoned as too difficult, but the guard was strengthened, and she was cut off more strictly than ever from all except those in whom Philip had absolute confidence. In the Low Countries, the home of her election, the Queen of Castile and Leon was kept a close prisoner, and, substantially, “incomunicada”.

Her Spanish pride revolted against this outrage. It was plain to her that a consiracy was afoot against Spain, that the aim was to usurp her authority and deprive her of her rights. Uncompromising by nature, she resolved to defend her country against foreign dominion. Never should a Netherlander, a Fleming, rule Castile.

She was seized with hatred for the inhabitants of the Low Countries, and with furious anger against Philip. What she had wanted to bestow on him freely and with a glad heart, she would defend with her last breath if he tried to filch it from her by cunning and fraud, by means of calumny and force. “She swore upon the Host to resist her husband in all political matters, and to do the very reverse of what he wished as King.” However much she might have loved, might still love, Philip the man, she would bar the detested Archduke’s path to her throne.

At this very time when Joan, wounded in her pride and mortified in her affection, had recourse to her strongest weapon, that of passive resistance with whose aid she deemed herself invulnerable, Ferdinand put into operation one of the most skilful of his diplomatic devices. Having proposed to Emperor Maximilian and to Philip that they should attack France in force simultaneously from three sides, and win for Philip Burgundy, the cradle of the Archduke’s race, he then proceeded to acquaint the French monarch of the scheme,

and offered to break with his Flemish and Austrian allies if France would come to an understanding with him and give him in marriage Germaine de Foix, niece of King Louis. Thus nine months after Isabella's death he proposed wedding a French princess.

This offer completely changed the political situation for France. Though, personally, Louis felt friendly towards Philip, the prospect that the latter might one day hold sway over the Netherlands, a united Spain, the German Empire, and North Italy as well, was most unwelcome to France, which would then be practically encircled by an overwhelmingly stronger realm and subjected to its will. But if he accepted Ferdinand's offer, this would immediately bring Spain into conflict with Emperor Maximilian and Philip and transform the whole political future; for should Ferdinand have a son by Germaine, that son, and not Joan, would become monarch of Aragon, and united Spain would cease to exist. Even if the marriage to Germaine should have no issue, Ferdinand was prepared to restore to the French Crown the half of the kingdom of Naples which Louis had recently lost. Also (the finances of France having been much disordered by the cost of the Neapolitan war) the King of Aragon was prepared to pay Louis the sum of half a million ducats in ten annual instalments.

The partition of Spain or the loss of Naples, the payment of a large sum of money (large for those days) after wars which had won practically nothing of importance and had bled the country white—surely these stipulations would involve the ruin of Spain, or at least paralyse it for decades? Not so, for Ferdinand had not the smallest intention of carrying out his pledges. The money was never paid. Though Germaine had no living offspring, Naples remained Spanish. He, Ferdinand, was to be the sole beneficiary of a treaty which simply threw dust in King Louis's eyes, for it effectively

shattered the League of Lyons which held Spain in a clamp.

The trick worked, Louis altered his policy. A French embassy appeared in Brussels, to demand the prompt settlement of long-standing grievances. Since their wishes were not instantly fulfilled, the envoys announced that Archduke Philip had failed to fulfil his obligations as vassal, and summoned him to appear before the Parliament of Paris under pain of outlawry. At the same time alarming news came from Spain. Philip’s supporters were being victimised; Ferdinand’s prestige and power were growing. A leaf in the book of history had been turned, and on the new page Philip’s cause made a very bad showing.

There seemed only one way of bringing about a change for the better—by means of a suitable proclamation from Joan. Philip therefore turned his attention to her once more and tried to win her favour. Emperor Maximilian hastened to Brussels, to help his son out of a tight place. Tourneys and other festivities were organised, to amuse and distract her. She seemed interested, joined in the fun, and her father-in-law and her husband believed they had dispelled her bad humour. They even invited Spanish envoys to an audience in her presence—having made them promise not to say a word to her about politics. Meanwhile they drafted circulars setting forth all the provisos and drawbacks of the treaty between Ferdinand and Louis, and showing how grievous a wrong was being done to the Castilians by dissipating the heritage of the great Isabella. They issued proclamations forbidding the payment of the revenues of Castile to Ferdinand. Then they announced that the rightful Queen would come speedily “to take over the government of the realm”.

But when Philip and Maximilian brought these documents to Joan for signature, they found that they knew little of the Spanish woman’s nature. She angrily tore up the papers and

flung the fragments at their feet. “God forbid,” she said, “that I should disregard my mother’s will. So long as my father lives, no other than he shall reign in Castile. If King Ferdinand designs to marry again, it is only that he may live as a good Christian.”

Thus was Philip rewarded for the steps he had taken to safeguard his own possession of the throne of Castile; his acceptance of the position of vassal of France; his pledges to Louis which ran counter to the interests of the Catholic monarchs; his imprisonment of Joan.

His supporters in Castile wrote to urge his coming. Nothing but his presence, they said, could save the situation. But how could he take Joan thither when she declared that only Ferdinand should reign? He thought of leaving her in the Low Countries and going alone, but Ferdinand let him know that if he should enter Castile without Joan, he would be treated as an alien. The proclamation he sent without the Queen’s signature was void of effect, and the King of Aragon wrote scornfully:

“You have no occasion, my son, to be wrathful with me because I have made peace with your friend France, for while the King of that country was my declared and your secret enemy you eagerly sought his aid against me and even against yourself. . . . Bethink yourself now, and if you come hither as a son and not as a foe, notwithstanding all that you have done I shall embrace you as my son. Great is the power of paternal affection. If you follow my counsel, since I am much better acquainted than you with the Castilian nobles and the Castilian people, your arrival in Spain may bring you happiness. But if you continue to trust those who, thinking only of their own advantage, seek to lure you to destruction, you will certainly come to disaster.”

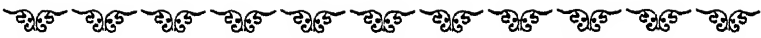
Ferdinand’s chief adviser Ximenes de Cisneros warned Philip’s ambassador that his master would do well to cease

supporting the self-seeking grandees, and to guard against inflaming Ferdinand’s anger, “for otherwise the King is likely to use force in order to restrain the Archduke from entering Castile”.

So desperate was he that Philip tried to buy Louis’s good will by signing a humbly worded document in which he declared himself the latter’s vassal. But when, thereafter, he desired authorisation to pass through France, Louis refused, informing him that he had better not go to Castile until it was decided whether he or Ferdinand was entitled to rule there. “Ferdinand has appointed me arbitrator, and I hope you approve.”

This was too much for Philip. After what had happened, he could not doubt that Louis intended to decide for Ferdinand. He answered, therefore, that it was a pity he had not been sooner informed that Louis was to act as arbitrator. He had made arrangements for his journey to Spain, and the fleet was already equipped. Simultaneously he sent his ambassador full powers to come to terms with Ferdinand.

On November 24, 1505, a year after Isabella’s death, a treaty was signed at Salamanca which was an overwhelming victory for Ferdinand. He even regained the title of King of Castile. The kingdom was to be jointly ruled by Ferdinand, Joan, and Philip. Joan was recognised as proprietress, Ferdinand as governor. Half of the revenues were assigned to him, half to Joan and Philip. The treaty was announced and sworn, Philip saying “yes” to all its clauses—for he did not intend to observe any of them, and only wanted to make sure that he could journey to Castile without danger. Once there, he would fight, and for this purpose he took a guard of two thousand German mercenaries. Ferdinand was equally determined to prevent Philip’s entry into Castile.



CHAPTER TEN

CALM BEFORE STORM

WINTER was a dangerous season for voyages, but Philip wanted to get to Spain as soon as he could. He had spent the whole autumn in equipping and provisioning the fleet, squandering time upon negotiations, agreements, and counter-agreements. There was a risk that, after the Treaty of Salamanca and the recognition of Ferdinand as King of Castile, his adherents, becoming doubtful as to his intentions, might think it expedient to turn their coats. Apart from this, time pressed. In March Ferdinand was to marry Germaine. Philip wanted to be on the spot to foment the indignation which many of the Castilians were likely to feel at having a Frenchwoman chosen as successor of the great Isabella. Finally, he had urgent need of Spanish money. Ships had been chartered, crews engaged, mercenaries hired, and the Netherlanders were so much perturbed about the expense, that Philip sent Joan privily to Zealand along by-roads, fearing lest, in one of the towns, the populace might rise and detain her in the hope of preventing the expedition.

When all was ready, and they went on board ship in the beginning of January, Philip had a fresh quarrel with Joan. He had made all possible concessions to persuade her to the voyage, which he had represented as the outcome of an understanding with Ferdinand. Martin de Moxica was replaced by another knight. Other courtiers whom she did not like were dismissed. Her husband promised that she should see her father directly she got to Spain. He even had to agree that none of the Netherlands ladies-in-waiting should be

taken along; but in the end he had them shipped, for he was afraid that if Joan reached Spain without proper attendance, a rumour would instantly spread that she came as prisoner, not as Queen. But as soon as Joan found that her ladies were on board, there was a violent scene, and she refused to sail. These women, she declared, were either spies or future rivals. They were packed ashore—to follow on another ship, by Philip's secret instructions. But when the fleet quitted Flushing on January 8, 1506, the King and the Queen appeared to be on the best of terms once more, though he had a fixed determination to win her realm for himself, by force if force were needed, and she was no less firmly resolved that on no account should he ever govern Castile.

The heavens seemed at first to approve Philip's courage in braving the risks of winter. With a fair breeze, in three days the ships had passed through the Straits of Dover and skirted the south coast of England. Land's End was out of sight astern when an unexpected calm began, and though all sail was set no progress could be made. Then a sou'wester sprang up, and before night was over a terrific storm raged. The fleet was scattered, and not until the third morning did the weather improve a little, so that the admiral was able to get about twenty ships together. The remaining twenty had disappeared. Those that were still in touch made for Falmouth, the nearest port.

Even twenty ships with armed men on board are an alarming force. The Cornishmen seized weapons and defended the coast. The Netherlands might plead and plead, but the port authorities (who had little knowledge of the Flemish or Spanish tongue) refused to permit a landing. Victuals: Oh, yes, these could be had, at double the ordinary price.

The admiral held a council, but was at a loss, for the Archduke's ship was one of those missing. Both parties temporised—the Flemish on board, the Cornish guard on shore.

At length, after ten days, news came that Philip's vessel had made Weymouth considerably battered, and some of the other ships arrived at Falmouth, hoping to refit. By instructions from headquarters, the ban was lifted, the Netherlands were to be treated as guests, they might land.

The King's ship, a merchantman of 450 tons, had been in the thick of the storm. Fire broke out during the first night. "The King fled from his cabin in dishabille, so did the Queen from hers, while the courtiers began to lament, and clamoured that all was lost." By frantic efforts the fire was got under, but the storm continued to rage. The decks were awash, and a tremendous wave carried away mast and mainsail. The ship took on a strong list. From moment to moment she was expected to founder. Then a seaman named Heinrich of Stettin jumped overboard and cleared the mainsail so that it could be pulled back on deck.

Peril followed peril. Philip and his train took refuge in the poop cabin. In the intervals of seasickness and exhaustion they prayed and offered up vows. One swore penitence; a second, pilgrimage; a third, to become a monk. Philip had been stitched in a sort of leather case, the leather was inflated, and on the back was painted in brightly coloured lettering "The King Don Philip". In this guise he knelt before the image of one of the saints, deplored his folly at having undertaken the voyage at this season, called upon the saints for aid, and pointed out how important was his rescue for the welfare of his realm, his little children, and his subjects.

The knights of his train, meanwhile, were organising a collection for "Our Lady of Guadalupe, the Protectress". Each gave all the money he had on him, but when they came to Joan and she opened her purse stuffed with gold pieces they watched with disgust how she searched among the ducats until she found a half-ducat, which she handed over. Her calm amid the general agitation seemed monstrous,

and she actually had food served. When asked whether she was not afraid, she answered: "No, for I never heard of a king that was drowned." But afterwards, when the storm became more violent and the mast was carried away, when the ship took on such a list that all seemed lost, she flung herself on the floor at Philip's feet, clasped his knees, and declared that death should no more part them than life had done.

But the ship, though frightfully knocked about, rode out the storm, and on the third day, when the weather improved, they found themselves off Weymouth. The reception of the King's ship here was no better than that of the rest of the fleet at Falmouth. The militia was called out; foot-soldiers and cavalry lined the shore, and prevented a landing; extortionate prices were demanded for food; and only after much demur could the coastal authorities be persuaded to send messengers to the court at Windsor announcing that "one of the captains of the King of Spain, a handsome man and a lady with him, has arrived in a great ship larger than any yet seen in this port". A knight of Philip's train was allowed to accompany the express.

Thereupon English noblemen were dispatched in haste to Weymouth; the seafarers were supplied with victuals and anything else they needed; and orders were sent to all towns along the coast that any ships which might turn up must lack nothing. But there also came secret instructions that none of the Netherlanders were to be allowed to reshipe without special authority from the King of England. From King Henry's point of view these unbidden guests were a gift from heaven. Twenty years before, after the victory at Bosworth, he had founded the Tudor dynasty. The Netherlanders had favoured, and were believed still to favour, the Yorkist cause, and the utmost possible advantage must be taken of the Archduke's involuntary visit.

Philip was welcomed with all the honours due to a foreign potentate and was conducted to Windsor by a princely escort, where arrangements were made for a great reception. After ten days' sumptuous entertainment, a treaty was arranged by which Edmund de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk (nephew of Richard III and a refugee in Flanders who had been prisoned at Namur), was to be handed over to Henry, while in return pledges were given to help Philip against France and against Ferdinand.

The Queen's signature was needed to this treaty, so Joan, who was being entertained at a country house near Weymouth, was summoned to Windsor. She came in black raiment, unattended, "showing reluctance for the journey both by her dress and by her manner," but made so favourable an impression upon Henry that when later, after Philip's death, he sought her hand in marriage, it seems to have been from inclination no less than from policy.

In deference to her the treaty, though it concerned Philip's claims in Spain, styled him only Ruler of the Netherlands. All possible precautions were taken to prevent her discovering that it was aimed against King Ferdinand and against Isabella's testament. Even her meeting with her sister Catherine, widow of Arthur, Prince of Wales, took place only in the presence of Philip and the English court, while Catherine, "who did her utmost to distract and entertain Joan", was sent away from Windsor next day. That was how the Queen's signature to the treaty was secured. But just as the precautions proved that Philip was under no illusions as to Joan's attitude, so did Joan's behaviour in England show that she was already informed about Philip's designs, and intended to put up a fight. Under compulsion, then, she signed a treaty of amity and commerce—and Philip might pledge friendship to whomsoever he pleased. She quitted the merry court of Windsor after three days, "greatly to King Henry's regret", and made for Falmouth, where she stayed "wrapped in loneliness and retire-

ment" till it should please her husband to cease amusing himself with the beautiful English ladies.

For form's sake Philip exacted a pledge that the Earl of Suffolk should not be deprived of either liberty or life—well knowing the pledge to be valueless—and then hastened to fulfil his side of the bargain. The chronicles are full of reports of how the Archduke was made a Knight of the Garter, and how he bestowed the Order of the Golden Fleece upon the Prince of Wales; of royal journeys to Richmond, to London, and then back to Windsor; of numerous exchanges of affection and courtesy. King Henry promised that the table at which he and Philip had supped should be inlaid with their names and the date, "in lasting memory of our friendship and of the alliance between the Holy Roman Empire, the Kingdom of Castile, Flanders, Brabant, and the Kingdom of England"—an alliance arranged at this table. Philip refused to take precedence when they were entering towns, riding between the King and the Prince of Wales. When an embassy came from France to demand, in King Louis's name, that the Archduke should be prevented continuing his journey to Spain, King Henry would only receive the envoys in Philip's presence, and refused to comply.

The news of Ferdinand's marriage to Germaine put an end to this agreeable visit. Guest and hosts bade farewell, but parting was so difficult that next morning, when Philip was about to start, King Henry and his son turned up in riding kit. Civilities were exchanged.

"Did you think, Sir, to leave me and my realm without a proper farewell?"

"But you, Gentlemen, what do you propose? We said goodbye last night and now, after all, you are going to put yourself to the trouble of travelling?"

In actual fact, father and son accompanied the Archduke a considerable distance.

CALM BEFORE STORM

Then Philip went to fetch Joan, but they had to wait at Falmouth for the best part of a month till the fleet was fully refitted and provisioned and manned, and the Earl of Suffolk had been brought to England and handed over. This month spent far from the pleasures of court and the lures of pretty ladies, far from political intrigues, was a month of calm before storm, a month of harmony and peace between Joan and Philip, the last such month they were to know. Its fruit, Princess Catherine, was a posthumous child, born after a life-or-death struggle between her father and her mother.



CHAPTER ELEVEN

LIFE-OR-DEATH STRUGGLE

FERDINAND expected Philip to land at Laredo or one of the other ports on the Biscayan coast, as had been announced; and he stationed himself at Torquemada, the most convenient place from which to keep watch, the various harbour authorities having been duly instructed to keep alert.

Philip, however, expected that Ferdinand would be on the look-out; his supporters had warned him of military preparations, and so he arranged with the Duke of Medina Sidonia to stay at the latter's country seat near Seville. It was a far cry from Andalusia to the Bay of Biscay. All Castile lay between; and if, making slow progress northward, receiving homage in the towns and rallying the members of his faction, he should meet Ferdinand at Toledo or thereabouts, he might hope to do so in full force and as accredited King.

Luck failed him, however. When, having run south before a fair wind for several days, he was in sight of the Spanish coast, he was becalmed, and, since he had uneasy memories of the storm off Land's End, he made for the nearest port as soon as there was a breath of air to fill the sails. Thus it came to pass that on the afternoon of April 26, 1506, the inhabitants of the little town of Corunna at the north-western corner of the peninsula were surprised by the arrival of a mighty fleet. The ships were flying the banner of Castile.

Fishing-smacks went off to enquire, and the provincials learned with astonishment that their King and Queen had chosen Corunna for the honour of their landing on Spanish soil.

The news aroused great enthusiasm, and everyone made ready for the formal reception next day. Salutes were fired, the populace kneeled to swear fealty, the authorities presented the keys of the town and the statutes which (in accordance with the ancient custom of Galicia) the monarchs must, in church, solemnly vow to observe. Joan refused.

Her quarrel with her husband broke out anew when they landed. Philip had bidden the ladies-in-waiting to the ceremony, but the instant Joan set eyes on them she declared that she would not enter the town until they had been sent on board once more and their ship had left the harbour. Thus the worthy Galicians beheld their Queen in black attire beside her husband and his knights who were gaily bedizened—one woman among two thousand men, and a woman with a sour visage.

When, much disappointed, they asked the Queen why she would not perform the expected ceremony, and whether she had any complaint to make of the loyal town of Corunna, she answered that there was no trouble of that sort, but that she would not perform any governmental act until she had consulted her father. Then she withdrew to the Franciscan monastery which had been assigned to the royal pair as their quarters, and Philip did his best to console the Galicians by taking the oath alone.

Thus immediately on landing did Joan publicly announce her position in Spain. She had come to consult her father, not to supersede him. With her customary frankness, she wished to make this clear from the outset. Philip had promised that she should see her father directly she got to Spain, and she was determined to make him fulfil this pledge. But Philip had only given it to induce her to go to Spain, without the smallest intention of keeping his word—for that would have meant goodbye to his dreams of kingship. It had become plain that all his decrees issued in Joan's name were issued

against her will, and that she wanted Ferdinand to rule. He must therefore keep her away, not only from Ferdinand, but also from Ferdinand's envoys and supporters, that she might find no opportunity of making over her powers to her father. Thus a new and stricter imprisonment began for the Spanish Queen on Spanish soil. As he had done in Flanders, Philip posted sentries at her door, cut her off from everyone but those on whom he could rely—while sending forth from the Franciscan monastery in Corunna messengers to the grandees announcing the arrival of the King and Queen of Castile.

Juan Manuel, his chief adviser, considered that he would make a mistake if he advanced into the interior without delay. The best plan would be to stay in this remote corner and await developments. Should Ferdinand come here at once, it could not be in strong force, but only with a few attendants, and Philip, with his mercenaries, would be in a commanding position. If Ferdinand hesitated, the grandees would be forced to decide which of the rival claimants they favoured. In that case it would surely be Philip, from whom they had everything to gain.

When Ferdinand heard of Philip's landing he seems to have lost his nerve, perhaps for the first time in his life. His first thought was to take up arms at once, and strike a sudden blow for realm and crown; then, on the advice of his most loyal supporter the Duke of Alva and that of Archbishop Ximenes de Cisneros, he decided it would be better to wait awhile, mobilise his forces, and prepare for a systematic campaign against the rebellious grandees and his son-in-law; then, changing his plans again, he sent a few noblemen to Corunna to welcome Philip and Joan and arrange for a speedy meeting, since, by the terms of the Treaty of Salamanca, the three were to rule jointly.

Meanwhile Juan Manuel's expectations were being fulfilled. The grandees hastened to Philip, each eager to be first in the

field. To enhance his own prestige, and foreseeing that armed help would be needed, every one of them brought as many retainers as he could muster, so that Philip found it necessary to write to those grandees still expected from the remoter parts of Castile asking them to bring only a modest train, as Galicia could not provide food for an unlimited number. Juan Manuel, now convinced that his master would get the upper hand, wrote to inform King Ferdinand that there could be no question of a joint government, since the great majority of the Castilians regarded Philip as their lawful ruler. He would reign alone, seeking neither advice nor guardianship. All he asked of Ferdinand was to quit Castile.

The more arrogant and imperative Philip's demands became, the more conciliatory and affectionate were Ferdinand's answers. He wrote: "My wish to see you and the Queen and Princess, your wife and my beloved daughter, is so ardent that every day seems like a thousand years. . . . Till it please God to bring us together, let me know without fail every day that all goes well with your royal persons, both your own and that of the Queen and Princess my daughter, for in no other way can you give me so much joy and pleasure." He set forth to meet them—while Philip's adherents reported that the Duke of Alva was concentrating a powerful force in Leon, and that Ferdinand's knights were occupying one strategic point after another on the frontiers of Galicia.

It was plain to Philip that should he delay at Corunna his access to the interior of Castile would be cut off, so he informed Ferdinand, who had now advanced to Villafranca, that he would write further from Santiago de Compostella and make arrangements for their meeting. Then he moved suddenly southward along by-roads into the sierras, hoping to turn Ferdinand's flank and make his way into Castile, while asking his father-in-law to give full powers as negotiator to Ximenes de Cisneros, Archbishop of Toledo, who should be sent to

arrange an understanding. This would not be difficult, since the only question at issue concerned the article relating to government by the Queen.

Philip had a twofold object in asking for Ximenes de Cisneros as plenipotentiary. He hoped to detach this powerful ecclesiastic from Ferdinand's cause, and also to throw Ximenes' influence into the scale in making arrangements with Joan. During the month spent at Corunna Philip had presumably become aware that Joan, though isolated and seemingly powerless, though surrounded by sentries and spies, was more dangerous than the wiles of Ferdinand or the troops of the Duke of Alva.

For though Philip broke his promise to arrange a meeting between her and her father, Joan kept her word. She signed no documents, took no part in the work of government, did not receive any of the grandees who wished to wait on her and Philip. Once only, when the Marquis of Villena, her faithful attendant on the former Spanish journey and a member of the royal house, presented himself, she agreed to be present at the reception and to sit in her rightful place on the throne beside her husband. Taking advantage of her complaisance, Philip had the doors of the hall widely opened, and it was thronged with knights and noblemen that all might see the Queen holding sway. Rumour that she was kept prisoner had become rife, and he must appease popular sentiment.

The grandees flocked to Castile in order to strengthen their position by participating in the government, and safeguard their revenues by presenting themselves as liegemen of the new monarch; but on arrival they found him encircled by an impenetrable wall of "Flamencos", or by Spaniards who had accompanied him from the Netherlands. These touchy and distinguished gentlemen must stoop to the arts of lobbying, while gnashing their teeth at the arrogance of the foreigners; and in the end had to bribe their way to an audience. The

atmosphere of intrigue and tension was so disagreeable to Philip that he often fled into the hunting-field. When he returned to the monastery, he would closet himself with his intimates, refusing to see anyone else, with the result that many a proud Spaniard, after endless waiting in passages and anterooms, wrathfully declared that never before had a nobleman been so contumeliously treated.

The slighted grandees now concentrated their hopes on Joan, but began to wonder at her seclusion, and to declare that she and not Philip was the rightful ruler of Castile. The more obvious it grew that she was really under duress, the more explicit became their indignation. When Philip recognised the danger, and saw that his hope of persuading Joan to participate in his government was vain, he made a sharp curve in his policy, and was inclined to come to terms with Ferdinand against Joan.

Ferdinand was in two minds. Would it be better to treat with Philip, or openly to declare Philip a usurper who was keeping Joan prisoner? Perhaps it would be advisable to consolidate his forces and appeal to the Spaniards to liberate their Queen. The appeal was drawn up, the troops were ready. It was a favourable moment, for opinion throughout the country was hardening in favour of Joan. Friction between natives and foreigners was so great that the parties had come to blows more than once. The Galician peasants who had been hired to transport the baggage of Philip's army, unyoked their oxen and departed in the night, forfeiting their wages and leaving the carts standing by the wayside. But when Ferdinand compared the small numbers of those who remained true to him with the multitude of the grandees who had gone over to Philip, and reckoned up the strength of the latter's forces, he did not venture an appeal to arms.

While Philip, with his two thousand mercenaries, artillery, and baggage-train, was making his way through the Galician

mountains, continually dreading attack, and while Joan remained inviolably faithful to her father and defied her husband, Ferdinand decided to sacrifice his daughter, and gave the Archbishop of Toledo authority to negotiate.

The result of this was that Ferdinand's cousin, the Admiral of Castile, and his son-in-law, the Constable Bernaldino de Velasco, now forsook him, the only Castilian grandee to remain faithful to the King of Aragon being the Duke of Alva.

But Philip's advisers were still afraid of Ferdinand's cunning, and Ferdinand was eager for a personal interview. Conditions were arranged. Philip stipulated that he was to bring a superior force; there were to be no political conversations nor any verbal agreements. Ferdinand made no demur, and it was agreed that the two kings should meet at a spot midway between their respective positions—a hermitage in a great oak-forest.

Philip set out for the rendezvous in full force, as if prepared for battle. Six hundred heavily armed German mercenaries led the way; then came two hundred archers, half of them on horseback and half on foot; then the noblemen of the court, Netherlands and Spaniards, with their retainers. Behind this formidable array rode Philip, between Juan Manuel and Archbishop Ximenes de Cisneros. A strong body of cavalry and bowmen brought up the rear.

Ferdinand was waiting. From a hilltop he contemplated the arrival of the army, and looked as pleased as if he were watching a tournament. He was unarmed, as was his train of two hundred men. When the Spanish grandees, who only a few days before had regarded Ferdinand as their sovereign lord, appeared somewhat diffidently to kiss His Majesty's hand, he embraced some of them, and, feeling the heavy armour beneath their robes, exclaimed with a grin: "Why, how quickly you have all put on flesh!" With embarrassment

those whom he thus chaffed made answer: "True, Sire, we are wearing concealed armour."

When Philip now rode up and, having dismounted, likewise made a move to kiss his father-in-law's hand, Ferdinand prevented this, embraced and kissed him with a merry smile of welcome, and led him into the hermitage.

Juan Manuel, being afraid that Ferdinand, an experienced negotiator, would outwit Philip if the pair were alone together, was about to follow, but Ximenes de Cisneros waved him back, saying: "It is discourteous for private persons to intrude upon the conference of princes. Let us depart." He closed the door upon himself and Juan. The two kings were alone.

Philip was in a bad temper. He felt that his excess of caution, his lack of confidence, and his parade of armed force had made him ridiculous. It was sultry weather, he sweated under his heavy armour, his throat was dry from inhaling the dust kicked up by the hundreds upon hundreds who had ridden and marched hither in front of him—and now, to make him feel still more absurd, this courtier of his had tried to thrust in as if he were a little boy who could not be trusted to look after himself. He had determined to give Ferdinand a piece of his mind, to enumerate all the encroachments and subterfuges of which he had good ground to complain. There was to be a full settlement of accounts. But here he found himself face to face with a guileless old fellow who seemed genuinely pleased to see him again, and had come unarmed. One who had so trustingly put himself into the power of an enormously superior force could not decently be accused of trying to usurp authority, of craft, illegality, or violence. Vexed and dumbfounded, he was silent, while Ferdinand spoke soft words, referred to the sacred duty of fulfilling the stipulations of Isabella's will, and of his wish to help his son-in-law (arriving to rule a strange land) with fatherly counsel. He was ready to agree to whatever Philip might propose.

The conversation did not last long. When it was over, when the Kings had left the chapel and said goodbye, the firm conviction of Juan Manuel's and Philip's other advisers that Ferdinand was a shrewd diplomatist was dispelled, for Philip informed them that his father-in-law proposed to surrender Castile unconditionally and sail forthwith to Naples where there were affairs urgently needing attention. The King of Aragon actually agreed that Joan was to be excluded from any share in the government of Castile, thus throwing away his last chance. He had not even asked leave to see his daughter again. The old man was no longer dangerous.

Feeling like a conqueror, Philip returned to his headquarters at Pueblo de Sanaria, writing thence to Ferdinand a letter phrased rather as a command than as a proposal. Ferdinand was to proceed at once to Villafila. Philip and Joan would come to the nearby Benavente, from which place he would send the treaty for his father-in-law to sign.

A week later, on June 27th, at Villafila, Ferdinand signed, and swore to observe, the treaty, which next day Philip signed at Benavente. After a preamble concerning friendship and peace between the two monarchs, the document ran as follows:

"It is hereby announced that Her Serene Highness the Queen, our dear and much-loved consort, does not wish to take part in any governmental or administrative affairs, or to be informed of them. Should she wish to participate, this would lead to the utter destruction and annihilation of our kingdom, owing to her maladies and passions which it would be indecorous to describe here in set terms. To avert and fend the said evils and inconveniences which would otherwise ensue, we have agreed and determined with the said King our father that should Her Most Serene Highness the said Queen, either on her own initiative or influenced by any other persons of whatsoever rank or station, endeavour to interfere in the

work of the said government, or to disturb and hinder this agreement—neither we ourselves nor the King our father will consent thereto, but will jointly support and help one another against whatsoever grandees or persons may have prompted such action.”

Two and a half years had passed since Ferdinand had last set eyes on Joan. During that period he and Philip had alternately declared her healthy or sick, as might best suit their plans. Now her husband and her father joined hands against the captive, declaring that she did not wish to reign. Should she try to do so in spite of this agreement, it would lead to the destruction of Castile, so whatever happened they must exclude her from participation in the government.

Philip believed that the game was won. Ferdinand had abdicated, Ferdinand was to quit the country, Ferdinand was allied with him against Joan, who was substantially annihilated by the treaty. Proud of his victory, he published the document which was to make him unrestricted ruler of Castile.

But he and his advisers had underrated Ferdinand. The cunning King of Aragon (whom a few years later Machiavelli was to take as model for his “Prince”) had advisedly come to the trysting-place unarmed, almost unattended, and riding a mule instead of a war-horse; and he had good reasons for not demurring to any of Philip’s stipulations. To him, as to Philip, Joan was the chief enemy—though Joan was, as he knew, his most faithful adherent. At the moment Philip proved stronger than he, having secured the support of the self-seeking grandees. Soon, however, the foreigner would become a target for intrigue and dissatisfaction. When, unused to Spanish ways, he attempted to rule Castile by methods learned in the Low Countries, all would turn against him. Ferdinand need merely bide his time. When risings and disorders began, people would look to the King of Aragon,



Philip the Handsome

hoping to be freed from an alien yoke. But if Joan were to become Queen, there would be an end to Ferdinand's hopes in Castile. The grandees, having placed her on the throne, would be the effective rulers of the country. The days of feudal dominion would return. The territorial magnates would be in the saddle. He would hardly be able to repeat unaided the work which had been almost beyond his strength when Isabella stood at his side; from little Aragon he could never hope to subdue once again the powerful nobility of Castile. Therefore Joan must not reign. Upon this, Ferdinand was at one with Philip.

But Joan as Philip's adversary, Joan whom the people regarded as rightful Queen, could be an invaluable ally, of whom Ferdinand was determined to make the best use possible. The very day on which the King of Aragon signed the treaty at Villafafila, he made a formal protest against it, issuing a manifesto in which he declared it null and void, on the ground that he had been forced into accepting it by deadly peril. Relying on the word of the King his son-in-law, he went unarmed to the hermitage, where he found Philip awaiting him with a considerable body of troops and surrounded by grandees. From fear, under compulsion, he accepted the terms, as the only way of recovering his freedom. In reality he could never approve that his daughter, Her Most Serene Highness the Queen, should be deprived of her liberty and of the kingdom which rightly belonged to her as heiress and owner, but would continue to strive in order that she might regain her proper position.

Thus the treaty had already been repudiated by one of the parties to it when the other was proudly announcing it to the world, and Ferdinand was only waiting till he could get safely across the frontier into Aragon before launching his protest throughout Castile. Philip was also mistaken in believing that he had gained a victory over Joan.

Very soon after reaching Benavente she learned of Philip's meeting with her father. She was furious. The Marquis of Villena and the Count of Benavente were the first on whom her wrath was outpoured. She railed at them as traitors for having accompanied her husband to meet Ferdinand without telling her what was in the wind, for she was the monarch of Castile, not Philip. Vowing that she would have them put to death, she withdrew to the royal apartments "where for a long time the courtiers could hear her quarrelling with the King".

But, as always, this outburst was followed by a period of exhaustion. She was inert, passive, and did whatever she was told. The meeting at the hermitage was on June 20th. Joan came to Benavente on June 23rd, and was told about the result that same day. The treaty was signed on June 27th. On June 28th Philip made his public announcement. Then, while he attended a bullfight, Joan went for a ride in the park with the Marquis of Villena and the Count of Benavente.

Without warning, she set spurs to her horse, jumped the ha-ha which surrounded the enclosure, and galloped off.

The court was in an uproar. The Queen was pursued. The King, informed of her flight, mobilised his guard of mercenaries.

Ferdinand's headquarters were only a few miles away. Had he troops in the neighbourhood? Was the flight from Benavente a concerted scheme?

Joan, being surrounded, could not make good her escape, and took refuge in the first available house, that of a working woman, a pastrycook. There the Queen sat in the bake-house.

One after another the grandees rode up, the mercenaries arrived, and the house was invested. Philip came, went in, tried to persuade his wife to be reasonable, and return to her quarters.

No, nothing would induce her to go back. She stayed in the cottage for the rest of that day, the ensuing night, and another day.

"I learn," writes Quirino, Venetian ambassador, "that she refuses to leave until she has seen her father. No one can tell what is in her mind. The house is completely surrounded by many gentlemen and by the King's guard. His Majesty has entered alone to see her, hoping to persuade her. I don't know whether he will succeed."

Did she believe, in this extremity, that the father who had forsaken her would, after all, come to set her free? Did she expect she would be able to force Philip, after his recent victory, to arrange for her to have an interview with Ferdinand, when she would be able to defeat her husband's schemes? Or did she already know of Philip's determination to have her put under restraint, and fear lest, once inside the stronghold of Benavente, she would never know freedom again?

This much is certain that from now until Philip's death three months later she would not enter any of the castles of Castile—those places which no one could leave without permission of the castellan. She stayed in her present poor quarters until she set forth with the court on her way to Valladolid. There was to be a halt at the market-town of Mucientes, not far short of that city.

Philip was weary of his wife's caprices, which blocked his path to kingly power. He had summoned to Mucientes the procurators of the cities of Castile. The Cortes was to meet here and swear fealty to Joan as Queen and to himself as her consort; then, reading to them the treaty he had signed with Ferdinand, he would have her declared insane. She should be put away somewhere in safe keeping, so that he could enter Valladolid as sole monarch and ruler. To make Joan pliable during the few days in which he would still be dependent on her authority he sent an envoy to Ferdinand charged to

recount what had taken place at Benavente, to ask the King of Aragon's advice, and perhaps procure a letter from the father to the daughter.

Ferdinand must have been delighted to hear of Philip's troubles, but his answer was as sweet as honey: "God be my witness that these tidings cut me to the soul. I would that I could have handed the kingdom over to you and my daughter in a condition of peace and prosperity; that you the King and my daughter the Queen might remain on terms of understanding, love, and harmony, and live together always in peace and contentment. If it should please God that I could help you with my blood, gladly would I do so, that you, my son, might see how great is my love for you. But, alas, I have no experience in such things as those which have lately troubled my daughter; so I must leave it to you, who have daily acquaintance with them, leave it to your virtue and your knowledge, to discover the appropriate remedies."

Richer by a new disappointment, Philip decided upon immediate action. He called a meeting of the Cortes, and accompanied by Joan, who (contrary to expectation) made no objection, appeared in face of the assembled procurators. But before these took the oath Joan intervened, asking them whether they all recognised her, and knew her to be the legitimate daughter of the late Queen.

The Speaker of the House, amazed, answered that they did.

Thereupon the Queen said majestically:

"Since you recognise me, I command you to betake yourselves to Toledo and await me in that city, for I have decided that there shall I be solemnly acclaimed Queen of Castile and there also shall swear to abide by your laws and safeguard your rights."

Then, without pausing for either protest or approval, she quitted the assembly-hall.

Was it possible that this woman whom everyone believed

mentally unfit to govern and who was being kept in strict seclusion, had full knowledge of the intrigues against her, was precisely informed about the drawbacks and the advantages of her position? Or was it by intuition that she had been led, the first time she found herself face to face with a Spanish Cortes, and one consisting of persons not irrevocably committed to Philip's cause, to act as she did and to propose the only measure which, were it adopted, might still save her? At this season, in the arid and scorching dog-days, to move a whole army to Toledo was out of the question—and until the Cortes had sworn allegiance to Joan, the authority was not hers for Philip to snatch. The choice of Toledo, moreover, was a sound one, since it was the ancient capital of Castile and (as events were soon to show) was true to Isabella's daughter.

Joan's energetic outburst was so unexpected that the assembly sat dumbfounded. When it had recovered from the shock, a long debate ensued as to what could be done. There seemed to be no question now of the Queen's not wishing to rule. In the end the procurators agreed to request an audience.

To Philip's amazement she promptly complied, received the deputies (in her husband's presence), and tranquilly listened to the three questions they propounded. Did she wish to reign alone? Would she prefer to have her husband associated with her in the government? Would not she wear Spanish dress, and take Spanish ladies into her service, as beseemed a Spanish Queen?

She replied that she did not wish her kingdom to be governed by Flamencos, that the proper course would be for her father to rule Castile until her son came of age. Certainly she would don Spanish attire. As regards ladies-in-waiting, that was her own business and did not concern the procurators. (She knew her husband's weaknesses too well to surround herself with potential rivals.)

Her answers brought Philip's card-house down with a crash. He was ruthlessly exposed before the representatives of the provinces of Castile. No accommodation with Joan was possible. There must be a life-or-death struggle.

Philip withdrew to his apartments in impotent fury. The procurators, having listened to Her Majesty's replies, did not know what was expected of them. They had originally been summoned to swear allegiance, but this ceremony was postponed. Philip, to whom the grandees had flocked, and by whose order the Cortes had been summoned, was not to reign, but Ferdinand, who was about to leave Castile, was to be King.

Ximenes de Cisneros tried to mediate. Ferdinand's vacillating policy had driven him into Philip's camp. There he quickly won for himself a commanding position. He saw there was a good chance of curbing the power of the grandees; and, true to his principle that the main need was to strengthen the royal authority, he favoured Philip's cause rather than Joan's, his experience of the latter during Isabella's lifetime having convinced him that she was inaccessible to considerations of high policy. But while, in conjunction with Juan Manuel, he tried to persuade the Cortes to declare Joan insane and to authorise Philip to put her under restraint, she on her side was at work. Secretly she sent her first chaplain to Ferdinand begging her father not to leave Castile before having a talk with her.

The chaplain was intercepted, but the fact that he had been dispatched was for Philip one more proof that Joan was irreconcilable. He might defeat Ferdinand, win over the grandees, get Ximenes de Cisneros on his side—but nothing could break Joan's will. The danger had been temporarily averted, but a new and successful attempt might be made on the morrow. In Andalusia a powerful group of nobles under the leadership of the Duke of Medina Sidonia had now been

formed to set Joan free. The Queen, thought Philip, must be put out of action once for all.

Time pressed. It was essential that the Cortes should vote supplies, for court expenses were heavy and the German mercenaries must be paid. He needed 400,000 ducats, at least. Philip's advisers besieged the procurators with requests for a prompt decision. But the assembly vacillated, the head of the faction loyal to Joan being old Pedro Lopez de Padilla, procurator from Toledo.

Alcocer, a chronicler in Padilla's service, reports: "The Archbishop of Toledo and Don Juan Manuel, having taken Pedro Lopez de Padilla to the top of the church-tower of Mucientes, spoke with him there in private, promising him high honours, insisting that the Queen was insane, and likewise threatening him with dire consequences should he fail to comply with their wishes. But neither by blandishments nor by threats could they shake his determination.

"Avila, the King's chamberlain, said to me when those two were about to climb the tower with Pedro Lopez de Padilla, 'Depart, taking with you Juan de Padilla [Pedro's son] lest he should have to watch his father's death, for I am sure that they will fling the old man from the top of the tower if he does not agree to do what the King wants.'

"But the procurator of Toledo was steadfast, and they had to allow him a personal interview with the Queen. When this was over, he said that her opening words were perfectly sensible, but that as she went on talking it seemed to him that she was rather foolish. With tears in his eyes, he declared when he left her that he would die rather than be disloyal to her and agree that the Queen and sovereign mistress of Spain should be imprisoned or be kept under restraint against her will. To which the King replied: 'Leave the Cortes, then, and go back to Toledo.' "

Philip hoped that with the help of the nobility he would

still be able to carry out his plans, but the Spanish nobles had preserved a large measure of independence, not having yet been fully transformed into courtiers. Among those of them who remained loyal to the dynasty and to the memory of Queen Isabella, the Treaty of Villafila had aroused profound dissatisfaction. Their leader, the Admiral of Castile, said bluntly to the King: "Sire, you can dispose of my person and my house, but you must not ask me to do anything derogatory to my honour. Before I can sign that document, you must allow me to have an audience with the Queen."

Philip had to agree.

Some of the nobles eavesdropped at the door after the Archbishop of Toledo and the Admiral had entered. It was a large and gloomy chamber. Joan, clad in black and wearing a hood French fashion which almost concealed her features, was seated on one of the window-seats.

The Archbishop remained near the door. The Admiral approached Joan and made a deep obeisance such as he had been wont to make to Queen Isabella, but without a genuflexion.

Joan rose to meet him, and her first question disclosed her state of mind and her expectations, for she asked him if he brought a message from her father. The Admiral was compelled to disappoint her, though he had left King Ferdinand only the day before. He told her that the King had just departed for Aragon, in good health. "God keep him so," answered Joan, adding that she would have liked much to see him.

A long conversation followed. That day and the next the Admiral spent ten hours with the Queen, and afterwards declared on his honour that not once during these talks did she utter a word that was not perfectly sensible, though he had spoken of the mischief that was resulting from her want of accord with her husband and from the nature of some of her actions.

His arguments seemed to weigh with her, for she no longer objected to the idea of a formal entry into Valladolid, though when confronted with the procurators who had assembled there to swear allegiance she exclaimed: "Why are you here! I commanded you to go to Toledo." Still, she was prepared to swear that she would maintain the privileges of the towns.

It was more difficult to persuade Philip that he must abandon the idea of putting his wife under restraint. In the end however the Admiral's warning prevailed with him, when he was assured that it would be folly for him to enter Valladolid unaccompanied by Joan, since no one believed her to be insane and the populace was greatly incensed because the Queen had been kept prisoner.

This entry took place on July 10th. In front of the gate of the town waited knights, with a baldachin, and two royal banners which were to be borne in front of the procession. But although Joan had agreed to make her formal entry as Queen into this important city, she had not abated by a jot her resistance to her husband's claims to rule. Her first words on arrival were a command to tear one of the standards from its staff. She alone was monarch of Castile, and before her alone might the royal ensign be borne.

In presence of the Castilian knighthood Philip did not dare to countermand these instructions. The pair rode side by side beneath the baldachin through the streets of Valladolid, but only in front of Joan waved the oriflamme of Castile, although in the recently published treaty between Philip and Ferdinand it had been solemnly announced that she did not wish to have any part in any governmental or administrative affairs, or to be informed of them. She was mounted on a white jennet, whose coat threw into sharp relief the blackness of its housings and the black apparel of the rider. Her head was almost entirely concealed by a black hood, and her features by a black veil. Not until she dismounted before the cathedral did

she show her face. The entry, which had been planned as a brilliant and joyful affair, was, according to an eye-witness, "full of dread and mournfulness, like the prelude to grave and sinister events".

For Joan it was no victory. How could it be when her father was already out of reach, on the way to Aragon? She was defending a lost post, but was resolved upon fighting to the last that no Flamenco should rule over her mother's heirloom.

After this new and public insult, as soon as the Cortes had sworn allegiance, Philip again demanded that the Queen should be placed under restraint. Once more the Admiral of Castile intervened, saying he was convinced that Joan was perfectly sane. She had come to Valladolid on his advice. He assured the vacillating and the timid that he would defend them against the consequences of voting against Philip's proposal, and would do so with all the forces at his disposal. The Constable of Castile, Ferdinand's son-in-law, expressed the same determination. Philip's demand was refused.

The nobility, like the burgherdom, was divided. The Admiral and the Constable espoused the cause of Joan; the Duke of Alva, who accompanied Ferdinand as far as the Aragonese frontier, had not yet paid his respects to his new master, and though Ximenes de Cisneros, Juan Manuel, and the Marquis of Villena were whole-hearted supporters of Philip, there were dissensions, for the Archbishop was doing his utmost to counteract the influence of the self-seeking grandees.

But even though Ximenes de Cisneros soon became the leading figure in Philip's council, and was able to force the grandees to submit to him what they proposed to lay before Philip, Juan Manuel remained the King's right-hand man, and it was Juan's scheme which now took effect against Joan.

One of the key-positions in the country was Segovia,

where the Alcazar belonged to the Moya family, famous in the history of Castile. To the Marchioness of Moya, in youth an intimate friend of Queen Isabella, Juan Manuel brought an order to surrender the fortress.

"Surrender the Alcazar? Not on my life. Only Donna Juana has the right to give such an order. Her mother entrusted it to my care."

It was now essential to Philip's prestige that he should enforce obedience to his royal command, so he set out for Segovia with his mercenaries and the grandees. Joan went with him. It was an open secret among his advisers that he planned to intern Joan in the Alcazar for the rest of her life.

Towards the end of the first day's journey the expedition was in sight of the castle of Cogeces, a market-town where it was to halt for the night. Joan grew uneasy. Did she know about Philip's plans? Did she fancy that this out-of-the-way place was the one where her husband would keep her secluded? At any rate we are told that "she dismounted, and flung herself on the ground, suspecting that she was to be prisoned in the castle of Cogeces. She refused to enter the town, and spent the night on the back of a mule, riding hither and thither. Neither entreaties nor threats could avail with her till news came next day that the fortress of Segovia had been handed over to Juan Manuel."

There was now no plausible reason for continuing the journey to Segovia, Philip did not yet dare to use undisguised force, and Joan said she wanted to go to Burgos.

This demand was also based upon a shrewd judgment of the situation. The Constable's castle was at Burgos, held by his wife, natural daughter of King Ferdinand, and the Constable had many supporters in the region. Northward they travelled, then, towards Burgos, instead of southward towards Segovia. But the nervous excitement brought on by her night in the open had greatly affected Joan's health, and she

had to lie-up at Tudela on the Duero. Philip, being afraid to leave her alone lest she should escape or be carried off, had also to stay in this little country town, where there was no proper accommodation, nor any convenience for court life. Still, here he waited, receiving the ambassadors of France and England, continuing his policy for the occupation of Castile, settling his supporters in towns and castles. Juan Manuel was granted no less than five strongholds.

The people saw foreigners establishing themselves everywhere, and a foreign army fully equipped for war marching through the land. After years of drought and poor harvests, Castile was impoverished; drained by the heavy taxation Ferdinand had levied since his wife's death; and was now called upon to provide large sums for the maintenance of this horde of unwelcome aliens. Naturally discontent grew apace.

Philip himself was disappointed. He needed money, and was told it was impossible for the peasants to go on paying taxes; plague was rife in the towns; and soon there was no cash forthcoming to discharge his liabilities to the soldiers, or to keep the courtiers, chamberlains, servants, and other hangers-on in funds. He complained that as Count of Flanders he had been wealthy, but that now, having become the greatest monarch in the world, he was a pauper. The sale of offices began, royal estates were disposed of, advances were obtained on the security of future revenues. Tax-gatherers were sent hither and thither, but their activities aroused much ill-feeling, and what they raised they kept for their own uses or to pay for armed guards. In foreign policy, difficulties thickened. Fresh disturbances, fomented by agents of King Ferdinand or King Louis, broke out in Gelderland. Louis broke his daughter's engagement to Prince Charles. Philip's dreams of world empire began to fade.

When Joan recovered at the beginning of September, and she and her husband entered Burgos, a very different mood

prevailed from that which had welcomed them at Corunna, or even in Valladolid. The Castilians were irritable and discontented. But the worse the situation grew, the more determined was Philip to have Joan put under restraint. When she was quartered in the castle of the Constable, his wife, Joan of Aragon, King Ferdinand's love-child and therefore Queen Joan's half-sister, had first to leave both fortress and town, lest Joan should find in her an ally with whom she might hatch a conspiracy or one whom she could induce to take a message to the King of Aragon. Philip tried to settle accounts with Joan's faction among the *grandees*. The Admiral, he said, must, as a pledge of loyalty, hand over one of the fortresses which were held on feudal tenure. The Admiral replied that though the King had no right to make any such demand, he would comply if Joan were set at liberty. A breach with the majority of the *grandees* was imminent, and Philip tried to safeguard his position by putting the castle of Burgos under Juan Manuel's command.

Juan Manuel celebrated the occasion by giving a banquet. Then the company went for a ride, which was followed by a game of *tenneys*. That night Philip fell sick.

Attaching no importance to his indisposition, he went hunting next day, and stood out against increasing debility for yet another twenty-four hours. Then he had to call in the doctors, for he was suffering from chills and fever. Swellings in the neck began, and there was an eruption like that of smallpox.

As soon as Joan was informed of Philip's illness, she forgot all she had suffered at his hands; forgot his enmity, her imprisonment, the life-or-death struggle. Completely transformed, she spent night and day at his bedside, cared for him, nursed him tenderly, knew no fatigue, and took no rest. Since he was in terror of poison, she swallowed a preliminary gulp of every dose of medicine she handed him. She was now five

months' pregnant, but showed no concern either for her own health or for that of the child in her womb. She tried to put heart into him, encouraged the physicians when they began to despair, sent for fresh advisers. No less strenuously than she had fought against him for the realm did she now fight to save his life.

Dr. Parra reports: "During the five hours I was there, the Queen was in charge, giving orders what was to be done, and performing necessary offices with her own hands, conversing with the King and with us doctors, doing what was best for him with an admirable demeanour, with charm and grace such as I have never seen displayed by any other woman, no matter of what station." The anonymous chronicler of Philip's Spanish journey, who was by no means friendly to her, writes: "In the hour of her good husband's death-struggle her heart was so much disturbed and her understanding so much confused by the illness that she gave no sign of being mournful, but was constantly with him throughout the illness, giving him food and drink with her own hands and never leaving him by day or by night. The labours she undertook made everyone in attendance upon her and upon the King fear that they would harm her and the fruit of her womb. But nothing of the sort happened, for she was a woman made to bear and to see all things in the world, both good and evil, without failure of heart or courage."

But this devotion was of no avail, for Philip died six days after taking to his bed.

There is conflicting evidence as to Joan's behaviour immediately after his death. Some say that she seemed turned to stone, and shed no tears; others, that she was distraught, flung herself upon the corpse and covered it with kisses, had to be separated from it by force and put to bed—where she had not been for many days.

With a sudden turn of fortune's wheel an end had come

to this fierce struggle for dominion in Castile; an end, too, to the marriage which had brought Joan brief though ecstatic happiness followed by long-lasting, overwhelming sorrow. The loss of her husband—who, whether in joy or in pain, had been the centre of her thoughts, her longings, her hatred, and her love—meant the loss of the essential content of her life. Though not yet twenty-seven, she was a widow, was the mother of five children, four of whom were being brought up by Flamencos in the Netherlands she hated, and was expecting a sixth; but her life was broken and aimless. As Queen of Castile, she was lonelier and more powerless than ever, more than ever a prey to contending forces, the forces of those who might now hope to satisfy their ambitions.



CHAPTER TWELVE

CHAOS

WHILE Philip, surrounded by physicians, was lying in the death-throes, and Joan (forgetting self) was still struggling to save him, the mighty Archbishop of Toledo, Ximenes de Cisneros, summoned the grandees and other noblemen of Philip's court to a conference in his palace, where he raised the problem of the succession. Opinion was divided. The Netherlanders, and also some of the Spaniards—those who had worked on behalf of Philip while in the Low Countries and had feathered their nests in Spain by securing the chief offices and privileges—wanted the six-year-old Charles to be declared King when his father died, with his grandfather Emperor Maximilian as Regent. On the other hand the Constable, the Admiral, and their supporters, who had only gone over to Philip because his rights and Joan's were established by the provisions of Queen Isabella's last will and testament, now declared themselves loyal subjects of King Ferdinand and demanded his recall—in accordance with the codicil to that document. There was a third faction among the nobles, chiefly the Andalusians, who had good reason to fear Ferdinand's vengeance. They swore: "We will let the armour on our living bodies be hacked to pieces before we will suffer the King of Aragon to return to Castile." The contending parties seemed likely to come to blows, when Ximenes made a conciliatory speech.

What need had Castile of a foreign Regent, were it even Ferdinand King of Aragon, though he had abundant experience and for thirty years had borne the title of "King of Castile"?



Ximenes de Cisneros

Were there not able and experienced men in Castile? One of these should be chosen, a person of outstanding reputation, in whom the people would have perfect confidence. "I myself," continued the Archbishop-Primate, "would be the first to respect and support such a man."

The proposal was received with acclamations, and when the company went on to enquire who in Castile had the requisite prestige, it soon became plain that no one could vie with Archbishop Ximenes himself. On September 24th, therefore, the day before Philip's death and without recourse to the dying man, a Council of Regency was formed from among the chiefs of the various factions, Ximenes being its leader.

Throughout the proceedings, not one of the grandees demanded effective sovereignty for the rightful wearer of the crown, no one said "Castile for Juana". The Venetian ambassador's report was that no one spoke of her, but all were thinking about her, and though the thoughts were unuttered they were so evident that as soon as the Council of Regency was formed Ximenes again summoned the grandees and made them swear that: "None shall seek to seize the Queen's person, nor to procure from her a letter or a decree, nor to work upon her in any other way that harm may ensue to one of his fellows." For practical purposes this meant that every one of them was pledged to take no step that might help Joan to the realities of queenship. Since they were all suspicious of one another, she had no advocate, and stood utterly alone.

On the day of Philip's death, when the attendants were preparing the body for the lying-in-state, Ximenes went to the palace and assumed the reigns of government, and the Council of Regency issued a proclamation that anyone who wore arms in the streets of Burgos would be flogged, one who drew a sword would have his hand struck off, and one who shed blood would be instantly put to death.

From the start this put a check to the activities of those who

might have wished to push Joan's claims, and made it impossible for her to attempt the seizure of power. She remained in the Constable's castle, watched by his retainers and the Archbishop's, and cut off from access to the outer world. Directly after her husband's death she summoned ladies-in-waiting to attend her, but these were Joan of Aragon (the Queen's half-sister and the Constable's wife), the Countess of Salinas, and Donna Maria de Alloa—all members of King Ferdinand's faction, and determined to make the wall surrounding Joan impenetrable. Ximenes de Cisneros was in the saddle, and one of his first acts was to break his agreement with the *grandees* and to violate the proposal he had made as "mediator", for he wrote asking Ferdinand to return to Castile. "If you come I will hand over a country no less tranquil than it was in the days of Queen Isabella, . . . and I urge you to forget the wrongs you have recently suffered at the hands of several of the *grandees*."

Ferdinand, however, did not trust the Archbishop, nor wish to be indebted to him for the throne; and the rebellious *grandees* were not to be so easily pardoned. The letter reached the King of Aragon at Portofino, when he was on the way to Naples. He replied instructing Ximenes to guard the realm faithfully and not to forsake the unhappy Queen. Simultaneously he sent a circular to the *grandees*, prelates, and towns of Castile, reminding them that he had repudiated the treaty with Philip, and declaring that he did not dream of violating his daughter's heritage or infringing her rights. This was a public recognition of Joan's sovereignty, implied a conviction that she was of sound mind, and set up Joan against the Archbishop. For if Joan was rightful Queen and fit to rule, what reason was there for a Council of Regency? It had been illegally appointed and there was no warrant for any of its actions.

If Ximenes wanted to provide legal justification for his

decrees, he must get written authority from the Queen, thus doing the very thing he had made the *grandees* swear not to do. But this would embroil him with all the factions, and in any case his dictatorial ways could be counted upon to do that—while Joan, who resented being ordered about, would certainly be at odds with the Archbishop before long, just as she had been at odds with Philip. Ferdinand could proceed with his journey to Naples in confident expectation that the situation in Castile would grow worse instead of better, and that his numerous spies (the chief of whom was Luis Ferrer, his ambassador at the court of Castile) would inform him when the time was ripe for him to appear on the scene as the only possible saviour.

Joan had invited the Archbishop to stay in the castle, wishing, in her sorrow, to have a spiritual adviser and consoler close at hand. But instead of supporting her the prelate, as she complained, meddled in her private affairs; and as soon as she realised that here was another arbitrary governor who intended, without reference to her own wishes, to decide what she was to do and to leave undone—she armed for defence. There was a duel between the pair.

During her first bewilderment after Philip's death, the Archbishop wanted her to issue a decree giving Ferdinand the right to rule. "Your father," he said, "will soon be back."—"Nothing would please me better," answered Joan.—Thereupon he laid a document before her for signature, a request to her father to return as soon as possible. Joan refused to sign.—"Why not," asked Ximenes, "since you want him back?"—"Because he already has more than enough to do in Italy, and I will not impose fresh burdens on him, or ask him to undertake a sea voyage at this dangerous season. If you do not agree with me, write to him yourself."

On another occasion Ximenes wanted her to appoint various bishops to fill sees that had been vacated on account of the

plagues then raging. He brought with him a list of names, with that of his friend Ruiz at the head. Joan declined to make any such appointments. "When my father comes, he will choose the most suitable persons." The Archbishop was piqued, and began to explain that the spiritual welfare of the people would suffer if these important sees were left unshepherded so long. She cut him short, saying tartly: "The flocks would be much worse off if I appointed unsuitable pastors."

Such scenes were frequent. Ximenes was perpetually trying to induce Joan to make decisions whereby power would be assigned to himself or to Ferdinand; but always at the last moment she refused, often acrimoniously.

Meanwhile chaos prevailed throughout the country. Brigandage was rife; famine was widespread; prices were rising; the plague was rampant.

The knights took up arms; partisan groups had broils in the towns; the grandees engaged in mutual strife, recruiting private armies with which they laid siege to castles and even to cities, and with the strong hand took whatever they wanted, disregarding Ximenes' admonitions. For his part he continued to issue decrees, but the local governors carried them out or ignored them as they thought best, for the Council of Regency had no legitimate authority. The Archbishop insisted that he held a commission from King Ferdinand, but Ferdinand himself had no rights in Castile, for if his treaty with Philip were considered valid he had laid down his position as "Gobernador". If, on the other hand, the treaty had been annulled, then Joan was reigning monarch—and some of the grandees, when conquering and occupying towns and fortresses, declared they did so "on behalf of the Queen wrongfully held under duress". The announcement that such deeds of violence were performed in her name was sufficient to make Joan forbid any attempt to bring the culprits to

book. Thus "after the death of the King Don Felipe the affairs of the realm and the minds of the grandees and the people fell into grave disorder. The confusion and danger that ensued were greater than Castile had ever known before."

The Duke of Medina Sidonia invested Gibraltar; at Toledo the Count of Fuensalida committed various acts of violence; in Madrid the rival families of the Zapatas and the Arias came to blows; the Marchioness of Moya took up arms to recover her possessions; at Cordova the Marquis of Priego raised the standard of revolt and opened the prisons of the Inquisition.

No one could say who was the real ruler of Castile. There were two main parties in the field: the adherents of Habsburg, led by Juan Manuel; and those of Ferdinand, led by the Duke of Alva and by the Constable. They vied with one another in their attempts to influence Joan, to induce her to declare in favour of their respective candidates; but both were determined that, whatever happened, Joan herself should not reign. Those among the grandees who would gladly have seen her on the throne that she might help them to re-establish a feudalist dominion, were far away in Andalusia.

In this situation the only authority competent to equip Ximenes with governmental powers, or, alternatively, to recall King Ferdinand, was the Cortes of Castile; but, as a preliminary, the Cortes must, in defiance of Ferdinand's decree, declare Joan insane and therefore unfitted to rule. The Archbishop, who had learned by now, as Philip had learned, that Joan was hard to drive, determined to secure such a decision. But the Cortes could not legally be summoned except by writ from Joan, who (presumably guessing what was in Ximenes' mind) refused to sign any such document. She put it about that he was crazy, and ordered him to quit the castle. Her half-sister and the other ladies-in-waiting found it difficult to persuade her to revoke this fiat.


Meanwhile the Archbishop was trying to convene the

Cortes by an order in council without Joan's signature. Most of the nobles and many of the provincial authorities protested against this as unconstitutional. A number of towns refused to comply with the summons. Of the procurators that did come to Burgos, the majority were of Juan Manuel's faction, inclined to declare little Charles King of Castile and offer the regency to Emperor Maximilian, the lad's other grandfather—rather than to recall King Ferdinand. But for such a rump as was this Cortes to assume governmental authority or declare the Queen unfit to reign, would have fanned the flames of revolt throughout the country.

That was the position in Castile when Joan issued a decree cancelling all the honours and privileges assigned by Philip since Queen Isabella's death. At the same time she summoned four members of the Privy Council, told them to keep her fully informed, ordered that the government should be carried on precisely as it had been during Isabella's reign, and that the new members of the Council appointed by Juan Manuel should be cashiered. Finally she agreed to give the procurators the audience they had long since requested. The Cortes had at length been persuaded by Ximenes to adopt his way of thinking, so at the audience the procurators asked Joan to send a delegation to Naples requesting King Ferdinand to return and help her in the work of government. Joan answered that she would be very glad if her father came back, but ignored the reference to the work of government. When the procurators pressed this matter, the Queen declared that the Privy Council was sufficiently acquainted with her will—and that the audience was closed. At parting she announced that she was about to leave the plague-stricken town of Burgos.

As before at Mucientes, so here, this was an unknown Queen, forming resolves which no one had expected. For months attempts had been made to win her for one faction or another; for months her signature to various State documents

had been vainly solicited. Since she held aloof from all parties, and would sign nothing, the opinion that she really did not want to rule had gained ground. But here was a Queen who showed a sudden determination to follow her own bent, who with a stroke of the pen annulled all her late husband's governmental acts, frustrated the hopes of the supporters of Habsburg dynastic schemes, and veered to the side of King Ferdinand. Here was a new factor thrusting into the prevalent chaos, one which, impotent for the moment, might with popular support in a flash become all-powerful, and one whose effects appeared utterly incalculable.



CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE LEGEND

HITHERTO Joan had been regarded as *non compos*, as having no interest in the fate of the realm, as unwilling to participate in the work of government. Who, then, was the supremely able stage-manager who succeeded in investing with the tragical glory of insanity this afflicted woman at a moment when she had unexpectedly been bereft of all that gave her young life a meaning and a content? Was it due only to an unlucky concatenation of circumstances that so many of the things she did under stress of pain and sorrow should bear the stamp of lunacy? Was it by chance that her actions were presented to the people in such a light that in the folk imagination she came to be pictured as a mad Queen? Who invented the creepy legend of her travelling by night half across Spain to escort her husband's dead body—a legend which for more than four centuries has provided a gloomy theme for Spanish painters?

The daughter of the Catholic monarchs Ferdinand and Isabella, the mother of two Emperors, Charles and Ferdinand, and of four Queens (those of Portugal, Denmark, France, and Hungary), is best known to history as "Juana la loca"—Joan the Mad. The original story of her madness is that of utter folly. Crazy with love and jealousy, she was supposed to have given herself up to a hideous worship of the dead man. The chroniclers report that she had the coffin broken open and covered the feet of the corpse with kisses; that in the middle of the night she fled with her treasure from a convent because there were women there;

many of them declare that daily she awaited his resurrection. To this succeeded a picture of dementia. She was said to lead a purely vegetative existence, to take her meals squatting on the floor, to sleep on the ground refusing to go to bed, never to change her underlinen, never wash. . . .

There was evidence and to spare concerning all the phases of her mental disorder, enough to enable a modern psychiatrist to reconstruct the whole clinical history, so that one might suppose it was only popular affection and imaginative fantasy that originated the fable of her having been a woman "*loca de amor*"—mad for love.

Historians have been much concerned about her, not only during her unhappy life, but ever since her death. When in the latter half of the nineteenth century the study of the Spanish archives produced a wealth of new documents showing how contradictory were the records, the learned ranged themselves in opposing camps, and once more there was an impassioned controversy. Was she mad, or only a victim of the Inquisition, having been a Lutheran before Luther? Was she an innocent victim of the intrigues of her father and her son, or merely a madwoman who, if not put under restraint, would have wrought havoc in her country? Who shall decide?

Joan was a Queen, but a Queen without power or realm. All the chroniclers of her day wrote in the service and to sing the praises of her adversaries, of those who coveted the crown and the kingdom that were hers by right. Are their contentions sound; and, if sound, was Joan's behaviour the outcome of a lunatic's whimsies, or was it the result of well-considered reasons?—The only way of solving the problem is to undertake a review of the day-to-day records of what followed Philip's death. Then perhaps we shall find out whether what she did was reasonable or unreasonable.

Philip died on September 25th. On the 27th the courtiers

and servants from the Low Countries came to ask for their emoluments, as specified in his will, since they wished to return home. Joan answered that she could not attend to this matter, being wholly occupied in praying for her dead husband's soul. Thereupon the Netherlanders laid hands upon the silver plate, the jewels, the carpets, and what not, which Philip had brought to Spain. These goods were disposed of at a sacrifice, costly garments being exchanged for a modicum of victuals; everything of value was converted into cash which would help to defray the cost of the long journey to Flanders. When they reached home the courtiers and the servants spread the tidings of the Queen's hardness of heart, of her unwillingness and unfitness to rule.

But what could Joan have done for them? When Philip was still alive, the court was desperately hard up. Joan had no funds. While her grandees could afford to equip private armies, she, when she fled from plague-stricken Burgos to Torquemada which was two days' journey, had to borrow the carriage-hire from her secretary. It was a remarkable fact, and one recorded by all the chroniclers, that she kept with her, and paid, the little company of singers she had brought from the Netherlands. Their performances were the only thing that could relieve the melancholy in which she now spent most of her time. But from the day of Philip's death she was unceasingly confronted by the Archbishop of Toledo, a man of powerful character, iron will, and masterful disposition, who had overcome many adversaries and had never yet failed to carry out his designs. The Council of Regency under his chairmanship had complete charge of palace affairs as well as of the government of the country—but refused to pay her servants!

The chief authority concerning Joan's alleged madness at this date is a Netherlander, the anonymous recorder of Philip's second visit to Spain. He writes:

THE LEGEND

"As soon as she was told that her husband's body had been conveyed to the Carthusian monastery of Miraflores she determined to go thither, and had mourning prepared, demanding a different cut every day, many of the habits being of a religious type. When she reached Miraflores she went down into the vault where her good husband's corpse had been bestowed, and, having remained there till the service was finished, she had the coffin carried upstairs and broken open, both the wooden one and the inner leaden case, and had the aromatic wrappings that were round the corpse removed. When this had been done, she began to kiss her husband's feet. This she continued to do for a long time, until those that were with her found it needful to lead her away, saying: 'Madame, if you wish you can come again another time.' This she did, returning week after week, to proceed as before, her distress continually growing, until, shortly before Christmas, she came to the Carthusian monastery, had Mass said there, and after the Mass made them carry the body away saying that she would not rest till she had brought it to the cathedral at Granada, where it should be interred.

"She travelled thither with the corpse, accompanied by four bishops and many priests and monks of various orders. Daily when the funeral procession halted she never failed to perform her usual painful task, having the coffin opened and the feet bared. Then she remained a long time on her knee and kissed the feet tenderly again and again, as if the dead man were alive."

Now, concerning the visits to Miraflores, three miles from Burgos, there were two in all. The first was on All Saints' Day. After attending Mass, she remained for a meal. She then descended into the vault and commanded the Bishop of Burgos to have the coffin opened in her presence. "She looked at and touched the body without any sign of emotion and shed no tears. That same day she

returned to the city." The historian Juan de Mariana explains the reason for this strange conduct. "She suspected that the Flamencos, who had demanded their wages, and who, since she could not pay them, had seized and sold some of the dead monarch's clothing, might have carried off the body to Flanders." It was, indeed, true that when the body was embalmed Philip's heart was given to the Netherlanders for burial in the Low Countries. When they departed, taking this relic and some of the royal treasure with them, a report spread that they had carried off the whole body, and not the heart alone. This chronicler expresses surprise that Joan was unmoved by the sight of the corpse and subsequent writers, without accepting the bugaboo story of the anonymous Netherlander, nevertheless adduce this coldness as a proof of madness.

We have yet another chronicler's version of the second visit to Miraflores, the perhaps reluctant testimony of one who was not friendly to Joan. This witness was Pedro Martir, commonly known as Peter Martyr, learned historian in Isabella's service and subsequently secretary to Emperor Charles V. He wrote: "On December 20th the Queen fled from Burgos to escape the plague, and desired, since Philip in his testament had wished to be buried at Granada, to take his body thither. The prelates refused to hand it over, for custom prescribes that a corpse must not be disturbed for six months, but since this refusal aroused her suspicions, she insisted on having the coffin opened in the presence of the Bishops of Jaen, Malaga, and Mondoñedo, the papal nuncio, and the ambassadors of the Emperor and King Ferdinand, that she might be satisfied Philip's corpse was truly there. They said it was so, though they could see nothing but a body so completely enveloped in cerements as to be unrecognisable."

Here endeth the legend of Joan's worship of the dead, of her horrible necrophilia; and even her callousness becomes

perfectly explicable in view of the much enwrapped mummy described by Peter.

A second ground for regarding her as insane is "the gloomy funeral procession across Spain, when the Queen journeyed only at night, and by torchlight", her alleged reason being that "it was unbecoming for a widow to travel the roads by day, for no one should see her", or, in another version, "widows should not see the sun, since their own sun has set".

But the very chroniclers who report these utterances of the Queen, and similar ones, tell us that on the occasion of her first visit to Miraflores she arrived before Mass and went back to Burgos in the afternoon, adding: "Both on the outward and on the homeward journey the road was lined with spectators who had come to ask justice from the Queen and to present petitions. It is well known that the excursion aroused delight among the people, and jealousy among the rebellious grandees, who began to suspect that the Queen must after all be in her right mind."

The second expedition to Miraflores took place, as Peter Martyr has informed us, on December 20th. In the morning Joan received the procurators and dismissed the Cortes; in the afternoon she was at Miraflores. The prelates' unwillingness to surrender Philip's body having aroused her suspicions, she insisted on having the coffin opened. This and the inspection of the corpse delayed her departure till "an hour after sunset". That evening, "though there was one of the densest mists ever known, they reached Cavia. The next night they all slept in the house where the corpse rested." The third day they got to Torquemada, where Joan decided to await her confinement.

These simple accounts of the two first departures from Burgos voluntarily undertaken by Joan refute the chroniclers' story of her craze for travelling by night, and give the lie to the statements they have put into her mouth.

But what are we to make of this demand for the surrender

of the corpse, this resolve to make a funeral procession from one end of Spain to the other? Well, only two years before, at mid-winter, in terrible weather, Isabella's funeral train had travelled from the north of Spain to the south, nearly as far and almost by the same route, from Medina del Campo to Granada. That procession, too, was accompanied by bishops and grandees. The only difference was that this time Joan in person was fulfilling Philip's testament. She herself was conducting her husband's mortal remains to their last resting-place in Granada.

May not this piety have had a special, a hidden significance? Twice before, when making sudden decisions—at Mucientes, when she wanted the Cortes to swear fealty in Toledo; and at Cogeces, when she decided to make for Burgos instead of Segovia—she had shown herself remarkably well-informed as to where her defenders and the enemies of her adversaries had their headquarters. But at Burgos, in the Constable's castle, she was in a charmed circle from which no wish of hers could issue unless it was agreeable to her entourage. From another opponent, Lope de Conchillos (who, after his release from imprisonment in the Low Countries, was placed by Ferdinand as a spy on Joan's doings), we learn of her vain attempts to cross the barriers. He reported to his employer: "Much time and trouble are needed to prevent the Queen from communicating with any persons other than the servants of our lord the King."

Nearly three months had passed since Philip's death, and the first anguish was abating. The Archbishop's Regency was a failure, and the attempts to declare Joan out of her mind had come to nothing. Disturbances were rife, and general uneasiness prevailed. She wanted to leave Burgos because of the plague, and various noblemen were ready to provide her accommodation in neighbouring castles or towns.

At this juncture, when her encirclement was becoming less

impenetrable, the Queen took action. She was still inspired with the same general purpose. A purge of all that came from the Netherlands was essential. Spain for the Spanish! But a new purpose was shaping itself in her mind. She no longer wished to deliver over Castile to Ferdinand. She may have taken umbrage at his behaviour, at the way in which he penned her up among his instruments. Anyhow her commands bore witness to a new determination. Everything was to be as it had been in the days of Queen Isabella.

The grandees were astonished at this revival of energy and independence; the Netherlanders were no less dumbfounded than were the emissaries of King Ferdinand. Lope de Conchillos' letter is full of references to the confusion and perplexity that prevailed in the Queen's immediate circle. Joan seized her chance. She rejected the invitations of professed friends in whom she had no confidence, and had no intention of changing one prison for another. Juana of Aragon and her train were to stay at Burgos, although the ladies "did everything they could to persuade her to take them with her", and, as Conchillos informs us, were "in despair because of her decision". Joan—without the Archbishop, and without (she hoped) the riffraff of Ferdinand's spies and servants—set forth for Granada, to fulfil a sacred duty by conveying Philip's mortal remains to that city in accordance with the wishes expressed in her late husband's testament. Granada was in distant Andalusia. The Andalusian grandees were equally opposed to the Netherlanders and to King Ferdinand. While Philip yet lived they formed a league to secure Joan's liberation; and although now they were somewhat unruly, their indiscretions were all committed in the Queen's name.

Did these considerations weigh with Joan when she formed her plan, or was the association accidental? Conchillos writes: "Great and small are agreed in declaring that the Queen is lost, that she is out of her mind. The only exception is Juan

Lopez, her secretary, who insists that she is even shrewder than her mother was. He has lent her funds for this undertaking."

But nature fought against Joan. She was nearing the term of her last pregnancy. Having got as far as Torquemada, there she had to stay, and await her confinement. Within three days almost all the grandees, with Ximenes at their head, had followed her to this out-of-the-way spot, which was speedily transformed into the headquarters of an army. Each of the great ones of Castile had his private force of troops, as a mark of importance, and to help him enforce his wishes in the coming settlement. Her outburst of energy had been unavailing. She was a prisoner at Torquemada just as she had been a prisoner at Burgos.

Again Ferdinand's faction was the strongest. Ximenes had more than a thousand lances, under the command of an Italian captain. With the aid of Luis Ferrer, Ferdinand's ambassador, he was able to provide that only "the soldiers of the Queen", which meant his own mercenaries, should be stationed in the town. No grandee might bring troops into Torquemada.

Andalusia answered by reviving the Nobles' Party, led by the Duke of Nájera, "for the liberation of the imprisoned Queen". Still, no active steps were taken, for the whole country was awaiting Joan's confinement. The Queen had been so greatly weakened by hardship and suffering that she might not survive this new ordeal. If she died, that would dash Ferdinand's hopes, for Castile would then belong by right to Charles, who would be seven in a few weeks. His paternal grandfather, Emperor Maximilian, would become Regent.

However, though Joan had a difficult time, she got through her confinement safely, and on January 14th gave birth to her sixth child and third daughter, who was christened

Catherine. Recovery was slow, and not until the end of March was she well enough to think of resuming her journey to Granada. But it was too late. Neither Ximenes nor the Castilian grandees would allow the Queen to escape their clutches "before she appointed a King or an administrator of the realm"—meaning, of course, Ferdinand or the Archbishop. Joan, not wishing to give anyone the right to issue orders in her name, refused to make such an appointment.

Again there was a deadlock. Again the Queen adopted a policy of passive resistance to her gaolers. The plague had reached Torquemada, one of her maids of honour died of it, and eight of the Archbishop's men were swept away. Ximenes summoned the Privy Council to Palencia and demanded Joan's coming. Since she had no inclination to enter a fortified and enclosed town where there was a castle in which she might be interned, she removed to a dairy-farm in the village of Hornillos, close to Torquemada. Perhaps her intention had been to stay at an isolated convent between Torquemada and Hornillos; but, if so, on second thoughts she abandoned the design. Besides her knights, there were with her hundreds of free companions who acted as body-guard, and it seemed inexpedient to introduce these rough fellows into a nunnery.—That is the origin of the legend, that Joan was led by jealousy to remove Philip's body from a nunnery in the middle of the night.

At cockcrow the procession reached Hornillos, and Joan found quarters in the commodious dairy-farm. But there was no accommodation for her knights. Many of them improvised some sort of rough shelter from the cold, but others departed. Was it Joan's intention, when she halted at Hornillos, to rid herself of this embarrassing escort? However that may be, since she was free for the moment she began to decide things for herself.

Her cancellation of Philip's appointments, and the discharge

of those nominated by him as members of the Privy Council, aroused consternation among the victims. The members of Ferdinand's faction among the Queen's advisers now urged her to receive them in audience with a view to reinstatement. She did so, and asked them individually under what circumstances they had been appointed. When she had done so, she adhered to her decisions. One of the affected persons, Don Alonso de Castilla, being a friend of the Constable and of the Marquis of Villena, hoped for better things. Having listened to his suit patiently for a while, she asked him where he had lived before being appointed privy councillor.

"In Salamanca, Madame," replied the nobleman.

"Then you had better go back there and resume your studies," answered the Queen.

The shaft was barbed by the fact that at Salamanca was the most famous university in Spain—and Alonso de Castilla was generally regarded as a dunce. The Queen, who had asserted herself once or twice at Burgos, now showed an unmistakable determination to rule.

She summoned all those who had worked in Isabella's Council, admonished them to serve her as faithfully as they had served her mother, made them additional members of the Council of State, and instructed that body to assume the reins of Government. Naturally it claimed all power, and promptly came into clash with Ximenes. Joan told her advisers to stiffen their backs, and forbade them to consult the Archbishop about anything. She declined to receive that worthy in audience.

These decisive measures aroused a furore in Ferdinand's faction. Did she intend to convince the people that she was determined to rule in her own right, and had no intention of abdicating in favour of King Ferdinand? Ximenes de Cisneros declared that unless her father promptly took order about the matter and recalled her to discipline, she was going to give a

great deal of trouble. Presumably he sent a warning to Naples, for Ferdinand, who had hitherto been inclined to let matters take their own course in Castile (believing, doubtless, that the greater the chaos the better pleased people would be when he returned), promptly took ship for Spain. It was only in the beginning of May that Joan began seriously to assert herself, and on June 4th Ferdinand sailed from Naples.

Meanwhile the threads were being spun more thickly round Joan. Though she refused to receive the Archbishop and was in touch with only a very few persons, all or nearly all of these were in Ximenes' pay or in close touch with him and Ferdinand. Luis Ferrer, the learned Peter Martyr, the bishops of Malaga and Mondoñedo, even her most intimate friend Donna Maria de Ulloa, were working for her father. Joan's Council was as impotent as she. Her very guards were Ximenes' liegemen. He provided for them and paid them, since neither Joan nor the Privy Council had any money.

There is a document under date June 19, 1507, in which a number of the grandees avowed their loyalty to Joan and protested against Ferdinand's return; but none of them dared to resist the archiepiscopal authority by force of arms, and Joan was the only one to venture upon open opposition. When the news arrived that Ferdinand was on the way, and it was considered expedient to show that this was in accordance with the Queen's will, Luis Ferrer asked her to order general prayers for the King's safe homecoming. Joan bluntly refused. Ferrer, in a rage, asked her reasons. Once more she showed a stupefying sarcasm, for she replied: "Whosoever acts with such nobility as His Majesty is necessarily under divine protection, and has no need of human advocacy."

But when Ferdinand invaded Castile, and, in a cautiously worded letter, requested her to meet him at Tortoles, about fifteen miles farther south, as a dutiful daughter she complied, still believing in her father's good faith and love.

Having summoned her Council, she asked its members what she had better do, and they, aware that many of the grandees and representatives of the Castilian towns were hastening to meet King Ferdinand, advised her to issue a circular to her knights charging them to give His Majesty a suitable reception. This she did, ordered a solemn thanksgiving service to be held, and set out for Tortoles.

On this occasion Joan travelled by night. She started on August 25th, the hottest season in a country where the summer is always excessively hot, and again we have unimpeachable testimony that night-travel was usual under such conditions in Spain. Philipp's, the historian and courtier who reported the events of his master's first Spanish visit, writes under date August 29, 1502: "Monsieur and Madame, having heard Mass, left Toledo at one o'clock in the morning."

At Tortoles Joan must have realised how utterly alone she was. "With a brilliant train, Don Fernando reached the palace where the Queen awaited him." This train consisted of all the grandees of Castile, most of whom had hitherto been professed adherents of Joan but had now hastened to turn their coats and espouse the cause of King Ferdinand. The Archbishop of Toledo, the Constable, the Marquis of Villena, even the Bishop of Malaga whom she had believed devoted to her, looked towards the rising sun. Accompanied only by her ladies-in-waiting, the Queen left the palace as soon as her father came in sight.

Ferdinand doffed his hat. Joan pushed back her black hood, made a deep curtsy, and grasped his hand to kiss it. But the King of Aragon had come to request the Queen of Castile to appoint him Regent in her realm, and must show those assembled that he honoured her as Queen, so he kneeled before her. She, too, kneeled, and thus, both kneeling, they embraced and kissed. Then, rising, they entered the palace hand in hand. Such was their meeting after four years' severance.

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For dinner Joan returned to the modest house in which she had taken up her quarters, where Ferdinand joined her after the meal. Their conversation lasted more than two hours, then the King came out and declared that the Queen had entrusted him with the government and administration of her realm. "The joy His Majesty showed when he reappeared made it plain that he had found his daughter in better health both of mind and body than he had been led to expect." A chronicler reports: "The King asked what she, as Queen, wished him and all others to do. She answered that he must decide, for she had never ceased to be his obedient daughter." According to another version "she said that she had always continued to pay him the respect to which he was entitled as her father, that she honoured and obeyed him with humility and good will".

They spent a week together at Tortoles, but neither then nor later was any document produced to show that she had made over the government to her father. The King arranged everything, deciding that Santa Maria del Campo, about six miles from Burgos, was to be the seat of government, for in Burgos a representative of Juan Manuel still held sway, and the fortress must first be subjugated. Joan allowed her father to do as he pleased. Perhaps she looked forward to a revival of the conditions that had prevailed during her mother's lifetime; believed that, while her father would rule in her name, she would always have the last word. Anyhow events were soon to show that she by no means considered herself to have renounced governmental authority.

Ferdinand had not come back empty-handed, having brought gifts for his faithful servitors. Ximenes de Cisneros, "because of his virtues and his great services to Spain and to the King", became Grand Inquisitor and received a cardinal's hat. The King wished the investiture to take place at Santa Maria del Campo, but Joan demurred. She detested the prelate

as her enemy. He should not enjoy his triumph in the place where she was to live. In this matter, Ferdinand gave way. He himself, the papal nuncio, the ecclesiastics, and the grandees, made pilgrimage to a neighbouring market-town, a poor little place called Mahamut. In the church the Roman pontiff's brief was read, and the new cardinal solemnly inaugurated.

When Burgos was occupied by the King's troops, Juan Manuel having disguised himself as a Franciscan monk and fled to Flanders, Ferdinand told his daughter that the court must be moved from Santa Maria del Campo to a more important town. They set forth, but when Joan learned that Burgos was the destination, she refused to go there. No walled town with a citadel would be a safe residence, in her estimation; she knew that she could not count on being unmolested in the Constable's residence, and that the Admiral's followers could not be trusted to protect her. Once more Ferdinand complied, as Philip had complied in similar circumstances. He went himself to Burgos, but allowed her to withdraw to Arcos.

In Arcos there began for Joan a quiet life with the two children, Ferdinand and Catherine, that had been born to her in Spain, and with her little court. At this court, indeed, there was no one—from Ferdinand's ambassador Luis Ferrer and the Bishop of Malaga down to the lowest of the servants—who was not a spy of Ferdinand's; but this did not trouble her now, since she had no thought of conspiring against her father. He was ruling on her behalf. She was Queen in reality and not merely in name. Ferdinand asked her assent to all his important decisions. We know this, for the chroniclers report that the King frequently rode over to Arcos, and many of his decrees were issued thence. Joan was content.

Ferdinand considered it important to win the favour of the Castilian grandees for Germaine, his second wife; and Joan was ready to receive and to honour as Queen of Aragon the

stepmother who was her junior. When Germaine came to Arcos Joan curtsied, and kissed Germaine's hand—as before she had kissed Isabella's. The Queen of Aragon responded by kissing the hand of the Queen of Castile. "Then the ladies embraced, and thereafter conversed for three hours in the most friendly way."

There was no further talk of Joan's being insane, no word of the need for putting her under restraint; and she seemed no longer in a hurry to go to Granada. Philip's coffin was kept at the church in Arcos, while she waited till Ferdinand should have restored order in Andalusia. As Philip had directed in his will, she had Mass read daily for the welfare of his soul, but she seldom attended this service.

Thus Joan spent nine peaceful months.

Ferdinand, meanwhile, was doing everything he could to curb the overbearing tendencies of the territorial magnates in Castile and to consolidate his position. The grandees who had deserted him for Philip and then turned their coats again in his favour were shown that he had forgotten nothing, for he asked them, as if jestingly: "Who could have thought that you would so lightly abandon your old master for one so young and inexperienced?" They replied in the same vein: "No one could have imagined that a King who, like Your Majesty, is getting up in years, would outlive a man so much younger." One after another submitted to the royal authority. Joan's decree revoking the honours and privileges granted by Philip was re-affirmed and ruthlessly carried into effect.

But Ferdinand's relentless severity aroused dissatisfaction even among the most loyal of his adherents, for the victims were Castilian grandees. Hostility to the Aragonese persisted in Castile throughout the joint reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and became more and more active. The Castilian nobles as a whole were determined to maintain the prestige and power of their order, though some of its members might fall from

their high estate. Thus the castles and fortified towns which the Duke of Najara surrendered were handed over, not to Ferdinand, but to the Duke of Alva, who pledged himself not to transfer them to the King.

The "pacification" of the Castilian provinces went on for nine months, but by the time when, in the summer of 1508, Ferdinand wanted to begin a punitive expedition against his rebellious Andalusian vassals, a change of feeling was noticeable throughout Castile, where many of the grandees were now adversaries of the King. There was open talk among them about Joan's position as rightful Queen. It was time for her to think of a second marriage, said the malcontents. Ferdinand was faced with the danger that a son-in-law might assert claims to the crown of Castile, and then the old troubles and dissensions would be renewed. Though nothing Joan had said or done gave warrant for such anxieties, and she had shown no interest in political matters, her peaceful days were over.

Ferdinand could not bear the thought that while he was campaigning in Andalusia Joan should be left in an unwallled town where any of the disaffected grandees might easily procure access to her. How could he keep these stubborn nobles in check when it was possible from moment to moment that a territorial magnate would confront him with resistance undertaken "in the Queen's name"? He must settle matters once for all before departing south. Joan should be removed from Arcos to a fortress where she could be strictly guarded and undesirable intruders kept out.

Valladolid was to be his headquarters during the preparations for the Andalusian campaign. He let Joan know that it would be most inconvenient if she was so far away as Arcos when he wanted to consult her about important matters. She had better remove to some place nearer Valladolid—and privately he had chosen Tordesillas, a fortress twenty-four miles from

Valladolid, as her future residence. He knew that Joan would not allow herself to be interned without making trouble, and thought it better to conduct her thither in person. Having waited for her a few days at Mahamut, since she did not come at his bidding he went to Arcos to fetch her.

But Joan would not be fetched. She flatly refused to leave Arcos. She was very comfortable there, and would not budge. He could not remove her without using force, and did not yet feel sufficiently sure of his position to proceed to that extremity. It was in her name that he was about to undertake the Andalusian campaign. He must not make it possible for his enemies to charge him—as he had charged Philip—with keeping the Queen in captivity. For the time being he had to give way and let her stay at Arcos, but as a half measure, which would he thought safeguard him, he decided to carry off his grandson Ferdinand, now five years old.

Joan became wildly excited. One might almost suppose that, though she lived so retired a life, she must have guessed what was in the wind. Why should she otherwise have objected to her son's journey with his grandfather? She herself had in childhood been taken all over Spain by her parents. Her intense agitation when her father proposed the removal of little Ferdinand, only becomes explicable on the supposition that she suspected the King's intentions, believed him to have already chosen the place of her imprisonment, and that he designed to use her son as a hostage if the rebels should seize her person or find her willing to listen to their complaints.

There was a scene like the one four and a half years before at Medina del Campo. She made violent protests. She was the Queen. It was for her to command and to decide. Protests were of no avail. Her servants, her guards, her ladies, would not heed them. She tried threats and maledictions, which proved equally useless. Ferdinand's word was law, and Ferdinand was inexorable. He was utterly unsympathetic,

cared naught for her screams and invectives, disregarded her prayers and pleadings. He had a policy to carry out and there was no time for sentiment. He departed with his grandson, and as soon as he reached Valladolid sent strong detachments of troops to surround Arcos in force.

Joan's tranquil and peaceful existence was shattered. She had fancied herself Queen—the dream was dispelled. Again brute force invaded her private life, again compulsion had been used, and the offender was her own father, the man to whom, confiding in his good faith, she had entrusted her heritage.

As always when subjected to coercion, she reacted furiously. Blinded by passion, she could think only of resistance at any cost. Having no other weapon, no one to obey her or fight on her behalf, unable to grasp the position and weigh its possibilities, she followed her usual method of stubbornly staking her own person against the hostile forces. She refused food, could not sleep, sought no protection against the cold, spent her days in the torpidity of despair.

But her situation was one in which passive resistance could not help her. Isabella had wanted Joan's collaboration against Philip; Philip could not reign without her consent; Cisneros needed her signature to his decrees: Ferdinand wanted—nothing. Her opposition was not worth a snap of the fingers.

When letters came from Arcos to tell Ferdinand that Joan could neither sleep nor eat, it troubled him no more than when the Gran Capitan, Spain's most famous commander who had won for him the kingdom of Naples, sending the list of his nephew the Marquis of Priego's castles, did so with the bitter message: "Here, Sire, is the fruit of our ancestors' services. The blood of the dead has paid for it. We cannot venture to hope that your Majesty will take into account the services of the living." In response the strongholds were occupied by royal commissaries, while the rebellious marquis and his associates were prosecuted.

It is possible that Joan soon realised the inefficacy of her weapons, but she possessed no others, and it was not in her nature to admit defeat. A true Spaniard, she would battle to the end for what she regarded as her rights, and would die rather than yield. She may have been fully aware that the struggle was useless, and yet have gone on with it hoping for release by death. Two months after Ferdinand's departure the Bishop of Malaga wrote him an alarming letter. Joan was quiet enough, had ceased to rail at those she believed to have wronged her, but in all this time she had neither washed her face nor changed her shift; she slept on the floor; and when she ate it was from a platter put there without napery beneath it. He feared for her life.

By December she was dangerously ill.

Therewith she seemed to have achieved the impossible and to have gained the victory over Ferdinand. For should Joan die prematurely she would wreck his schemes, and young Charles in the Netherlands would become King of Castile. Emperor Maximilian would become Regent, and would send an army. This was what many of the grandees hoped. Ferdinand therefore had Joan informed that he would come to see her soon, bringing little Ferdinand with him.

Joan responded by a complete change in her behaviour. When, in February, her father and her son actually arrived, she resumed her royal attire.

But if she believed her father's visit to mean that peace was restored, she was utterly mistaken. King Ferdinand merely wanted her to make a pageant of her royalty. During the six months' eclipse, reports of her death had been rife. Now, when the Duke of Alva and the Constable were received in formal audience, her father could effectively counteract the rumour by showing that Joan was not only alive, but well enough to exercise queenly functions.

Ferdinand had determined that this audience should be her

last contact with the outer world. On February 14, 1509, at three o'clock in the morning, she was roused, and her father commanded her to make ready for an immediate journey. Only when it was found that time was needed before Philip's coffin could be got ready for transport, and that various preparations were requisite for the removal of the Infanta Catherine (who had been with her mother uninterruptedly since birth two years before), did Ferdinand refrain from the use of force and concede his daughter a day in which to get ready. If he had carried her off at a moment's notice, without her husband's body and without her little daughter, it would have been too obvious that she was not a consenting party. He stayed in the palace, and superintended the arrangements for the start.

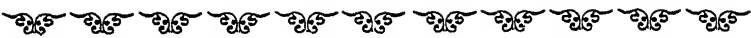
Like all Joan's journeys since her meeting with Ferdinand at Tortoles in August 1507, it was made at night. In the bitter cold the hearse, with its four-horse team, advanced by torchlight along the roads of Castile, but this time Joan, who followed it, was a prisoner. She was being taken to her place of confinement in a fortress from which death alone was to release her after forty-six weary years; and towards the end she was unquestionably insane.

Had Joan passively accepted her fate? Did she without protest obey her father's orders? Was she aware of her destination? The only information we have comes from the historian Mariana, who writes: "The Queen Donna Juana was in such a condition that she seemed more dead than alive."

What remains of the legend which now began to gather round the personality of Joan, the tale of madness, necrophilia, unwillingness to reign, misanthropy, and the gruesome funeral procession across half Spain? Nothing more than the simple story of a woman with the world against her, forsaken by all, making a last desperate stand on behalf of her heritage and her rights, and yielding only to paternal authority in the

belief that her father loved her. Deceived and betrayed by him, she resumed the hopeless struggle, to continue it until she was crushed, and "seemed more dead than alive"—so that Ferdinand himself told his companions "it would have been easier to cross the Pyrenees with the united artillery of Spain and Venice" than it was to convey his daughter from Arcos to Tordesillas.

Though the transfer was effected at dead of night, the flickering torches disclosed that the route was lined with people. During the day of postponement the tidings of what was afoot spread like wildfire, so that "a multitude from Burgos and elsewhere gathered to see the Queen". Her husband and her father might filch the kingdom, the self-seeking grandees might regard her as no more than a pawn in the game, but the loyal folk of Castile were devoted to their sovereign and rightful mistress, nor did they forget her during the long years of her imprisonment. When, later, the Spanish people was despoiled, exploited, and maltreated even as she had been, her name became the symbol of justice and freedom.



CHAPTER FOURTEEN

KING FERDINAND

WHEN the gates of Tordesillas clashed to behind Joan, Ferdinand was fifty-seven. Throughout life he had been hindered in the fulfilment of his ambitions. First by Isabella, who as Queen of Castile had her own axe to grind. Then by Philip, who thrust in between him and Castile. Last of all by Joan, whose very existence as a free woman was an unceasing menace, since it any moment it might cost him his dominion over the greater part of Spain. But to pen Joan up in Tordesillas wrote "finis" to the troubles which had vexed him ever since his first wife's death—during more than four years of struggle, humiliation, and defeat. In the end he was victorious. At fifty-seven, he reached his goal, became supreme in Spain, and Europe was to learn his outstanding significance, how this elderly man could scheme and could achieve. The first master of modern diplomacy, he began on the European chessboard a game in which he speedily outwitted his rivals—the Pope, the Emperor, and the Kings of England and France.

At the outset, the position of the pieces was by no means favourable to Ferdinand. Within the last few years he had conquered Naples, but his rights had not been recognised by the Pope (the nominal overlord), and the French might at any moment reopen the struggle. Now he had got possession of Castile, but Emperor Maximilian claimed that kingdom for Charles and demanded the Regency for himself, while the English accused him of having "usurped Castile with French aid". His monarchy there would unquestionably lapse if Joan died. When he shut her up in Tordesillas he was expecting

an heir by Germaine. The child was born, but died in a few hours, with the result that, by the terms of the marriage contract, he might be called upon to surrender half the kingdom of Naples to France.

Such was King Ferdinand's situation at the time of the formation of the League of Cambrai, an alliance between Pope Julius II, Emperor Maximilian, King Louis XII, and Ferdinand himself, for the partition of the Venetian territories on the mainland. Louis and Maximilian were to share out the towns of North Italy, the Pope wanted Romagna; and Ferdinand's comparatively small portion of the loot was some Apulian cities which would round off the kingdom of Naples. He had, however, secured French support on the understanding that as soon as Venice had been successfully despoiled the Emperor would drop the claim to the Regency of Castile.

France was the first to be ready for the fray, and at Agnadello inflicted so crushing a defeat on the Venetians that the remaining territories of the Republic surrendered almost without resistance. Now, under pressure from France, Maximilian agreed that Ferdinand should be Regent of Castile till Charles came of age, on condition that he would make an annual payment to the Emperor. The latter and King Louis expected that Ferdinand would show his gratitude in the negotiations for the subsequent partition of the Venetian territories. Secretly, however, while discussing the terms of a treaty which was to guarantee his continuing to rule Castile even in the event of Joan's death, Ferdinand was taking steps to undermine the predominance of France in Northern Italy.

Henry VII died on April 21, 1509 (about three weeks before the Battle of Agnadello). Henry VIII was going to marry Catherine of Aragon, Joan's youngest sister, and widow of Prince Arthur. King Ferdinand took advantage of this conjugal tie to enter into a defensive alliance with his "dearly

beloved son" in which his "dearly beloved father-in-law" Louis XII was specified as a possible adversary. Then, trading on the Pope's fear of the growth of French military power on the frontier of the Papal States, he privily endorsed Julius' alliance with the recent enemy Venice against the recent colleague France—although Ferdinand's ambassador at the French court continued to speak of his master's devotion to King Louis.

When the latter, enraged at the Pope's breach of faith, took the field against him and Venice with new and strong levies, Julius II had to buy King Ferdinand's support by acknowledging his title to Naples and absolving him of the pledges entered into in the marriage contract with Germaine.

Thus in little more than two years after committing Joan to prison Ferdinand, by playing off his adversaries against one another, stabilised his position in Castile and Naples, and could get to work upon his next scheme, which was to safeguard his frontiers both in Spain and Italy against France. No doubt the Pyrenees were a mighty natural rampart, but at the Biscayan end of the mountains the kingdom of Navarre thrust like a wedge between Castile and Aragon. Though nominally independent, it was really a protegee of France, and could in case of war be used as base for French invasion. To prevent this, and get control of the western passes of the Pyrenees in addition to the eastern, Ferdinand must keep France fully occupied elsewhere, and so, after eighteen months skilful negotiation, he managed to bring into being the Holy League against France which was joined by the Pope, Venice, the North Italian States, the Emperor, and the King of England. The Italian allies and the Emperor merely wanted to drive the French back across the Alps. Young Henry had a more ambitious aim. He hoped for "the reconquest of all that French territory which had once belonged to the English crown".



Ferdinand the Catholic.

Portrait in Windsor Castle, reproduced by gracious permission of His Majesty the King

Thus France had her hands full, and was not able to resist the inroad of Spanish troops into Navarre. But as soon as the conquest of Navarre south of the Pyrenees was effected (1512), Ferdinand changed sides again, and magnanimously offered Louis a truce, even undertaking to persuade his allies to make peace. For now a third scheme was ripening, to crown the activities of the past four years.

The King of Aragon asked King Louis to give his daughter Renée's hand in marriage to Joan's second son, Ferdinand, now ten years old. The girl's dowry was to consist of the Duchy of Milan, the County of Pavia, and the Seignory of Genoa. Thereby the French would be excluded from Northern Italy, Naples would be relieved from their pressure, and the Papal States would be encircled by Spanish territory. Since the Infante Ferdinand was Emperor Maximilian's grandson as well as King Ferdinand's, if the Emperor bequeathed him Tyrol and the Venetian domains recently conquered on the mainland, a Spanish-Habsburg realm would be formed in Northern Italy. This idea suited Maximilian's dynastic schemes as well as King Ferdinand's, so the Emperor favoured it. Louis made difficulties, wanting Ferdinand to contribute Naples to the infant pair's realm—and Ferdinand agreed. Had this arrangement been carried into effect, in the sixteenth century all Italy would have been united, except for Venice (with no foothold on the mainland) and Florence and the Papal States which could not have long preserved their independence.

Such was the imperialist dream of the King of Aragon, who proposed to remodel Europe in accordance with his heart's desire. If Austria, the Netherlands, and Spain all fell to Charles with the imperial title, his brother the Infante Ferdinand should rule United Italy. King Ferdinand was at the climax of his prestige. He had made Spain stronger and greater than ever before, so that she had become the leading

power in Europe; and had achieved this without any major campaign, whereas the rival dynasts, effecting little, had been exhausted by sanguinary struggles.

Had King Ferdinand's pretty plan come to full fruition, the future of Europe would have been very different. Emperor Charles, succeeding to the Austrian dominions, would not have been hampered (as he was throughout life) by being a foreigner within the Empire which he nominally ruled. There would have been no occasion for his unceasing conflict for Italian possessions; France would have been penned within her own frontiers; and from Austria and Italy the fraternal Habsburg lines might have been able, not merely to stem the Turkish invasion of Europe, but to conquer the Levant and North Africa. The evolution of European history would have been shortened by centuries.

But at the last moment the carefully woven net was rent in sunder. Though Ferdinand was an astute statesman, and though he gave careful attention to detail, he could not guard against every chance of mishap. His own allies heedlessly wrecked his schemes. The Emperor and the Pope had conceived such a hatred of Venice that they formed a new alliance against the Republic, and thus drove her into the arms of France. Louis, having emerged from his isolation by joining forces with Venice, was increasingly loth to surrender his North-Italian possessions. Then Henry VIII, the "dearly beloved son", enraged because he alone among the rulers of the western world was not to get any pickings, made a separate peace with France, entered into an alliance with his neighbour, and gave the widowed King Louis an English princess (his own sister Mary) for wife. Ferdinand's plan was shattered.

With the failure of the design to form a Habsburg-Spanish United Italy, a general reverse set in, affecting foreign policy, home affairs, and private life. It was the beginning of the end. More than five years had passed since Ferdinand brought his

daughter to Tordesillas "more dead than alive", to confine her there in the fortress which was to be her lifelong prison. Ferdinand was determined that no news of her should reach the outer world. He hoped that she would be utterly forgotten. She was entrusted to the charge of Luis Ferrer, an Aragonese, as Castellan; Donna Maria de Ulloa became her first lady-in-waiting; a sufficient military guard to make all secure was appointed.

The palace-castle of Tordesillas was not an imposing structure. The large central hall, with windows giving on to the Duero and commanding an extensive view across the Castilian plateau, was from the first forbidden ground, lest Joan should shout to passers-by for help or attempt an escape. For safe-keeping, she was quartered in a dark room. Philip's corpse was buried at the Cloister of Santa Clara opposite the palace, and it was considered a peculiar advantage that her dead husband's sepulchre was within sight.

Thus was everything provided for. Ferdinand no longer dreaded Joan's escape but her death, and for a year his conciliatory attitude to Louis and Maximilian was partly guided by his wish to secure the treaty that would guarantee his remaining Regent of Castile even if Joan died before Charles was of age. When the negotiations at Blois were over, he paid his first visit to Tordesillas, to obtain direct knowledge of her condition; and, the treaty he desired having been signed at Madrid on October 6, 1510, in the following November he went again to Tordesillas. This time he was accompanied by the Emperor's ambassador and by the Castilian grandees. Whereas before her imprisonment his aim was to display Joan as the Queen, but as the dutiful daughter who wished to make her rights over to her father, his present object was to convince those who might look forward to Joan's resumption of active queenship that hope of anything of the kind must be definitively abandoned.

No chronicler has informed us how the Queen took her imprisonment; how she reacted when she discovered that Ferrer, the "major-domo", was really her gaoler, that the "ladies-in-waiting" were wardresses. Nor has anyone described the scene which must have taken place when her son Ferdinand was once more taken away. Subsequently Ferrer boasted: "During the seven or eight years in which I was administrator of this royal domicile and court, it was ruled like a monastery where the monks lead decent and orderly lives. . . . When I used coercive measures against the Queen, they were necessary to save her life, for otherwise she would have perished, having persistently refused food."

Ferdinand, to preserve an existence which circumstances had made precious to him, gave the Aragonese gaoler permission, where the Queen was concerned, "dar cuerda". Literally this means "to give the cord". The precise significance, in Joan's case, has been much discussed by latter-day pundits, for it may have meant "to bind with a cord", or "to strike with a cord" (compare the English idiom "rope's end"), or even to use the medieval method of torture in which a loop of knotted cord placed round the top of the head was tightened by turning a stick.

Whatever the way in which "the cord" was used, Ferrer's above-quoted words are enough to show the depth of Joan's despair, and the methods she must have employed in her revolt against injustice and force. No doubt she tried hunger-strike and passive resistance—which are sometimes effective under modern conditions, but must have been futile in the sixteenth century, even when applied with the tenacity of this Spanish queen.

When Ferdinand came to Tordesillas in November 1510, "the Queen, who would neither eat nor sleep nor dress herself properly, was exceedingly weak and disordered. . . . Because her life was of such a kind, because her clothing was

so pitiful and unbecoming her dignity, and because she had been so greatly reduced by her way of living, there seemed little hope that she could survive many days."

Ferdinand first came alone to see her. Then, having departed, he came another day without notice, "bringing with him the ambassadors and the grandees, the Constable and the Admiral, the Dukes of Alva and Medina Sidonia, the Counts of Ureña and Benavente"—that is to say, the heads of all the factions of the grandees, both those who were loyal to him and the malcontents who would gladly have substituted Joan's rule for Ferdinand's.

Profoundly distressed by what they saw, amazed by the dreadful change that had taken place in the Queen during less than two years, struck with shame because of her condition, these distinguished noblemen could only "beg her to live in a more seemly fashion".—But Ferdinand had gained his end. The grandees henceforward regarded the Queen as negligible. They thought she could not survive more than a few weeks, or months at most. She could no longer be an obstacle to her father's schemes.

"The Queen was greatly enraged by the ignominy of her treatment," we are told. "Having realised that the grandees were to stay for a few days at Tordesillas, she herself asked that she should be properly attended and served." When the King agreed to this, she said she would like to have the servitors that had waited on her mother. But it was too late to make a change. For twenty days the unhappy woman could still fancy herself a queen to whom the grandees paid court. Then they departed. The gates closed behind Ferdinand and his train. "The monotony of a cloistered life" was resumed, and so was the unavailing struggle against those set in authority over her: hunger-strike, refusal to go to bed, refusal to get up, to wash, to dress. Day followed day, growing to weeks, months, and years, while her life went on amid soul-destroying

sameness, unceasing boredom, petty and repulsive contentions. Her only relief was to care for her little daughter Catherine. No tidings from the outer world penetrated into her cell. Destiny, after snatching away four heirs to the Spanish throne that she might wear the greatest crown of her day, now decreed that she was to be a prisoner for life. Fate seemed, indeed, to have wholly forgotten her, until, after many years, she once again became an outstanding personality.

Meanwhile Ferdinand continued to hatch his schemes without let or hindrance, had a finger in every pie, conquered Navarre, curbed the grandees. He never showed gratitude; rewarded no services, however great. The Gran Capitan, who had won Naples for him, was kept carefully away from any place where there was fighting to be done, lest he should earn fresh laurels and perhaps become dangerous. Ximenes de Cisneros had saved Castile for Ferdinand, but when the Archbishop took ship to Africa to help in the war against the Moors, the King wrote to the commander of the expedition "that it would be well for you to detain the Cardinal at Oran as long as possible, while he can be of service to the campaign, and while his money can be turned to good account". When Ximenes wanted to get back what he had advanced, he was obliged to sue the crown; and Ferdinand had the baggage of the Archbishop and his soldiers searched for plunder lest his share might have been withheld.

Ferdinand's work was of lasting importance. He gave Spain the form it still retains; and for two centuries the Kingdom of Naples was a Spanish apanage. But his battles, victories, conquests, exchanges, wives brought him no satisfaction. He could never forget that the advantage would accrue to a foreigner, a Flamenco, to Charles (his grandson, certainly, but son of the detested Philip), a Netherlander. When he was over sixty, he began to be plagued more and more by this thought. Why had he no legitimate male issue, an heir

of his body to whom he could bequeath his domains? The idea became an obsession.

Those were days when people believed in sorcery. Why had Joan been so prolific? Why was Germaine barren? Joan had given birth to six children, two of them boys; all were living and well. His only child by Germaine had perished immediately after birth. Why was Joan still alive after four years' confinement in a fortress, though her gaoler was always writing that death was imminent?—In January 1513, more than two years after the visit in which he had been accompanied by the *grandees*, Ferdinand took Germaine with him to Tordesillas.

Again we lack direct information as to how the prisoned Queen reacted to this visit. But seven years later, when the *Comuneros'* Rising brought Joan once more into the lime-light for a time, she told her liberators that the reason for her detention had been the other Queen's wish for the position which rightly belonged to herself.

Germaine could not learn from Joan anything of moment about charms against sterility. The royal pair left Tordesillas for Medina del Campo, where Ferdinand had often stayed with Isabella, and where Isabella had died. They hoped to enjoy a second honeymoon. To revive her husband's failing powers, Germaine administered a philtre compounded of various herbs and the liquid extract of a bull's testicles. But the potion had as bad an effect upon the King as Don Quixote's elixir had upon Sancho Panza. Uncontrollable vomiting ensued, and for a while Ferdinand's life was despaired of. Though he ultimately recovered, his potency still left much to be desired, and, having lost hope of an heir, he became disgusted with State affairs. Aimlessly he visited one Castilian town after another, spending large sums upon festivals and tournaments; tried by prowess in the hunting-field to persuade himself that there was no decay in his bodily powers. Again

and again he was laid up by chills and fever, or by renewed attacks of vomiting; but on each occasion his will to live triumphed over death. Then political unrest seized him once more, and he started anew upon the game of forming alliances, arranging coalitions. He sent fleets to the New World, for fresh conquests and discoveries; planned wars; conceived fantastic schemes. Ferdinand dreamed of retaking Constantinople and driving the Turks out of Europe; of entering Jerusalem as deliverer; of founding a new Eastern Empire.

As if sensing the approach of death, he tried to keep the enemy at bay by an over-stimulated life, by incessant beginnings of what he could never hope to end. A soothsayer once told him that he would conquer Jerusalem. Impressed by this prophecy, he made preparations, and yet never started for the Holy Land, being convinced that he would not die before wresting it from the unbelievers. Ever more suspiciously, ever more jealously, did he safeguard his authority, dreaded lest anyone should gain an influence over him, grew more and more lonely. In the end he began to love loneliness for its own sake, to shun towns when making his interminable journeys, preferring to stay in villages and hamlets, and often riding for hours alone through forests or across fields.

Unloving, he was unloved. When he asked the Cortes to vote supplies for his campaigns, he found that his subjects were no less grateful than he himself had been. Even Aragon, which he had freed from parochialism to make of it an important kingdom, refused him funds. He might decide the fate of Europe, but in the land on behalf of which he had thought and striven, the land round which his feelings turned, the Estates, asserting rights and privileges, refused to comply with his wishes.

Embittered, he left Aragon once more, to resume his wanderings in Castile, which he had enlarged by the conquest of Navarre, but which never ceased to regard "the old

Aragonese" as a usurper. Everyone knew, as he himself knew, that his end was drawing near. When Adrian of Utrecht, Vice Chancellor of Louvain University (in later days Pope Adrian VI), having been appointed Charles's tutor by Emperor Maximilian, came to see Ferdinand as envoy from his grandson, Ferdinand exclaimed, "He comes only to see if I am dying", and refused to receive the prelate. He carefully avoided Madrigal, where one of his natural daughters lived as an Augustinian nun, for he had learned from a necromancer that he would die at Madrigal; and he would not believe the physicians who told him his condition was serious, being convinced that he could not die anywhere else. When struck down by an illness whose gravity even he could not deny, he asked the name of the hamlet, and was told that it was Madrigalejo. This shook his confidence, and in haste he summoned his councillors to hear his last dispositions.

There was only one person in the world to whom he was attached, the grandson who was called after him, a boy of twelve. It was for little Ferdinand that he wanted to create the Kingdom of Italy, to break the succession in Spain; and now, had he been able, he would have handed everything over to the lad. But he could not dispose of the crowns, since one was already Joan's, while the other would come to her when her father died. He had nothing to bequeath but the "rule and administration"; and his testament, consequently, left the Regency to Infante Ferdinand. Now that he lay dying, however, he could not blind his eyes to the objections of his councillors, to their insistence upon the fact that the Infante would be a minor for a good many years, and to the danger of civil war. With a heavy heart, therefore, he faced the fact that Spain would have to go to the Flamenco, Charles. He destroyed the above-mentioned will, lest any should find in it a justification for civil strife, and made a new one.

At least he would appoint Ferdinand Master of the three

great Orders of Knighthood. But on this matter, too, his advisers demurred. Isabella and he had, with 'considerable difficulty, made them a perquisite of the crown. It would be most inadvisable to detach them. "But in that case the Infante will be desperately poor", said the dying King, with tears in eyes. He had to give way, and there was nothing to leave to his favourite grandson beyond an annual allowance of 50,000 ducats out of the revenues of Naples.

The question of the Regency was still open. Who should rule Castile till Charles came of age? The councillors recommended the appointment of Ximenes de Cisneros. The King, though he had greatly oppressed and humiliated the nobles, was outraged at the thought that a man of lowly birth should now take precedence of them all. "You will soon learn his true nature," was Ferdinand's warning. Yet he could not think of anyone else likely to be able to maintain peace in the land.

Fate was too strong for him, taking his life's fruit to place it in the hands of one whom he least wished to enjoy it. Not merely had a monk without quarterings, who was not even an armiger, risen to become chief of the ecclesiastical hierarchy in Spain, but the upstart was to rule over the highest and most distinguished families in the land; and the King, who regarded himself as the chief of the *grandees*, had no choice but to decree this by testament.

The testament went minutely into details. Nothing was forgotten. Ferdinand appended a letter to Charles, entrusting him with the guardianship of Germaine. Only for the daughter whom he had robbed of her realm did he leave no word. But he specified that his death was to be kept secret from her, for he knew that he alone could hold her in check.

In actual fact, when later she learned the truth from the *Comuneros* she said: "Had I known of my father's death, I should have sallied forth to take over the government."



CHAPTER FIFTEEN

“QUEEN AND KING OF CASTILE”

WITH King Ferdinand's death on January 23, 1516, the national unity of Spain, shattered eight centuries before by the Moorish invasion, was restored. Joan was Queen and sovereign mistress of Castile, Aragon, Navarre, Naples, Sicily, and the Lands across the Sea. But the Queen of one of the most important of Christian realms was prisoned and strictly guarded at Tordesillas. By Ferdinand's express orders she was not to be informed that it belonged to her.

Nevertheless events did not pass by the prison walls without leaving a trace. Ferdinand might keep his daughter behind bars, Ferrer could organise his “monastic regime”, but neither was able to prevent, among those who lived nearest to the Queen, the steady growth of indignation at her outrageous treatment. Conditions in the palace had long ceased to be a secret to the burghers of Tordesillas, and wrath at her imprisonment glowed in their hearts. So long as the menacing figure of the King stood behind Luis Ferrer, hatred of the surly old custodian failed to secure expression, but as soon as it was certain that Ferdinand was dying, revolt broke out among the servitors, the guard, and the burghers.

The captain of the guard and the mayor of Tordesillas expelled Ferrer from the palace and forbade him to leave his house except to attend Mass. Then they wanted to occupy the palace, but the “Monteros de Espinosa” (a special force, distinct from the general garrison of the castle) refused them access to the Queen and would not take orders from the new masters. The captain of the guard wished to dismiss the

Monteros, but the controller of the household vetoed the dismissal, and instructed them to allow no one to see the Queen without a special order from himself.

Then there was an uproar, the noise of which reached Joan's ears, and she asked what was afoot. Someone told her the truth, that Ferdinand was dead, but the others promptly denied this, and gave a different explanation of the disturbance.

The captain of the guard, with Soto, physician-in-ordinary, and some others, considered it their duty to make up for the remissness of Ferrer, whom they charged with failure to provide medical treatment for the Queen. They would repair this omission, and proceed to cure her. Whatever strangeness had been noticeable in her behaviour must assuredly have been due to her having been bewitched by the golden-haired Flemish woman who had been Philip's mistress, and they called upon a priest noted for his powers as exorcist, who promised wonders if allowed to see the sufferer. Joan herself was not to know anything about the matter. The ladies-in-waiting were excluded from the women's anteroom, and the priest was admitted. Thence he could see Joan in the inner chamber, and get to work with his conjurations. But the body-guard would not allow him in alone. Two of their number invariably accompanied him. The presence of these laymen, complained the exorcist, hindered the working of the spell. Anyhow it did not work. Maria de Ulloa, the Queen's first lady-in-waiting, who reported to Cardinal Ximenes upon the whole affair, wrote: "Her Majesty never saw the man, nor knew of his having been there. In the end he departed, and those who commissioned him were profoundly disappointed."

Ximenes, however, on receiving this report, thought it desirable to send the Bishop of Majorca forthwith to Tordesillas, charged to restore order in Joan's household, and see to it that everything should go on once more as in King

Ferdinand's lifetime. But the Bishop observed enough to make him undertake an exhaustive enquiry, the upshot of which was that Ximenes, having forbidden Ferrer "to interfere in any matter where the Queen's health or the ordering of her household is concerned", went on to dismiss him from his post. A number of underlings were led through the streets of Tordesillas while a herald announced their misdeeds. Then, to the general satisfaction, they were soundly flogged.

Care for the Queen was entrusted to Soto, the physician, and to Joan's confessor, Juan de Avila (to whom she was greatly attached); and Ximenes proceeded to appoint a new major-domo and commandant of the palace, a knight named Hernan Duque de Estrada, an intelligent, experienced person of candid disposition and gentle manners. In former days the Catholic monarchs had sent him on diplomatic missions, and Joan knew him of old as King Ferdinand's controller of the household.

With this appointment the disorders at Tordesillas were allayed. Of course Joan did not know what lay behind all this. Ferrer and the underlings had forgotten themselves, failed to pay her proper respect, and been removed. . . . But the new regime brought about what spells and exorcisms had failed to achieve. Symptoms of "mental disorder" instantly disappeared.

Seven years of captivity at Tordesillas lay behind Joan, and she had long since lost all sense of proportion. Hernan Duque's ordinary politeness and humanity seemed to her marks of high respect paid to her as sovereign. Her smallest wishes were gratified, she was treated with consideration, and to her way of thinking she was once more Queen.

Her dimly lit room was exchanged for a better one, and she made no further objection to the servants keeping it clean. She received visitors and conversed with them; accompanied by Hernan Duque, she attended Mass in the church

of Santa Clara. She changed her underlinen, and for public appearances she put on her best clothes. The season for hunger-strikes and passive resistance was over. She slept in a bed, and took her meals regularly.

A small apartment opened out of her new room. Hernan Duque had a window pierced in its outer wall and made it the Infanta Catherine's nursery. Now Joan could have her niña, her little girl, with her whenever she liked. From the nursery the princess got a view of the river, and of children playing on the bank. She spent most of her time with a girl of her own age, Beatriz de Mendoza, whom the Cardinal, at Duque's recommendation, had made a member of the court.

The life of mother and daughter was tolerable though on a petty scale. After all in the Queen's "court" there had never been much money available.

In any case Joan must have scarcely been aware of the exiguity of her conditions, scarcely marked the difference between her present standard of life and that which she had known before her internment. The continuous petty warfare for seven years must have narrowed her mental outlook, restricting it to one matter—her queenship, which she had never renounced, but was resolved to guard against all attacks and usurpations. Wrongs done to her were not done to the woman, but to the Queen, whose rights, titles, and realms they were trying to filch. Her task was, regardless of her person, to defend herself against everything that tended to detract from her royal prestige. She did at Tordesillas precisely what she had done when imprisoned in the Netherlands and in Spain under guard by her husband's soldiers and later by those of the Archbishop. Force overpowered her, but she recognised no force used against her as legitimate, and considered any relaxation of force to be a victory due to her strenuous resistance and to her assertion of her rights. The

period during which she was under Hernan Duque's wardship was for her a triumph of justice, a period of repose—after Arcos the first and the last in her long and desperate struggle. But never for an instant did she cease to be on the watch, never were her suspicions lulled. A year and a half after Duque's appointment, when one of the Monteros body-guard told her the news, saying: “Señora, our ruler King Charles, Your Majesty's son, has come to Spain,” she fiercely corrected him: “I alone am Queen, and my son Charles is nothing more than the prince.”

By the irony of fate (a fate which had given her so much with one hand, to take away more with the other), this proud utterance was made at the very time when her son and his councillors were in the act of depriving her subjects as well as herself of all their rights. She had inherited two crowns, and had for that very reason been imprisoned for life; Spain, after eight centuries' dismemberment, had regained national unity, only thereupon to be deprived of national independence. The leading Spanish patriot, Ximenes de Cisneros, who for twenty-five years had been labouring for the establishment of a great Spanish monarchy, was now, by fidelity to his aim and by his inveterate defence of the monarchical idea, to pave the way for foreign dominion.

Ferdinand guessed right in thinking that Adrian of Utrecht was sent to discover whether death was at hand, for no sooner did that death take place than Adrian produced an instrument signed by Charles declaring him (Adrian) Regent of Castile. But according to Ferdinand's testament Ximenes was to act as Regent, and the Archbishop referred the matter to the Crown lawyers. They decided that the testament alone was valid, for at the time when Charles signed his instrument the young man was not empowered to decide the destinies of Spain.

Adrian informed Charles of this judgment, and for answer

there came from Flanders an effusive letter to Ximenes confirming the Cardinal in all his dignities and rights.

Like Ferdinand after Isabella's death, so now Charles after Ferdinand's wanted to make the utmost possible use of the Archbishop of Toledo's influence and good will. Charles, at sixteen, had, in Ghent, been formally proclaimed King of Spain, and for this was sharply reproved by the Privy Council of Castile, which wrote as follows:

“We have heard that certain persons, doubtless inspired by a praiseworthy wish to serve Your Highness, are seeking to persuade you to style yourself henceforward King. . . . Now during the lifetime of the Queen, our Sovereign Lady, you have no warrant for using the title of King, for that title belongs to her alone. Your doing so would diminish the honour and respect which, by divine and human laws, rightfully accrue to the Queen, our Sovereign Lady. . . . Your Highness has not, by the death of the Catholic King, acquired any more rights than he himself possessed, and these realms were not his.”

Now if there was anyone who could save Charles from being thus made a laughing-stock and enforce the recognition of his kingship, it was not Adrian, the Vice-Chancellor of Louvain University, but Ximenes de Cisneros, Cardinal-Archbishop, Primate, and Grand Chancellor of Castile. That was why the Prince's advisers in the Netherlands induced the young man to confirm Ximenes' appointment as Regent, whose control of nobles and the commonalty remained undisputed. He summoned the grandees and informed them of Charles's claim to the royal title.

The grandees, headed by the Duke of Alva and the Admiral, replied that Charles could “not properly be styled King” so long as the Queen, Donna Juana, his mother was alive. He must content himself, as did his grandfather Ferdinand the Catholic, with the title of “Gobernador of Castile”. The

ecclesiastical autocrat, who now regarded himself as the young monarch's protector, rejoined: "I did not call you hither to ask your advice, for a ruler is not bound by the opinions of his subjects. You are only here to win the King's favour by your assent and congratulation. This, it seems, you cannot or will not understand." Ximenes went on, without more ado, in virtue of his powers as Regent, to proclaim Charles King.

The grandees denied his right to do anything of the kind. Ferdinand had been only "Gobernador" and not King of Castile, and was therefore not entitled to decide who should become Regent of Castile when he died. That right was Joan's alone. Ximenes, however, as his first official act, advisedly transferred the seat of government to Madrid. That city lay between Toledo, his archbishopric, and Alcalà de Henares, his country seat, in a region where the grandees had neither followers nor fiefs. He now led them to the veranda of his palace and pointed to the artillery, cavalry, and infantry he had brought with him, saying: "With these forces, entrusted me by the late King, I rule Spain, and shall continue to rule until our lord the new King comes to take over the government."

Thus was fulfilled the prophecy made to his councillors by Ferdinand when they insisted on his appointing Ximenes Regent: "You will soon learn his true nature." A period of autocracy began, of oppression of the nobles, such as even Ferdinand would never have risked. To serve the King and facilitate the young man's coming to Spain, Ximenes sent consignment after consignment of gold to Flanders. The funds were raised by multifarious taxes, by restricting privileges, and by confiscating all property for which a valid title could not be produced. When warned against pushing matters too far, he disdainfully replied: "These gentlemen have only words with which to make an insurrection, but no money."

To be prepared for the possibility of revolt, however, he decided to organise a militia throughout the towns of Castile. The men were to be trained by his own officers, fully armed and equipped, and ready to be called up in any emergency.

Had these plans been carried out, the history of Spain might have been very different. Effective power would have passed to the towns, which were the centres of law and order; then the bourgeoisie would have been able to develop freely and impose its will upon king and aristocracy. But these possibilities were not understood by the burghers, who could see only that their rights and privileges were being infringed. A number of the towns, Valladolid in the forefront, revolted, chased out the Cardinal's emissaries, shut the gates, and prepared to defend themselves with such arms as they had.

Hatred of the Archbishop's dictatorship steadily grew. It was said that when he took measures to suppress the malcontents, he deliberately had recourse to extreme severities, wishing to show Charles that he was better able than any king to keep the land in order. It was also said that whereas at first he sent money to Flanders to facilitate the young man's coming, he now went on doing so in the hope that Charles, if kept well supplied, would stay in Flanders and not disturb his efficient viceroy in Spain. In the end, people turned to Charles for protection against Ximenes.

But even more than the Spaniards did the Netherlands hate the Regent, because he respected the law. These gentlemen of the Low Countries looked upon Spain much as the gentlemen of Spain looked upon the newly discovered lands of the far western world. In each case they were "provinces" in the old Roman sense, places where wealth could be quickly and easily amassed, where loot could be had for the asking. The more the Netherlands got, the more they wanted, being insatiable. The only result of the stream of gold directed to Flanders by Cisneros was to make the recipients await a

further flow. The Archbishop's authority was an excellent thing so long as it enabled him to scatter this aureate shower upon the Low Countries, while he continued to push Charles's claim to the throne, and to overcome the opposition of the Spanish grandees—but Ximenes must not himself be allowed to become a danger. Was he not inclined to be a trifle overbearing? As in Philip's time, shoals of questionable Spaniards were coming to the Netherlands, intent on warming themselves in the rays of the rising sun; and the sale of offices, dignities, and privileges in Spain bade fair to be the most lucrative occupation of the Flemish nobles. But this overbearing Cardinal would not recognise any of their favourites, nor allow the selected men access to the assigned appointments.

When, therefore, complaints of Ximenes began to come thick and fast from Spain, the Netherlanders were quick to inform him that he must not make war on Castilian towns, and they sent various persons authorised to act as co-regents. The dictator, however, pushed these upstarts aside. When they issued decrees, he counter-ordered them, or, if he approved of them, reissued them over his own signature; and demanded from the Low Countries supplementary or extended powers—which were granted, for though the Flamencos detested him, they feared him even more.

Thus for a year and a half he exercised supreme power, and was determined not to surrender it to anyone except Charles, whom he considered the rightful ruler of Spain. Perhaps this vigorous octogenarian hoped that he would himself hold sway over the young man, as ten years before he had held sway over Philip; would he be able to oust the Flemish advisers and establish a truly national Spanish monarchy? But the situation was fundamentally different. When Philip returned to Spain in April 1506 he was a man of twenty-six, had acquired some experience in the work of government, could form his own judgments, knew the world.

Charles was now only sixteen, and was, as all agree, a backward youth. Brought up in Flanders, surrounded by Flamencos, he was completely in the hands of his Flemish and Burgundian councillors. Two of them, Guillaume de Croy, Seigneur de Chièvres, his tutor and major-domo, and Jean Sauvage, his chancellor, virtually governed in his name, and they did not intend to hand over their young pupil to be moulded by the dictatorial and dangerous Cardinal.

They were resolved that, as soon as they reached Spain, Ximenes should quit the political stage. They were coming, not to give the country its national sovereign, but to embody international dynastic ideas.

It was true that Philip's dream of Habsburg world empire had been shattered by his premature death. Yet, after all, his death denoted, not the end of these dreams, but merely their postponement. Charles was an heir into whose hands everything would fall, all the territories and dignities for which his father had fought: the Netherlands, Burgundy, Austria, and Spain—and the imperial title, to which he could hardly fail to succeed, by election, when Grandfather Maximilian died. The notion of the Habsburg worldwide mission had become a hardy perennial. The Habsburgs believed themselves predestined to found a universal Christian realm. Since England still counted for little, and Russia did not yet count at all, France was the only important European country outside the range of their influence; and Emperor Maximilian and King Ferdinand had made treaties with Popes, aimed at weakening or subjugating France. Charles had been brought up in the belief that Christendom should be ruled in things temporal by the Emperor and in things spiritual by the Pope. He himself had been chosen by Providence to become Emperor of a United Europe. In this all-embracing realm the particular countries had no individual rights; they were mere provinces, parts of a great whole, servitors of the imperial idea.

In the opinion of the young man's advisers Spain, which he was now called to rule in addition to Flanders—being a considerable military power, wealthy, a place to which a Pactolian stream was already beginning to flow from the newly discovered Americas—, would be the springboard whence Charles the scion of the Habsburgs would leap to world dominion.

But Ximenes was an obstacle. He was a Spanish patriot, would never agree that Spain's resources should be devoted to foreign ends, that she was to give all and get nothing.

When Charles set out for Spain in the summer of 1517, and the aged Cardinal urged the importance of a speedy meeting, the young King's advisers persuaded him to write: “We shall be glad to receive your counsel as to the organisation of the State and the affairs of the royal house. When we have met and as soon as we have enjoyed these advantages, we do not propose to keep you any longer from the rest you must greatly need, and shall relieve you of the burden of affairs.” De Chièvres and Sauvage, knowing that Ximenes' death was imminent, had indeed secretly determined that no meeting should take place, and brought Charles to Spain by a slow and devious route.

Their scheme worked to perfection. The Cardinal never learned how little gratitude Charles felt for his work as Regent and his loyal support, for when the curt letter of dismissal arrived Ximenes lay a-dying, and it was handed, not to him, but to the Senate. Charles's court jester, Francesillo de Zúñiga, noted in his chronicle: “That same Cardinal died of the intense pleasure he felt at the arrival of Señor de Chièvres.”

Ximenes' death relieved the Netherlanders of their most pressing anxiety. There was no one left powerful enough to dispute their mastery in Spain. It was true that, in Ghent as in Madrid, when Charles was proclaimed King, it was in the

formula “The Catholic Monarchs Donna Juana and her son Don Carlos, Queen and King of Castile, Aragon, etc., etc.” But this was mere verbiage to cover an act of usurpation, for the Queen was prisoned in a fortress, and her own father had declared her to be insane. By the time her son came to Spain, she had ceased to count.

It did indeed seem as if these queer Spaniards still clung to the notion that the madwoman was their rightful Queen. Well, it might be advisable to pander to their fantastic loyalty, for some measures likely to be most unpopular were in prospect. Directly Charles landed, therefore, de Chièvres made him issue a proclamation worded as follows: “Be it hereby made known that We have come to Spain to support Our Mother and facilitate Her Government, and that it is Our fixed purpose to administer this realm in accordance with Her Will.” Ximenes criticised the proclamation as insincere, saying: “It bears the stamp, not of filial affection, but of fear lest some party may gain influence over the Queen and use it against her son.” But de Chièvres knew very well what he was about. Before presenting Charles to the Cortes, he would have to be invested with all the rights that had accrued to him as Joan’s son and heir. Then, equipped with her authority and his own, he would take his place before the country as the only legitimate monarch and ruler. While Ximenes still lived, this pose would help Charles to put the formidable old Regent in his proper place. It was therefore decided that the young man should go to Tordesillas as soon as possible.

On the evening of November 4, 1517, Charles, accompanied by his sister Eleanor (Joan’s firstborn) and his train of Netherlanders, entered the palace which for seven years had been his mother’s prison. De Chièvres wished Joan to be taken by surprise, so preparations for the visit had been made without informing her. The best rooms in the palace were hung with velvet and gold-embroidered silks. Costly carpets were spread.

Having summoned Hernan Duque, the commandant, and Juan de Avila, Joan's confessor, and having received a full report of the Queen's condition, de Chièvres, though the hour was late, instructed them to ask for an audience.

When she heard the name of de Chièvres, Joan remembered it as that of one of Philip's courtiers. She knew that Charles was in Spain. De Chièvres must have come hither in her son's train. If de Chièvres was now at Tordesillas and wanted speech with her, he must have brought important news of her children. Greatly excited, she ordered him to be summoned immediately.

Whereas nothing had been too splendid for the adornment of the rooms in which Charles was to stay, Joan's chamber was very plainly furnished, and the floor covered with straw matting. The Queen was clad in a cheap grey woollen dress. But this homeliness made no difference to the accomplished courtier's manners. A throned Queen could not have been more ceremoniously saluted, while respectful enquiries were made as to Her Majesty's health. De Chièvres was the most attentive and dutiful of knights, enthusiastic about the state of the kingdom, and about the loyal acclamations with which Her Majesty's children had everywhere been welcomed. Having thus fulfilled the obligations of etiquette, he went on to speak of Charles and Eleanor, of how gracious God had been to give Her Majesty such children, so good, so virtuous, and so humble. Their one and only desire was to be allowed to pay their respects to their mother.

What must have been the effect of this visit, of these words, upon the woman of thirty-eight who had spent a fourth of her life in solitude and captivity? So she was not forgotten in the outer world? Her children from the far-off Low Countries would come to see her. There had arrived, too, and on her thirty-eighth birthday, this distinguished nobleman, who had been her tutor; and all his words helped to

convince her that in Flanders she was still recognised a Queen, that Flanders considered her sovereign of Spain. He had just told her that her children would like to see her. Of course she answered, the sooner the better. Let him bring them to Tordesillas with all possible speed.

Then, as he took formal leave, and opened the door, behold there were standing on the threshold two young people with a small company of blue-blooded attendants. They had not, so it seemed, waited to be fetched, but, urged by filial love, had hastened hither already. They made obeisance as they entered, a second and profounder genuflexion in the middle of the room, then, coming close, they seized their mother's hand to kiss it.

This was something beyond Joan's wildest dreams. She drew them up, embracing first her son, then her daughter; sat, tongue-tied by happiness, but smiling as she held their hands, trying to assure herself that this was not the work of fancy—that they were really there before her. Then she heard Charles speaking in well-chosen phrases, as he said: “Madame, we, your humble and obedient children, are overwhelmed with delight, and thank God to see you looking so well. We have long been eager to pay our respects to you, to testify our dutiful veneration, and declare our zeal for your service.”

It was twelve years since Joan had seen them, then a little girl of seven and a little boy of five; now they were a grown-up young lady and a youth approaching manhood, looking much as Philip had when she married him. How long ago it seemed. And yet the monotonous years of imprisonment during which she had had no experiences worth mentioning shrank to nothing in retrospect, and she said to herself wonderingly: “But can they really be my children, shot up like this in so brief a time?” Then, bethinking herself that these young people must have had a toilsome journey to arrive



Detail of a Flemish Tapestry

*which belonged to Joan the Mad. Symbolical representation of
Joan's Wedding. Philip is hanging his portrait round her neck*

so hard upon de Chièvres’ heels, she said: “Children, you must be very tired, and it is late. Be off to bed with you, and get a good rest.”

As when she had been wont to send them to bed in the Netherlands, they now did as they were bid, retiring ceremoniously and respectfully, as etiquette prescribed. It all reminded Joan of those vanished years.

When Charles and Eleanor had withdrawn and gone to bed, the members of their train doing likewise, the Queen found it impossible to think of sleep. And the man who had brought this welcome change into the monotony of her imprisonment, de Chièvres the blameless knight, apparently understood and shared her emotions. He offered to stay a while and converse, if such should be Her Majesty’s pleasure.

Without questions from her, he seemed to be intuitively aware what she would most like to know. He began to talk of Charles and Eleanor, of their childhood, how they had grown up, how much they had longed to see their mother, and so at length had found their way to Spain. Then he went on to speak of herself, of Joan, the Queen. How happy she must be to have her children with her once more. They ought, surely, to stay in Spain. Charles was a man now, and it was time he began to learn the art of government. Was he not destined to succeed her, some day, and rule over her kingdom?

De Chièvres’ words were wise and good, so that she was glad to listen. Of course it was most true, what he said. Undoubtedly Charles ought to stay and learn how to govern Spain, and do this in her lifetime. The trouble had been that Philip had not done this before Isabella’s death.—There were witnesses present, Hernan Duque, her major-domo, and Juan de Avila, her confessor, to hear Joan say that her son Charles was to govern Spain. . . .

While the young people were still at Tordesillas, only a

day or two after their arrival, came the news that Cisneros was dead. Now Charles had gained his end. He was absolute and uncontrolled monarch of Spain—and was himself under the thumb of de Chièvres, who was soon the best-hated man in the country.

Without hindrance the Netherlanders divided up Ximenes' heritage, sharing out among themselves the treasures and dignities of Spain. De Chièvres became Prime Minister, Sauvage was Lord High Chancellor of Castile, Adrian of Utrecht was appointed head of the Monastery of San Pablo and received a cardinal's hat. But the worst of all, that which was regarded as the greatest of possible affronts to the Spanish clergy and the Spanish nation, was that the highest ecclesiastical dignity in the peninsula, the Archiepiscopate of Toledo, was now allotted to a Netherlander who was not even of full age—so that the immediate successor of the great Cardinal as Primate of Spain was to be young Guillaume de Croy, de Chièvres' nineteen-year-old nephew.

Spain, which for a thousand years had had no king who had not been born in the country and had not grown up there, which had never allowed its sovereign to dwell more than a year in foreign parts, had now passed beneath the sway of alien rulers who began to suck it dry like a colony and to sell its offices and dignities without scruple. “Appointments were not given to those who had done the best service, nor to those who could furnish proof of exceptional morality, knowledge, or experience; they simply went to the highest bidder.”

It was after such profound mortifications had been inflicted on Spanish pride, that the Cortes of Castile was summoned in Valladolid to pay homage to King Charles. When the deputies met, they were informed that their President was to be Jean Sauvage, a Flamenco.

This was too much for the loyalty of the loyal burghers

of Castile. A certain Dr. Zumiel, procurator of Burgos, became spokesman of his fellows, and in the name of all protested against the participation of aliens in the deliberations of the assembly. Voicing the general opinion he declared that there were two important matters which must take precedence of an act of homage or the voting of supplies to Charles. They had first to decide whether it was lawful to swear-in Charles as King during his mother's lifetime, and secondly whether Charles should not begin by swearing to maintain the rights of his lieges and pledging himself not to grant offices or dignities to persons of foreign birth.

Thus just when Charles's advisers fancied that difficulties had been swept out of the way, a new and unexpected obstacle was interposed. De Chièvres tried persuasion, arguments, threats. The procurators were firm in their insistence, declaring that they would not budge until the young man took the required oaths.

Negotiations were difficult. It was no good talking to Charles, for he did not understand Spanish. Even when the demands were interpreted into Latin or French, this did not help matters. He listened open-mouthed, and without interest, and then signed to his ministers to answer, or took them aside and conversed with them in an undertone. In that case, too, it was de Chièvres or Sauvage who replied. On arrival at Valladolid he had produced a favourable impression on the Spaniards, notwithstanding the delicacy of his appearance, by the resolution with which he mastered his spirited mount. Now the ground thus gained was lost. His pale and sickly aspect, the fixed stare in his eyes whose lids were always lowered, his immature face with its prominent lower lip and long chin, and the impediment in his speech, made him seem a young man of no account, and only the few who came into close contact with him were inclined to speak well of his intelligence and precocious earnestness. In general, however,

“those who had brought him up kept him under close control, would allow no one free access to him, while he would say nothing without appealing to them for advice”.

Thus to the Spaniards he appeared to be in leading-strings, apathetic, though they found that when things went awry he would burst into sudden rages. Whatever they conceded, would only be conceded to the self-seeking foreigners who had become ministers of State, so they were determined to stand out for their rights. The discussions dragged on for a month before the Cortes could assemble in full sitting; and even then the chief Crown-lawyer had to read for Charles the formula by which the young man pledged himself to preserve the liberties, customs, and practices of the country, and to have none but Castilians as members of his immediate circle. Exasperated at what was being forced upon him, he then wrathfully exclaimed: “This do I swear.” But the exacting procurators were not yet satisfied. The clause about foreign advisers was too vague, and two days’ additional conversations were requisite before this matter was cleared up and the formal act of homage could be proceeded with.

Once more, now, Charles must swear “to abide by and to fulfil what he had discussed and agreed with the procurators”. The formula to which he subsequently pledged himself ran as follows: “I also swear that if at any future time God shall grant health once more to Queen Donna Juana, the Sovereign Lady and owner of this kingdom, I will desist from its governance, and no longer style myself King but only Infante of Spain, and that thenceforward the Queen shall reign alone.”

By this oath Joan, though not on her own prompting, was thrust once more into the path of the ruler of her realm. Just as previously she, heiress to her mother’s crown, had been an obstacle to the fulfilment of her husband’s ambitions and her father’s, and had therefore incurred the enmity of both;

just as, when she had conceded to her father the right of government, her freedom became a danger to him and she was therefore held prisoner for years; so now, though she was still imprisoned, her mere existence was a perpetual hindrance to the carrying out of her son's plans and of his advisers' schemes of world dominion.

From the moment when this oath had been administered to Charles, it became essential to him that she should, officially, remain mad for the rest of her life.

What now ensued can only be understood by a confrontation of dates.

In the beginning of November 1517 Charles visited his mother at Tordesillas. On November 18th his entry into Valladolid took place. Within the next few weeks occurred the before-mentioned appointments of de Chièvres, Sauvage, and young Guillaume de Croy. The Cortes was summoned for the beginning of January, but Charles's oath to respect the rights of Castile was not administered till February 5th, and the act of homage took place two days later. Now the Cortes was expected to vote supplies, but before doing so the procurators presented a list of seventy-four points—specifications of their wishes and demands.

The first of these points was “that the house and residence of the Queen Donna Juana, the King's mother, shall be so appointed as befits the Royal Majesty of the Queen and Sovereign Lady of this realm”.

Had any doubt remained concerning the importance of the Prisoner of Tordesillas, or as to how much veneration the Spanish people had for one round whom legends were already being woven, this was now swept away. But her subjects' love and devotion sealed Joan's fate.

Charles replied: “I thank the procurators for their demand and shall show them that I have no greater care in the world than this.” The chronicler Laurent Vital tells us that “the

King and his councillors set out for Tordesillas towards February 16th”.

Did they wish to learn by personal inspection what Joan's condition really was, and whether she might be a danger to Charles; or was the object of the visit to enquire into the loyalty and trustworthiness of those in charge of her?—Under the regime of Hernan Duque, which had now lasted nearly two years, symptoms of mental disorder had vanished. She went out, attended Mass, received visits, conversed sensibly with her guests. There could be no question of declaring her insane—and a lucid interval, attested by credible witnesses, might cost Charles his crown, might rob his Netherland advisers of their rule and their incomes. The mood of the country was menacing, but de Chièvres and Sauvage were by no means disposed to keep the pledges which Charles had so recently made, or to respect the rights and privileges of the Spaniards.

The report on this second visit to Tordesillas introduces a strange note. “After a week's stay, the King took respectful farewell of his mother the Queen, intending to return to Valladolid.” Immediately after these words the chronicler goes on to speak of the profound sympathy Charles felt for his eleven-year-old sister Catherine, who had lived with her mother ever since birth. There is extant a letter from Ximenes to Charles in which the Archbishop declares: “I have taken Donna Beatriz de Mendozain to the Princess's service, the Princess having asked for this, and finding much pleasure in Beatriz's society, since the two girls are of the same age.” But Vital, eager to insist on the extent of Charles's affection for his sister, writes: “As only companions the lovely Princess had the two elderly women who served her. She spent most of her time at the window watching the people who went to Mass or the children playing on the river bank. She would throw the latter coins that she might induce them to play

close to the window, and thus give her a sense of companionship.”

To relieve Catherine from this tragical situation Charles, before leaving, commissioned Bertrand Plomont, one of his mother's servitors, to kidnap the little girl and bring her to him. It was known that the Queen was passionately attached to the little Infanta, who had been her only consolation during the tedious years of imprisonment, and that Joan would never willingly part from her daughter. It could be foreseen that the child's disappearance would be a terrible blow to her mother, and might cause a return of grave manifestations of mental disorder. Nevertheless, in defiance of the advice of Hernan Duque (who reluctantly complied with the royal command), matters were arranged for the night of March 12th-13th, an escort of numerous ladies and two hundred noblemen being posted on the bridge across the Duero. The only regular access to the Infanta's room was through the Queen's, but on the other side was a little-used passage. Plomont had a hole pierced through the outer wall of this passage, entering at dead of night to carry off the Princess and her ladies.

The girl, who had probably been told of her mother's despair when (ten years earlier) Ferdinand had been removed, wanted to stay in hiding near the palace for a few days, to see how the Queen bore the separation, but this did not suit Charles's plans. Catherine was borne in a litter to Valladolid where, having hitherto had no experiences but those of the secluded life in Tordesillas, she became acclimatised to a glittering court, and was taught to look upon her brother as an exalted being.

Meanwhile at Tordesillas the inevitable happened. Joan told one of her ladies-in-waiting to fetch her *niña*—her little girl. The lady lacked courage to tell the Queen what had happened, and stayed in the inner room, waiting upon events.

Joan, growing impatient, followed her into the inner room, to find the child gone, and discover behind the hangings the hole that had been cut in the passage wall.

The Queen's attendants denied all knowledge of the kidnapping. There, certainly, was the hole, and Catherine had disappeared. She must have been carried off by robbers.

The palace of Tordesillas rang with the shrieks of the agonised mother. She besieged the guards, the servitors, the major-domo with enquiries, but no one could, or would, tell her anything. They were evasive, but one and all begged her to be calm. Realising that, once more, her world had connived against her, that she had been deliberately robbed of her greatest treasure, she had recourse to her only weapon—passive resistance. She swore that she would not eat, would not go to bed, until her darling was restored to her.

For two days and two nights the hunger-strike lasted. Then Plomont thought it expedient to inform the King about the Queen's condition. Thereupon Charles's feigned sympathy for the mother overcame the feigned sympathy for the sister. Telling Catherine it was necessary to return forthwith, he himself brought her back to Tordesillas. As if he had foreseen the course of events, he had meanwhile got together a company of no less than two hundred attendants for the Queen, and took them with him when he returned to Tordesillas.

Once more he presented himself as the affectionate, the devoted son. Here is Laurent Vital's report of his first words: “Madame, I beg you to mourn no longer, for I bear good news of my sister. I have been able to restore her to you.” Before leaving the Netherlands Charles had heard so much about Joan's detestation of the Flamencos that he did not hesitate to lay all the blame on them. “She was taken away from you at the instigation of the princes and gentlemen of Flanders, who were concerned about her manner of life here,

fearing lest she would die if she went on living in an inner room, never going out, seeing no one, and enjoying no relaxation. But that none henceforward shall have any ground for talking scandal about you and my sister, I have, in your honour, provided a royal state such as befits a lady of your quality, and I beg you, if you think proper, to adopt it.

“The Queen was consoled by hearing her son speak thus. Since he had brought her daughter back, she gladly accepted this royal state, and allowed her daughter to play at appropriate times, as the doctors advised. Now, therefore, the Queen was able to keep an appropriate state. For this the King was loved and prized by everyone.”

But in charge of this new state was not the kindly and reasonable Hernan Duque, who had been so much concerned about the Queen's welfare. He was replaced by Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, Marquis of Denia, who was appointed, not this time “major-domo”, but “governor and administrator of the Queen's establishment, with full power to control all persons of the royal household and also the municipal council and the burghers of the town of Tordesillas”. He received his instructions direct from Charles, to whom he was personally responsible.

Thus was Tordesillas removed from the current life of Spain. No unauthorised person was to enter the castle; and everything that happened in the palace or in the town must be reported to the King and submitted to him for approval.

It was in this way that de Chièvres fulfilled the royal pledge to care for João “as befits the Royal Majesty of the Queen and Sovereign Lady of this realm”, and thus the chance of any danger to Charles from Tordesillas was obviated. That danger must really have been “the greatest and chief concern” of Charles and his advisers, for as soon as the Marquis of

“QUEEN AND KING OF CASTILE”

Denia had been suitably instructed and had taken over the reins of office, it was needless for the court to stay any longer at Valladolid. On March 22nd Charles set out for Aragon, where there was to be another act of homage and another vote of supply.



Philip the Handsome
Window from a Flemish Church



CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE SECRET OF TORDESILLAS

JOAN may at first have attached little importance to the change of staff. What did it matter if the Marquis of Denia replaced Hernan Duque as her major-domo? In reality, however, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, Marquis of Denia and Count of Lerma, was most advisedly chosen. There was a good reason for appointing this man to supreme command over town and palace. His advent signified the beginning of a new order at Tordesillas.

True, Charles had appointed a court of two hundred persons to wait upon Joan, but this was merely in ostensible fulfilment of the procurators' demand for befitting state. No more than a few of them, considered to be thoroughly dependable, were to come into actual contact with the Queen. Denia's chief task was to isolate the prisoner. She must not hold communication with anyone who might convey a message to the outer world. To keep her under continuous observation, he arranged for two women to be on guard day and night, one in the room, the other outside the door.

The unceasing supervision so infuriated Joan that on one occasion she threw some pitchers at the women. They fled in alarm—but returned. Denia explained, with due respect, that he had only posted them for the Queen's safety. They must remain on duty as directed. If Her Majesty wanted anything, she had only to issue an order. Then the woman on duty in the room would communicate with the woman on duty outside the door, and her orders would be instantly obeyed.

Joan had been accustomed to attend Mass at Santa Clara, with Hernan Duque in attendance. Now this privilege was

Was there anything in Joan's behaviour that had to be kept secret? Denia complains that she will not go to bed at a regular time, that she neglects her dress, does not take her food properly. These are the old troubles, and only show that the Queen did not accept the new regime unresistingly, but resumed the daily struggle, trying, however vainly, to oppose the coercion that was once more being applied. Surely there could be no reason for making a mystery about this? There was a new element in the trouble. Since she was not allowed to leave the palace for churchgoing, she refused to hear Mass read at all.

Bergenroth, the famous historian, who, during the middle years of the nineteenth century, deciphered the Spanish State-papers of Emperor Charles V's reign, and brought the whole of the before-mentioned correspondence to light, finding that in many of the letters the Marquis referred to the difficulty of getting Joan to attend Mass, declared that she must have been a heretic. But other experts insist that the Queen never ceased to be a good Catholic. However this may be, to fanatical sixteenth-century Spaniards her refusal must have seemed outrageous. But, like the hunger-strikes, it was a reaction against the unwarrantable use of force. What she was at war with the Marquis about, was not the Mass in itself, but the place where she was to attend Mass. If she was forbidden to go to Santa Clara, let her at least be allowed to hear Mass in one of rooms to which, as a rule, she was not permitted access.

It must, then, have been something else which the Marquis wanted to hide from the world's eyes. Again and again came Charles's instructions: "You must neither speak nor write to anyone but myself about matters concerning Her Highness and in communicating with myself you must always make quite sure of your messenger. These things are essential. I know it seems superfluous to insist upon them to so sagacious a person as yourself, and to one so zealous in my services, but

the affair is extremely delicate and touches me closely." Not even Charles's brother Ferdinand was to hear a word of what went on in the palace. Denia is reproved for informing Ferdinand "the Queen is better served than ever", and, to make amends, promises that "even should the Infante Ferdinand remain in this kingdom for a century, I shall not write or utter a word to him about what happens here". The gaoler knows how vital it is "to keep the secret strictly", writes everything with his own hand, and begs for a cipher.

Well, what are these letters about, whether in cipher or plain script? How the Marquis deals with Joan; where the altar is to be installed; that at length she has heard Mass said; Joan's health; the Infanta Catherine's health—the petty happenings of a secluded existence. Now and again we read that the Queen is much interested as to what goes on in the outer world, sometimes conversing with Denia for five or six hours at a stretch about politics and about her imprisonment. The letters relate that she wants to know every detail; what Charles does, and Ferdinand, and her other children; that "she is continually asking for a visit from the *grandees*, whom she wishes to tell her about public affairs". For instance! "She inquired which *grandees* were in this neighbourhood. I answered that some were here, some in Barcelona with Your Majesty, others in Malaga with her father [whose death, it will be remembered, had been kept from Joan] and others at their castles. Then she wanted to know which were in one place and which in another, which with you and which with King Ferdinand. I made up a plausible tale. The conversation lasted more than four hours." In another letter: "She asked me where the Prince [Ferdinand] was. I replied that he was in Aragon, for there had been some scandals there, and His Highness had gone to set matters right. At this she seemed pleased, but turned to the question of being allowed to go out,

wanted to send for the grandees, and used many soft words in the hope of inducing me to comply."

Are these the things that no one must get wind of; the secrets which must be so strictly guarded?—The walls of Tordesillas have no necrophiliac orgies, no heresies to hide, nor yet the hopeless lunacy of the Queen of Spain. News of these would be most useful testimony for Charles. No, but the whole country had been assured that the Queen did not wish to reign; and here she was, showing keen interest in affairs of State. Spain had been told that she was out of her mind and unfit to govern; Charles had had to swear "if at any future time God shall grant health to Queen Donna Juana, I the King will desist from the governance of the kingdom, and no longer style myself King but only Infante of Spain, and thenceforward the Queen shall reign alone". This oath hung over his head like the Sword of Damocles. Queen Joan's mental condition was the perilous secret of Tordesillas.

That explains why no word might transpire about her state of health and her interest in public affairs, no word which might lead the Cortes, the Privy Council, or the grandees to enquire into her state of mind. That explains why Joan was to see no one and be seen by no one. The Marquis writes again and again: "It is out of the question to admit anyone for she is so persuasive; . . . her speeches could soften a stone; . . . so touching are her words that the Marchioness and I find it difficult to withstand them; . . . her complaints fill me with compassion."

Finally this explains why Denia was given such absolute powers at Tordesillas; and why little Catherine, who had her own court and was coming to regard herself as an independent princess, was sharply enjoined by her brother to do as she was bid. "In all matters you must be guided by the advice and opinion of the Marquis of Denia and his lady, for they are shrewd and devoted to our service. They cannot possibly be

mistaken." Denia thanks the King for his trust, writing: "Your Majesty can rest assured that, with God's help, I shall see to it nothing happens which might run counter to your wishes."

The Marquis surrounded the Queen with a network of lies from which there was no escape, and her belief in what he told her must infallibly make any uninstructed stranger regard her as crazy. For (though with difficulty) he actually convinced her that her father King Ferdinand was still alive. "The Queen, our Sovereign Lady, summoned me and told me she had a great grievance against me, for that I had denied the death of our Lord the King. She wished to know the truth, as was proper. I swore that I always had and always would tell her the truth." Joan had no means of learning the truth, since at the palace they were all in a tale. The rumours that, three years before, had reached her in prison, were too tenuous and contradictory to stand up against this concerted falsehood, which was fundamental to the whole web of deceit.

When Joan wanted the grandees to be summoned that she might complain about the state of affairs at Tordesillas, Denia assured her that this would only waste their time and hers. There was nothing to be done. As King Ferdinand had decided, so would it be. Whatever disturbed and afflicted her, happened "in accordance with His Majesty's wishes". No money ever passed through her hands. When she asked for some, Denia assured her that the treasurer received only what was necessary for her upkeep and that of those who waited on her. If she wanted more, she must apply to King Ferdinand. He wrote to Charles: "She is so fond of her father that she bears her lot far more patiently than she would if she knew him to be dead; and besides, that she should believe him to be alive is advantageous to Your Majesty in various other ways." Now the Marquis enlarged upon his lies. Charles's main reason for coming to Spain had been to help Joan; it

was her son who had managed to secure that she should keep up this royal state, but could not get all his wishes for her carried into effect. But his will was undaunted, and he went on trying.—The result was that Joan's servants were beginning to report how fond his mother was of Charles and that she often asked after him.

Soon another ghost began to walk in Denia's conversations—Emperor Maximilian, who died on January 12, 1519. Six months later Charles was elected Emperor. This seemed to the Marquis a good reason for telling Joan that Maximilian had abdicated and had secured Charles's election as successor. Joan was incredulous, declaring that Charles would not have been Emperor unless Maximilian were dead. "No," insisted Denia, "what I have told you is true, and you ought to write a letter to thank your father-in-law for his kindness to your son." As usual, the Queen was suspicious when categorically asked to do anything, and would concede no more than that the Marquis was to write to Maximilian in her name. "Upon so great a matter, no subject can act for Your Highness. You must write yourself." Then, when she went on asking for the grandees, and wished to issue a circular convening them, he said, No, "Madam, since you will not write to the King your father nor to His Majesty the Emperor, you shall not write to anyone."

What he wanted was to secure a holograph letter to the dead King Ferdinand asking for money, and another to the dead Emperor Maximilian thanking him for making over the Empire to her son—for these would be unassailable proofs of insanity.

While hatching such plots, he wrote to Charles: "Your Majesty must believe me when I assure you that her words might move stones. But I alone know this, and no one else must know it except those whom Your Highness can trust as he trusts me."

The gaoler's testimony gives the lie to the chroniclers' assertion that Joan was mad. But there were State reasons for declaring her insane, and the net of falsehood was so fine-meshed that for centuries to come she was regarded as a lunatic simply because she struggled against her fate and tried to break prison.


Often she felt that under this regime her mental powers were failing. Denia wrote: "She implored me to write to the King her father and tell him she could no longer endure the life she is leading, and that he has kept her prisoned such a long, long time. She is his daughter, and he ought to show love for her by treating her better. It is only reasonable that she should want to live somewhere in closer touch with public affairs." On another occasion she had been thinking about the days when there was still a *grandees'* party which wanted to set her on the throne. The Marquis reported faithfully to Charles: "I had just finished writing the above when the Queen our Sovereign lady summoned me to ask me to write to the King her father begging him to treat her better, for she would never fail in respect for him, as many of the *grandees* of the kingdom might."

Thus did she command and beg, complain and threaten, implore and rage. When her nerves gave way, as they sometimes did, there would be outbursts of passion, which Denia reported no less faithfully. But every attempt she made to receive visitors or appear in public was frustrated, "with all due respect".

Her existence dragged on in this hopeless isolation. Day followed day without her learning a word about what went on in the outer world. She did not know that, amid the tribulations which the foreign dominion had brought upon the country, the name of the Prisoner of Tordesillas had become the symbol of right and of justice, or that, in the popular imagination, she stood for the shield and protectress of Spain.

THE SECRET OF TORDESILLAS

But at length this Spain, which was maltreated, tricked, and deceived like Joan, revolted against its tormentors, to break the walls of silence and forgetfulness which surrounded Tordesillas, in the hope of liberating its Queen and setting her on her throne.



CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

INSURRECTION

WHEN Charles entered into his Spanish heritage, it was only to be expected that the establishment of a foreign dominion over Spain would be signalised by a struggle between the Spanish grandees and the alien nobles who arrived with the King and were thrust (or thrust themselves into) the leading positions. But the long reign of the Catholic monarchs, followed by the rule of Ferdinand alone and then by the regency of Ximenes de Cisneros, had broken the proud spirit of the Spanish aristocracy, and the Netherlanders were shrewd enough to adopt a policy which made the native territorial magnates subservient. Prominent Spaniards were ceremoniously invested with the coveted Order of the Golden Fleece, Charles squandered among them the supplies that were lavishly voted, corrupted them by the pomp of his court and the hope of yet more splendid advantages, and was thus able to induce these proud performers to play second fiddle. It was not upon their shoulders that the burden of foreign rule pressed. Their withers were unwrung. The towns had to pay the piper, it was the burghers from whom de Chièvres exacted the money he wanted, and more money and yet more. Hence it was the Third Estate, hitherto the most loyal section of the population, which, after two years, raised the standard of revolt against the aliens whose rule the aristocracy, suborned and hoodwinked, had complacently accepted. The burghers, the Commons, fought in defence of their rights.

De Chièvres had not kept so much as one of the promises made at Valladolid. The Infante Ferdinand, popular among all

classes because he had been born in Spain, was packed off to the Netherlands. The appointment of young Guillaume de Croy, a minor who had never set foot on Spanish soil, as Archbishop of Toledo and Primate was confirmed. Offices and dignities were continually being sold to Netherlanders, who redispensed of them to the highest bidder; and when Sauvage, Chancellor of Castile, died of the plague, his successor was not a Spaniard, but Mercurio Gattinara, a Piedmontese. The Netherlanders farmed out the taxes and the customs dues; de Chièvres got possession of almost all the minted gold, and sequestered one hundred and sixty pounds of pearls which had arrived from the Americas.

From the ports of Spain ship after ship was now being dispatched, under royal warrant, laden with Charles's gold, his silver, his valuable mules and horses. They were consigned to foreign destinations. Wealth flowed out of the kingdom, not only into the treasury at Brussels, but into the private coffers of the Flemish ministers of State. Their womenfolk got together the most costly stuffs, jewels, embroideries, and what not, which they conveyed abroad. But the greatest of all affronts to Spanish pride was that these foreign bloodsuckers were no more grateful than the Spaniards themselves were to the natives who were being plundered in the Americas, and actually spoke of Spaniards derisively as "Indios".

Sandoval writes: "They thought so little of the Spaniards that they treated them as slaves, ordered them about like beasts, made free of their houses, lay with their wives, and robbed them of their goods. No Spaniard thus wronged could secure justice."

Discontent steadily grew. But de Chièvres, far from heeding the public temper, intensified the harshness of his spoliative system, for after Maximilian's death early in 1519, he needed more Spanish funds in support of Charles's candidature. It was necessary to over-reach the two most dangerous rivals, Francis I

and Henry VIII, to buy the votes of the seven Electors, to ensure the good will of the Pope.

On June 29th the election took place at Frankfort. Thanks to the stream of Spanish gold, at nineteen Charles became Holy Roman Emperor, and henceforward had little interest in the wishes or welfare of his Spanish subjects upon whose loyalty, funds, and other resources depended the realisation of the Habsburg dream of world empire.

Charles was elected Emperor before he had been universally recognised as king in his hereditary dominions. Now it was his duty to God and his fellow-men to establish a universal realm, and by divine right he should put himself at the head of united Christendom; and yet here in the south he was becoming entangled in petty Spanish affairs. The Cortes of Aragon declared that he must either secure Joan's approval of whatever he enacted, or else produce proof of her insanity. The Catalans refused to swear fealty to him so long as Joan was alive, and would not even acknowledge his right to summon the Catalanian Cortes. Weeks of discussion were needed, and the utmost use of de Chièvres' diplomatic arts, before these stubborn dissentients agreed to accept him as joint sovereign with his mother, and to vote supply.

His election as Emperor served only to increase difficulties and stimulate resistance. To the Spaniards their King's promotion seemed not an honour but a misfortune, for it would impose fresh burdens and demand new sacrifices, would involve them in German and Italian complications. They noticed that Charles kept away from Valencia, though there, too, his reign should have been formally inaugurated. To the Castilian procurators who complained of the exactions of his officials he explained that he was too busy to attend to their affairs. They must wait till he got back to Castile. But when he did come, it was only to depart as soon as he could. Contrary to custom he summoned the Cortes to the remote

province of Galicia, whence he proposed to take ship for the Netherlands; and it was an open secret that his sole object in calling it was to levy additional taxes.

Only on his way through Valladolid did Charles become plainly aware of the mood that now prevailed in the towns. A number of procurators had assembled there, with a fixed resolve to lay a statement of grievances before the Emperor.

When they begged for an audience they were again told that Charles was too busy, and that they would be able to present their petition when the Cortes assembled in Galicia.

But the time for promises and procrastinations was over, and the procurators' patience was exhausted. They said that the day was too rainy for him to start, and that the welfare of the realm made it essential for him to wait and hear their statement. Charles realised that he must grant some concession, so he said he would hear them at Tordesillas, where he intended to break the journey.

Although they accepted this compromise, the news that the King had refused to hear the statement of grievances in Valladolid spread like wildfire through the town. Soon rumour declared that Charles was only going to Tordesillas in order to take his mother the Queen away with him out of Spain, and had summoned the Cortes to far-off Santiago in order there to force the consent of the procurators to whatever the monarch proposed. De Chièvres was at the bottom of these intrigues—De Chièvres who had come to Spain as a pauper knight and was leaving it as the richest man in the world. Malcontents began to assemble in the squares and at street corners. The tocsin was sounded, the citizens took up arms and in a trice there were five or six thousand men ready to storm the palace and, as Sandotal reports, "to kill the Flamencos and seize the King's person, lest he should depart".

"Long live the King, Don Carlos. Death to the evil counsellors", were the rallying cries which alarmed the Nether-



Charles V
in youth

landers. Hastily they marshalled the royal guard; then, when a tremendous downpour had cleared the streets of the rioters, the "Flamencos", with Charles in their midst, set out in the rain.

Some of the populace had taken shelter in the arched gateway of the town. When they saw that the King was escaping, they tried to shut the gate. There was a hand-to-hand fight between soldiers and mob, in which the former got the upper hand, and forced a passage. In headlong flight, Charles and his train reached Tordesillas the same day.

If the Emperor had really intended to carry off his mother, the ebullition of popular feeling made him think better of it. He stayed only one day at Tordesillas, and we do not know whether he saw or conversed with Joan. Then he made all speed to Santiago.

Here he opened the Cortes, explained how important, how indispensable, it was for him to go to Germany, and asked for 400,000 ducats to defray the expenses of the journey. But so unpopular by now had he become that many of the procurators declined to take the customary oath of allegiance, and refused to vote supply. Thereupon de Chièvres induced his master to remove the assembly to Corunna, whence he and his train could take ship at a moment's notice.

The procurators of Toledo and Salamanca, who had refused to swear fealty, were excluded; and de Chièvres got to work upon the other malcontents with promises and bribes until, in the end, supply was voted by a majority of one.

Before matters were thus settled in Corunna, open revolt broke out in Toledo, the old capital of Castile.

Charles was for starting at once upon a punitive expedition, but de Chièvres, who realised the commanding position and military strength of Toledo, overruled him. It would be far from easy to bludgeon the place into submission, and failure would mean the end of royal authority in Spain. Other towns

would join forces with Toledo. The Netherlanders would find themselves far from any seaport in the middle of a rebellious land, and the Chancellor was under no illusions as to the steady decline in his master's popularity during the two and a half years that had elapsed since the arrival in Spain. It would be better to abandon the country altogether than to embark on so desperate a venture. They had got all they could out of Spain. Now nothing could be done unless the Flemings were prepared to fulfil obligations. As a prime condition for the vote of travelling expenses it had been agreed that during the King's absence from the country the Regent should be a Spaniard—and thereupon a Netherlander, Cardinal Adrian, had been appointed! De Chièvres' opinion was that, far from setting out to attack Toledo, they had better take ship as soon as possible. At the very moment when insurrection was raising its head in Spain, Charles, then twenty years of age, quitted Spanish soil to assume the imperial crown.

To begin with, this revolt consisted of a number of detached local risings. The towns regarded the procurators, when they returned after voting funds for the departing monarch, as no better than traitors to their country. Segovia hanged its deputies out of hand. Those of Zamora, since they were prudent enough to keep away, were burned in effigy while their houses went up in flames and their property was confiscated. In various other towns, the King's governors and minor officials were expelled, and the taxes, instead of being forwarded to the Regent, were impounded. Toledo, Segovia, Zamora, Madrid, Guadalajara, Avila, Soria, and Toro took up arms.

The movement spread like a flame. Spanish fury, once unchained, knew no bounds. Charles sailed from Corunna on May 20th. A month later, fifteen cities had formed a league, the rebellion being led by municipal magnates, members of the patrician families, judges, lawyers, priests and even bishops, noted merchants. After another month there was formed at

Avila the Santa Junta de las Comunidades—The Holy League of the Corporations—which deposed the Regent and announced itself to be the highest authority in the land. The corporations or communes sent troops to the Junta, and Juan de Padilla, an able young soldier, one of the leaders of the insurrection in Toledo, placed himself at the head of the Comuneros, as the insurgents were called. Even now the movement was loyal to the monarchy, its war-cry being: "Comunidad! Long live the King and Queen. Down with the evil ministers!"

But the King was far away, in foreign parts. Most of the "evil ministers" were with him, to give him the same advice as before; while some of them, who had stayed behind in Spain, were still foreign bloodsuckers. Under their prompting, Cardinal Adrian tried the effect of ruthless repression, and thus drove the vacillating moderates into the ranks of the armed opposition.

Soon the whole country was in an uproar. But amid the general disturbance it became evident that one name, one alone, was the symbol of authority, the name of Joan, rightful Queen but wrongfully imprisoned at Tordesillas.

The Junta issued a proclamation to the effect that the Comuneros had risen "in the service of the Queen Donna Juana", to set her free and restore her to the realities of sovereignty. On the other side, the members of the royal government, fully aware of the danger of this movement and their own impotence, forgot their contention that the Queen was hopelessly insane, and turned to her that they might steal a march on the Comuneros and enjoy the weight of her authority. No less a person than Bishop Rojas, President of the Privy Council of Castile, came to Tordesillas, begged audience of Joan, and asked her to issue an edict "against those who have taken up arms". For nothing but an edict signed by the woman whom three Kings, her husband, her father, and her son, had declared insane and kept under restraint could

appeal to the Spanish people with the prestige which the extant royal government had forfeited.

As always when we have first-hand reports of Joan's behaviour on such occasions of direct contact with the public, we are told that she was dignified and most eminently reasonable. Years of loneliness and rigorous imprisonment made no difference in this respect, however sudden the emergency and however desperate.

Joan had just had a formidable scene with Denia. She had asked him to open a locked door at the end of the passage in which the altar stood. The Marquis refused, saying he saw no need for it. She burst into a rage, and (according to Denia's report to Charles) overwhelmed him with abuse. Now to her, who had not even the right to get a passage door opened at will, there came the President of the Privy Council asking her to issue an edict to the Spanish realm, and assuring her: "With this edict Your Highness will work a greater miracle than those of St. Francis, for, under God, the salvation of this Kingdom lies in your hands alone."

Improbable, nay incredible, though this request and this assurance must have seemed to the astonished Queen; the information conveyed by it was yet more astounding. True, her son was Emperor, as she had been told; but Emperor Maximilian was dead, her father Ferdinand had died more than four years ago, and her son Charles was reigning King of Spain where she should rule by right.

"Believe me, Bishop, that what I now see and hear is like a dream", she said, overwhelmed by this information. "For sixteen years I have been deceived and ill-treated, for nearly twelve I have been penned up here in Tordesillas, and among the liars who surround me the worst is the Marquis of Denia."

But the Marquis was an adaptable man, and was ready to meet the emergency. "It is true, Señora, that I deceived you, but I only did so for your good, in the hope of curing your

disorder. It is true that your father is dead, and I myself accompanied his body to the tomb."

In face of the news the Bishop brought, how could the Queen dilate on personal grievances? How could she talk about the way she was treated, when the President of the Privy Council came to tell her of the treatment the realm was suffering at the hands of men who hanged procurators, set fire to houses, wanted to arrest all the members of the Privy Council, and become rulers themselves in the King's stead? . . . But why had things come to this pass? Why had not the privy councillors applied to her long before, since the kingdom was hers, and an edict signed by her would work a miracle? . . . Caution awoke in her. They approached her in so summary a fashion, took her by surprise, wanted her to decide without due reflection, when dazed by totally unexpected tidings. Of course she would do what was best for Spain, but she must think matters over first. So she said: "Retire, and come again to-morrow."

Next day they returned, and the Queen was ready to issue an edict against the insurrectionists, to assert her governmental authority in the way thought expedient by her Privy Council. But Denia had made no preparations for this momentous act. He supposed that Joan would merely have to sign a paper and would then be recommitted to his charge as prisoner. The only chair in the room was the one for the Queen, and the Bishop felt it incumbent on him to emphasise the importance of the occasion, saying: "Señora, the Council must not be treated in this ignominious way."

Joan commanded that other seats should be brought, and her orders were promptly obeyed. The servitors hastened to bring chairs. But the Queen, also wishing to assert her dignity, said: "No, not chairs; bring a bench. Thus was it in the lifetime of the Queen, my mother. A chair for the Bishop alone."

Sixteen years had been wiped away. Things were to be taken

up at the point they had reached "in the lifetime of the Queen, my mother."

The sittings began, and Joan awaited proposals. But now it appeared that the councillors themselves had not decided what sort of edict they wanted the Queen to issue. Six hours' discussion followed as to the best way of restoring order in the land. Then Joan was tired, and told the councillors to return to Valladolid. There, in full council with the Regent, they were to decide upon the exact wording of the decree they wanted her to sign. When of one mind, let them come again.

The delegation went back to Valladolid—and found that the time for deliberation was over. A storm of agitation was sweeping over the country on account of Medina del Campo.

In those days Medina del Campo was one of the richest towns in Spain, a favourite resort of the kings. Fairs were held there for the disposal of fine cloth, rich brocade, costly tapestries. Its jewelers, goldsmiths, and silversmiths were famous. Ximenes de Cisneros' foresight had made him concentrate a big park of artillery in this wealthy trading centre. That was the town's doom. The royal troops demanded the surrender of the guns. The burghers refused. Thereupon Medina del Campo was taken by storm, plundered, and burned. Nine hundred houses are said to have been reduced to ashes, and of the accumulated stores not a jot remained. So drastic was the destruction that the place was not rebuilt, and became of no importance.

This brutality gave the signal for the generalisation of civil war. Valladolid and Burgos declared in favour of the Comuneros; the revolt spread to the southern provinces, delegates being sent from Jaen, Murcia, and Seville to the Junta in Avila. The towns closed their gates against the royal mercenaries, and were ready to defend themselves to the last.

The movement extended to Tordesillas. Thrice the burghers

sent a message to the Comuneros, telling these: "If you wish to fulfil your duties to the Queen you must hasten here for the welfare of the realm to save Her Highness's Royal Person from being seized by the tyrants and disturbers of the peace, who have already been to negotiate with her."

The result was that the army of the Junta came to Tordesillas, and the leader sent envoys to the Queen, announcing its arrival (August 29, 1520).

In the palace they were still expecting the return of the members of the Privy Council. Although Denia was now singing rather small, he had by no means abandoned his role of supreme commander of the palace and the town. But instead of the emissaries of the royal government, there had arrived these rebels, the Comuneros, provided with artillery, and in league with the burghers, so that there could be no question of resistance. The Marquis retired into the background, and it was the Queen who issued instructions that the rebel chief should be informed of her willingness to receive him. These were the men who had "taken up arms and hanged the procurators", and against whom she was expected to issue an edict—but Joan was not alarmed, for she was Queen, and they were her own Castilians.

To the accompaniment of gunshot salutes and a fanfare of trumpets, amid the acclamations of the populace, the soldiers of the Holy League entered Tordesillas and defiled in front of the palace, where the Queen stood on the veranda to watch the march-past. Many of the chroniclers declare that she herself summoned the officers from one of the windows. Anyhow Joan received the commander, asked him who he was and what his aims.

No doubt she was surprised by the answers. The young officer who kneeled before her, Juan Lopez de Padilla, was son of that Pedro Lopez de Padilla who had once been procurator of Toledo, and in her mother's time Captain General

of Castile, the man who, fourteen years before on the church-tower of Mucientes, had stood out against the Archbishop of Toledo and Don Juan Manuel when they wanted him to consent to the Queen's being put under restraint as insane. Now young Juan de Padilla declared: "Señora, I have come with the people of Toledo to serve you, as my father served your mother Queen Isabella, to fulfil your commands, and to die (if God wills) in your cause."

Were these the rebels who had declared themselves rulers in the King's stead?

She let him speak unhindered, and his words were an impassioned protest against injustice. He told her what had happened in Spain since Ferdinand's death, how Charles had appeared in the land with a pack of foreign ministers to plunder and humiliate Spain; how the only answer to complaints had been renewed oppression and further extortion; how that now the towns had risen in revolt and the whole kingdom was aflame.

Joan was stupefied as she listened. For sixteen years she had been secluded, had been told no word about what was going on in the land; and if any did come to her from the outer world, as recently the President of the Privy Council, it was not to tell her the truth, but to deceive her and cozen her into misguided action.

"We have united to serve and defend Your Highness. Tell us your wishes, and, whatever they are, they shall be done", announced Juan de Padilla. This was no formal protestation, for he went on to ask: "Does Your Highness command us to stay here in your service?"

This time Joan did not hesitate. Certainly, let them stay here in her service, Padilla and his soldiers. She appointed him Captain General, as his father had been Isabella's, saying: "Keep me informed about everything, and make sure that things shall go better in the land." Next day Joan announced

that the aims of the Junta were just and righteous. Its members were to come to Tordesillas, "that I may take counsel with them, and decide what is needful in my kingdoms. I shall rejoice at the good that is done, shall myself see to essentials, and hope that (God willing) all will go well. . . . Had I known of my father's death, I should long ago have taken order to avert these ills."

Like lightning the news spread through the kingdoms: "The Queen is well and will reign. She has been kept prisoner by force. The Junta has set her free, and she recognises the Junta"—a miracle it seemed, that after so many years of seclusion from men and affairs, "the Queen should now emerge in full possession of her faculties to rule these kingdoms." The insurgents were jubilant; the supporters of King Charles correspondingly depressed.

It was on August 29, 1520, that Juan de Padilla entered Tordesillas. On the 30th he sent the glad tidings to the Junta, and the very next day, the 31st, Cardinal Adrian wrote to Charles: "Your cause in this kingdom seems lost, unless God specially intervene to restore order."

On September 4th the Regent writes again: "The worst of it is that in all they do the rebels claim the authority of the Queen, our Sovereign Lady, as a person in her right mind and fully competent to rule, whereby they deprive Your Majesty of his authority. Indeed, it is hardly proper to call them rebels, since they obey her royal commands." The Junta, said Adrian, had summoned to Tordesillas the procurators who had been at Corunna, and would hold them to account for their actions. "It would appear," writes Adrian, "that they intend to issue other edicts: one dismissing the members of the Privy Council, another that no foreigner shall be invested with governmental authority, another that no Spanish money shall be sent abroad, etc. If so, people are saying that, as a sequel, the whole country will renounce

obedience to Your Majesty, and obey only the Queen our Sovereign Lady—for (they declare) she could not govern worse than Your Majesty.” The veil which had hidden Tordesillas was rent. “Almost all the officials and servants of the Queen our Sovereign Lady insist that wrong has been done to Her Highness by keeping her under restraint for fourteen years on the pretext that she was insane, whereas throughout she has been as perfectly sane as she was at the time of her marriage.” Then comes an outspoken warning, to close a letter which has already been remarkably frank: “The prospect is not one of mere financial loss, but of utter and permanent ruin. If matters continue on their present course my position as Regent will be a sinecure, for there is not one of the towns which I shall be able to hold.”

Writing at the same date to Lope Hurtado de Mendoza, Adrian is even more explicit: “The officials and servants of the Queen openly declare that her father and her son tyrannously kept her under restraint, and that she is no less competent to reign now than she was at the age of fifteen or than Queen Isabella was at any time.”

But are there not inconsistencies here? We are in 1520. Joan has been eleven years at Tordesillas, but no one talks of “eleven years”. The servants speak of “fourteen years’ imprisonment”; she herself, on one occasion, of “sixteen”. Fourteen years back, Philip had died, and the testimony of the servants shows that from the date of her husband’s death, throughout the period when the legend was concreting, Joan was kept prisoner by her father’s orders. Sixteen years before, Isabella had died. That was when Philip began to fight Ferdinand for the possession of Joan’s realm; and it was from her mother’s death that the unhappy Queen herself dated her imprisonment, which was bequeathed from enemy to enemy until at length the Spanish people set her free. Adrian writes: “Seeing that henceforward everything will

be done by the Queen's authority, my presence in these kingdoms can only serve to increase contumely and disgrace, and I propose, with Your Highness's approval and God's blessing, to return to Flanders."

The die was cast. Joan was Queen. Her son had lost his Spanish throne. . . .

But at this juncture the Comuneros made a fatal blunder. Though they instituted an enquiry as to the way in which the Queen had been treated, examined the servants and recorded the testimony, and kept Denia "practically a prisoner", they left the personnel of Joan's "court" unchanged—with the result that Adrian was kept fully informed about what went on at Tordesillas, and could take measures accordingly. From the outset his tools got to work upon Joan. Her confessor and the other priests who came into contact with her, men whom she had trusted for years, did their utmost to inspire suspicion of the "rebels". She was urged to be cautious, to await events. Above all, she must sign nothing, lest her name be misused.

To win her support, the Comuneros had told her that the members of the royal government wanted to carry her off by force and separate her from her daughter. Now her confessor swore that this was a falsehood, reminded her that Charles had himself brought back Catherine, and insisted that none of the King's servants would dare to disobey his orders. Joan was persuaded that even her professed liberators had lied to her, and she began to doubt their good faith.

Too late did the Comuneros realise that the Queen's manner towards them was different, that underground influences must be at work to cause estrangement. They arrested some priests and servants, and on September 20th removed Denia from Tordesillas, but three irrevocable weeks had been lost.

Nevertheless once more, when on September 24th the Junta at length assembled at Tordesillas to hear the Queen's

commands and carry on the government in her name, it seemed as if the Leaguers had won.

The procurators repeated Juan de Padilla's asseverations of August 29th: "We are full of distress on account of the imprisonment and oppression to which Your Highness has been subjected. We are ready to lay down our lives for you. All the kingdoms wish to obey and serve you, and see you as Queen and Sovereign at their head. . . . We beg you to seize the reins of government, for no one in the world can forbid or hinder this. . . . After King Ferdinand's death, Spain has suffered grievous harm since Charles came into the land attended by those foreigners whom Your Highness knows better than anyone else."

The Queen's answer is one of the most affecting documents ever penned, simple, straightforward, and stirring in its psychological appeal. Since her mother's death she had been prisoned, spied upon, cut off from the outer world. Now, at forty, when she had spent nearly half her life in seclusion, she was told about the injuries sustained by her realm. She did not whine about the coercion to which she had been subjected, but, as the heiress of Isabella and Queen of Spain, felt personally responsible for what had been going on. Not for a moment did she try to blame others, but laboured only to find an excuse for not having exercised the powers of the station to which God called her.

Here are the words of her answer to the assembled procurators:

"After it pleased God, Gentlemen, to recall to Himself the Catholic Queen, my mother, I continued to obey the King, my Lord and Father, honouring him as my father and the husband of the Queen my Sovereign Lady. While he lived, I was without care, knowing that none would dare to do evil. Later, when I learned that it has pleased God to summon him also, I was so deeply grieved that I did not desire to

know of his death, and wished him still alive, for his life was so much more important than my own. But when, in the end, I was forced to believe him dead, I wished I had known it earlier, that I might have redressed all wrongs, so far as in me lay. Deeply do I love my people, so that any hurt and any wrong done to my people afflicts me as if done to myself. But I have been surrounded by wicked persons who have continually lied to me, deceiving me by double tongues, though I always wished to be where I could do the tasks incumbent on me. Still, inasmuch as the King, my Lord and father, had placed me here (I know not whether because of her who took the place of the Queen my mother, or for some other reason which must have been known to His Highness), I could not do it."

She must long have wondered why her father had shut her up in Tordesillas. Philip and Ximenes had both wished to confine her in a fortress, but that was because they wanted to filch her realm, her governmental authority. As far as her father was concerned, she herself had made over the kingdom and its rule to Ferdinand. During the years of isolation she had come to suspect Germaine, who had given birth to a son a month after Joan was put under restraint, and had later come to visit Joan in the hope of learning the secret of Joan's fertility. It seemed incredible that her father, whom she tenderly loved, and whom she believed to reciprocate her affection, could on his own initiative have treated her so harshly, and it therefore appeared to her most likely that Germaine was to blame—from jealousy and covetousness.

The next invasion of the outer world into her life was that of de Chièvres. Her answer to the procurators proceeds as follows:

"When I learned that the foreigners had come to Castile, I was greatly distressed, but I believed them to have come on account of my children's affairs. This, however, was not so."

Her desperate fight against Philip, at first in the Netherlands and then in Spain, had been waged to save Spain from being ruled by a Flamenco. On this account she had sacrificed her freedom and her love. Now she learned that the very thing she had striven to hinder, had nevertheless taken place. Her proud Spanish blood awoke in the Queen, and she spoke scornfully to the Leaguers who, though of late in revolt, had tacitly accepted the foreign dominion.

"I am much astonished that you did not take vengeance on those who did you this wrong. Everyone who wished was entitled to do so, for as I delight in good, so do I hate evil."

Still, these men had come to her that she might work a change, and so praise followed blame: "I rejoice to know that you wish to repair the evil that has been done, and I charge you to do this. If you fail to do so, your consciences will prick you. For my own part, I shall do my utmost, here or wherever I may be." But, aware that events may be too strong for her, and knowing that her powers are impaired, she makes a reservation: "If I am unable to work so vigorously as I could wish, this is only because it may take me some time to regain strength, and find consolation for the death of the King my lord and father. But as soon as I have done this, I shall take order."

The procurators were immediately to choose four men from among themselves, whom she would be ready to receive at any time.

To Charles's secret adherents this seemed so dangerous that they tried to blunt its edge forthwith. Risking the dangers of showing his cards, Juan de Avila, her confessor, interposed: "Perhaps Your Majesty will see them once a week?"

But the Queen was not prepared to accept any prompting: "I shall see them every day, and at any time that may seem necessary I shall converse with them and do whatever I can," she tartly rejoined.

After this long impromptu speech, and when Joan had shown her readiness, not only to take up the reins of government but to be perpetually at the disposal of the Junta, the Leaguers believed themselves to have attained the goal of their wishes. The only matter still unsettled was whether they were to issue their edicts exclusively in Joan's name or in the joint names of Joan and Charles.—But while they were debating this, their adversaries got to work. Charles had appointed the Admiral and the Constable, the chief dignitaries of Castile, as Co-Regents. The news reached Adrian on September 30th.

At one stroke the situation was changed. Hitherto the grandees had been neutral, and many of them secretly sympathised at first with the insurgents; but the Comuneros' determination to withdraw certain privileges, exclude them from various offices, and tax the big estates, tended to turn the sentiment of the nobles in favour of the Crown. But when the two most important grandees of Castile were appointed Regents, the knighthood in general began to rally to the same cause.

So far, the Junta had encountered no serious resistance. Now it was faced by the knighthood, the ancient foe of the towns and the burghers. The chief argument of the insurgents, that Spain was ruled by a foreigner, was no longer valid. Worse still was that though the Leaguers governed in the Queen's name, having declared that the Queen was perfectly well and that she sanctioned their authority—they had no signature of Joan's to confirm this assertion.

Adrian wrote to Charles: "If they can show the Queen's signature, only one, the whole realm will be lost, and will renounce allegiance to Your Majesty."

The main object of the Cardinal's agents was to prevent any such signature. They never ceased trying to foster Joan's suspicion of the insurgents. "What sort of fellows are these

who come to see you, and wish to rule the country in your name? Lawyers, traders, and handicraftsmen." The procurators of the Third Estate had, indeed, to be asked to vote supply, but they had no right to govern. From earliest childhood Joan had seen the monarch surrounded by persons of title. He ruled with the aid of the nobles, whose business it was to prevent his making mistakes. When Philip wanted to shut her up in a fortress, the *grandees* had forced him to refrain. When she found her imprisonment intolerable, she sent for the *grandees* that she might complain. But it was unthinkable that a Queen should ignore the nobles and rule by joining forces with the Third Estate.

The supreme tragedy of her life was that at its most decisive hour she was placed in a situation where nothing but a revolutionary deed could have saved her. But how could she, whose leading wish had ever been that things should remain as they were when her mother lived, grasp that nothing could ensure her freedom, render her queenship actual, and fix the crown firmly on her head, but to make the Third Estate supreme over the nobility? This was the only thing that could save her, and it had to be done then and there; but she let the chance slip, and therewith destroyed both herself and her would-be liberators.

The brief struggle for the command of Joan's will, waged in the palace of Tordesillas between the Junta and the Regent, was more important to the fate of Spain than the fight that was going on elsewhere throughout the country, and it decided the upshot for many decades. The *Comuneros* had excogitated a peculiar constitution, which would enable them to issue decrees in Joan's name. They read to the Queen a list of the measures and laws they considered requisite, and asked her if she approved them. In that case her approval would be recorded in due form of law and promulgated as a royal edict. For this they must have her signature. Then the country

would be convinced that the Queen was ruling through the Junta, and that resistance would signify disobedience to the actual ruler of Spain, at length set free and restored to the throne.

The Leaguers could not induce her to sign. No matter what arguments they brought forward, Joan's priests and servants, reinforced by Adrian's spies, implored her for the sake of Spain to be careful, to wait till she had a chance of discussing matters with the members of the Privy Council and with the grandees who were getting together that they might come to Tordesillas as soon as possible.

The Junta understood that it was reasonable for Joan to wish to hear the views of some leading person in the royal government, and then form an opinion of her own. They invited Cardinal Adrian to visit Tordesillas, where they would have a joint discussion about the measures to be adopted—but Adrian declined.

Joan tried on her own account to send a messenger to the Privy Council; and when the Comuneros urged her to sign she said she must await the coming of her councillors, who would countersign the document, for that was the way of things under Queen Isabella. In fact, Adrian's agents did not allow the messenger to depart—and even had he gone, the Privy Councillors would not have come. Nor did Joan believe the Comuneros when they assured her, as they did very often, that these same councillors were mainly responsible for the country's misfortunes.

Her faith in the men who had possessed her parents' confidence was inviolable. Once she had been informed that the knights who were gathering to oppose the Junta were led by the Admiral and the Constable, Adrian could with full assurance write to Charles that his mother had not signed anything, nor would sign.

Vainly did the Comuneros protest that the Admiral had

refused the proffered regency; and that the Constable was not "her Constable", the proud and upright Bernaldino de Velasco, who had died years ago, but his brother Iñigo. She answered: "Neither would Bernaldino's brother do anything wrong."

Her doubts as to the uprightness of the men of the Junta and as to the justice of their accusations continually increased. If Spain had really been groaning under a foreign yoke, the grandees, as she knew them, would have been the first to rebel, the grandees who stiffened their necks before their own King when their honour or independence was at stake. Now it was these Comuneros who were accusing the King, for they declared that Charles "had done much harm in the kingdom".

Joan angrily defended her son, saying that he could not be to blame, being still too young to understand the significance of his doings. The procurators were responsible, for they had assented to everything. When they accused Charles of usurping the royal title, the outraged mother said: "Don't try to sow dissension between me and my son. What is mine, is his."

She had utterly lost confidence in the Junta. Knowing that she had merely to hold out till the grandees arrived, she put off these bothersome Comuneros with one wile after another. She complained of her servingwomen. If they were removed, she would sign in four days. All but one of them were cleared out; four days elapsed, and she did not sign. There was no great hurry about the edict, she said. She was going to leave Tordesillas, and see things for herself; must have first-hand knowledge before she would sign anything.

The Comuneros tried wiles in their turn. One night an alarm was raised in the palace. The members of the Junta arrived breathless, to say that the Constable was besieging the town. She must immediately sign an order directing him to

lay down his arms. Joan refused. Let them tell the Constable from her not to raise a disturbance. She would receive him in the morning. Next morning, of course, no Constable appeared. Adrian's servants told the Queen the Comuneros had tried to trick her, and her resistance stiffened.

The Junta could do nothing, and looked on in impotent wrath while the knights got together and formed a steadily increasing army. The government raised money on loan from Portugal and Genoa, and busily recruited mercenaries. The Admiral and the Constable negotiated with various towns that were disposed to break away from the Holy League. The movement was crumbling, simply because of the mulishness of the woman whom the Comuneros had set free, and who had so unreasonably turned against her liberators, her only faithful subjects, eager to restore her to the throne.

They tried strong measures. Joan was told that she would not be allowed to leave the palace until she had signed. She retired to her own room, and for several days would see no one.

By the Junta's orders, no food was brought to her, but these coercive tactics had never yet broken her resistance.

In despair the Comuneros now announced that the Queen, whose health and fitness to reign they had, not long before, so joyfully proclaimed, had fallen sick. They summoned doctors to cure her body, and clerical exorcists to expel the evil spirits that had taken possession of her mind. Neither priests nor laymen were of any avail. The Queen becoming really ill, did not eat and could not sleep. A rumour, diligently fostered by the grandees and by Adrian's tools, spread through the country that the Junta had imprisoned Joan, and that her life was in danger.

The position had been inverted. It was now the royal government that voiced the slogan: "Set the Queen free."

Charles wrote: "I can find no words to express my indignation at the impudence and disdain these fellows show by their treatment of the Queen our Sovereign Lady and Her Serene Highness the Infanta my sister." Cardinal Adrian was "afraid that the Queen will die if she is not promptly delivered from the hands of the Comuneros". The Constable began to talk of "the sacred enterprise of freeing our Queen and Sovereign Lady from the barbarous soldateska".

Inner dissensions were adding to the difficulties that faced the insurgents from their common enemy. Differing in history, traditions, and customs, the towns were separated by almost impassable mountains, had conflicting interests and incompatible wishes. The majority of the Leaguers, jealous of Toledo's predominating influence, entrusted the command of their forces to Pedro Giron, an Andalusian grandee. Thereupon Juan de Padilla withdrew to Toledo with those of the troops that preferred his leadership. Giron's part in the insurrection has never been fully explained, but many historians believe him to have betrayed it.

He led his army against Rioseco, where the royalist troops had assembled; but instead of joining battle he was inert, and left the road to Tordesillas free for the knights, having garrisoned this stronghold with no more than two thousand men. On December 4th the royalist army reached the town, and Giron, instead of hastening to relieve it, abandoned it to its fate.

When Joan heard that "her grandees" had arrived, she commanded that the gates should be opened, "for they come, not to do harm, but to serve me". The Comuneros, knowing what to expect, determined to sell their lives dearly. After six hours' bombardment, the artillery breached the walls, and the city was sacked.

At the beginning of the assault, Joan and the Infanta took refuge in the Church of Santa Clara. When that became

obviously unsafe, they went back to the palace, where, in the courtyard, the grandees found the Queen and conducted her to her apartments.

Joan was surrounded again by tried and trusted friends: the Count of Benavente, the Admiral; the Count of Haro brought greetings from his father the Constable of Castile, who had sent him to set her free. The Queen expressed her gratitude to the Constable, and was delighted to be once more among the grandees who had come to kiss hands. This was her great day, for she believed she was really free at last. She assured them she had always warned the Junta against using force or levying troops. The Admiral, taking note of this, asked her next day to issue an order to the Comuneros to disband their forces and cease resisting the royal army. Joan, who for three months had withstood the pleadings, threats, and coercion of the Comuneros, promptly signed what was wanted.

But the veteran Admiral, an upright man who, twenty-four years earlier, had escorted Joan to Flanders, and ten years later had defended her freedom against Philip's encroachments, was the only one of the noble knights who now remained true to the Queen. He bluntly told the other grandees that Joan was perfectly sane—and none of those present at Tordesillas ventured to contest his assurance. But they all demurred to the promulgation of the edict he had induced Joan to sign, though this would have saved much bloodshed. To issue a decree from Joan would have implied that the grandees recognised her fitness to rule—which would not only have been tantamount to the moral condemnation of Charles, but would have diminished his authority and perhaps cost him his crown.

Cardinal Adrian and the Constable (who was one of Charles's most subservient followers) now hastened to Tordesillas. It seemed for a moment as if Tordesillas was to become

the seat of government, but really it was no more than the place in which Joan's fate was to be definitively settled.

At Medina del Campo she had been loyal to her husband; in the Netherlands, loyal to her father; in Tordesillas, loyal to her son and then to the grandees—but, just as husband, father, and son had betrayed her, so now did the Spanish nobles betray the last Spanish Queen of Spanish blood, handing over their country to the scion of the foreign house of Habsburg, and forcing the Admiral to destroy the order the Queen had signed—"for it would be the greatest possible disaster that Spain should have two sovereigns".


Joan knew nothing of this. Throughout December (Tordesillas having been stormed by the royalists on the 4th) it was currently reported that the Queen sent for one or another of the grandees, and conversed with him for hours. But from the beginning the Marquis of Denia was on hand once more, incessantly striving to regain undisputed control of the palace. When January came, he could already report to Charles that "now Her Majesty is not being visited either by grandees or by knights, this being better in various respects".

Joan's fate decided also that of the Comuneros. Pedro Giron, being suspect among them of having betrayed Tordesillas, made his peace with the grandees and retired to his estates in Andalusia. Juan de Padilla came to the fore again with his Toledo levies, but the character of the insurrection had changed. The revolutionary elements in the Junta got the upper hand of the moderates. What had been a revolt against an unjust government assumed the more virulent aspect of a class war. The Comuneros confiscated mines, saltworks, landed estates. The revolutionary wave spread from the towns to the villages; the peasants burned the mansions and castles of the territorial magnates, drove off their flocks and herds, plundered and ravaged. There was a jacquerie. As these excesses increased, more and more towns fell away from the Holy League, and

tried to make terms with the government. On April 23, 1521, three and a half months after the storming of Tordesillas by the royalists, and less than eight after the triumph there of the Junta, the improvised and undisciplined army of the Comuneros was overwhelmingly defeated at Villalar by the knights. Juan de Padilla, who had not the luck to die in the field, was ruthlessly executed.

Although this battle may at first sight have seemed no more than a victory of the Spanish knighthood over misguided enthusiasts, really, since the knights fought in the service of a foreign monarch and under the regency of an alien priest; it signified the long-lasting suppression of the free national life of Spain, and the abdication by the knighthood of its feudal past in favour of a new-fangled courtly service.

Once more the Admiral, the last of the Spanish patriots, who had throughout laboured on behalf of an understanding with the insurgents, asked from Charles, as the only reward for his services and the sole compensation for the heavy losses which the rising had caused in his estates, clemency for the prisoners. In vain. The monarch's answer was the bloody executions of the year 1522. In July Charles returned to Spain with a fleet of 150 ships bringing 4,000 mercenaries as body-guard, and the Edict of Forgiveness he issued a year and a half after the massacre of Villalar, when all the ringleaders had been executed, excluded no less than 300 Spaniards from the general amnesty. Once more an alien rule was riveted upon Spain—to be avenged in the Netherlands half a century later by the Duke of Alva under Charles's son and successor Philip II.



CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

FIVE-AND-THIRTY YEARS

WHEN the grantees decided in favour of Charles and against Joan, they stipulated that no attention was to be paid to her, "except that she must remain as free as she now is, and must be treated and served as befits her royal rank". Cardinal Adrian wrote to Charles: "Your Majesty is greatly indebted to the Queen your mother for the love she has shown your person and her care for your succession, and in respect of other matters as well, concerning which information comes to hand daily. I should like to dwell on them, but refrain lest I should be prolix."

But the Marquis of Denia had returned in a vengeful mood, eager to pay out all and sundry for the slights he had endured at the hands of the Comuneros, determined to re-establish his former authority, and to make up by redoubled severity for its temporary loss.

The Grand Commander reported to the Emperor: "The Marquis of Denia has come back in a very nasty temper. He is most unpopular among his subordinates, many of whom are extremely displeased by his return. Your Majesty would do well to order him to moderate his ways, to placate the Queen's attendants, and to serve Her Serene Highness the Infanta in a proper spirit. Also the Marchioness ought to mend her manners, for I am told that she has made herself generally disliked, and that no one at Tordesillas is best pleased to see her again." The Admiral wrote even more strongly: "The Marquis of Denia is so much hated, both by the people of the town and by the household staff, that it would be dangerous to leave him in sole charge at Tordesillas."



Palace of Tordesillas

The River Front

The Admiral had earnestly desired to issue the decree with the Queen's signature. The Cardinal had, with his usual exemplary frankness, written to Charles: "It is current talk here that there is the following difference between Your Majesty and the Queen our Sovereign Lady, that Your Majesty is not so sagacious as she is, for you are ready to sign anything, whereas Her Highness is wiser, and will sign nothing. . . Spain will never truly love and respect you until you show more zeal for governmental affairs."

But Charles and his advisers were busied upon imperial concerns, and had no time for those of Spain. All they wanted, as regards Spain, was that there should be no danger from Tordesillas. Despite the warnings of Adrian, the Admiral, and the Constable, the Emperor wrote a most affable letter to Denia: "I am fully convinced that in this and other respects you have been whole-heartedly devoted to my service. . . . Continue, therefore, to serve me faithfully, and to make the best of any disagreeables to which you may be exposed."

By Charles's orders, "everything relating to the Queen, the Infanta, and their servants" was recommitted to Denia's charge, with the result that for the Queen a new and yet harsher imprisonment began. Hitherto Joan had enjoyed at least the semblance of freedom. She had, in make-believe, been treated as a Queen, as one upon whose word the fate of the realm turned; she had been promised that the grandees would come to set her free, and, sustained by this belief, she had been willing to endure anything. They came at last, paid respect to her as Queen, uttered soft words. Her day had come at length, after so much suffering and so much steadfastness. But when she was on the point of addressing herself to the task of governing with the grandees' aid, her gaoler reappeared, and the walls of the prison-house closed round her once more.

She stubbornly endeavoured to maintain the shadow of

royalty, and issued orders—but no longer did anyone obey. When she summoned the *grandees*, they did not come. She grew rebellious, “having been made so arrogant by the respect paid to her during my absence,” writes Denia, “that everyone here has a great deal of trouble with her”. The result was yet stricter isolation.

A great silence enveloped Tordesillas. All that Denia’s letters recorded was: “the Queen goes on well”, and “the Infanta is well and cheerful”. For the rest, the epistles were full of accusations and suspicions. The Marquis was inflamed with hatred of all who had been at the palace during the *Comuneros’* regime, had reported his former harshness, had witnessed his expulsion. He even suspected the Infanta, who interceded on behalf of some of the servants, of a secret leaning towards the insurgents, and begged Charles to reprove her; inveighed against the Admiral for having “let the chief offenders out of prison”; and looked forward to “the speedy arrival of the Emperor, who will hold assize, and punish the offenders as they deserve”.

Life at Tordesillas became gloomier and sadder. Joan, bitterly disappointed, resumed her policy of passive resistance, refused to go to bed, to get up, dress, take her meals, attend Mass. The Infanta, being now fourteen, was old enough to realise what went on, and to form opinions of her own. The Admiral wrote to Charles: “It is most painful to watch the Infanta’s distress, and to perceive her full understanding of what goes on.” But Denia did as he pleased, and Polanco, his secretary, notes that “the Marquis of Denia serves Her Majesty at the proper times and in the proper way”, while indicating the Queen’s changed position by the remark that he himself no longer pays his respects to her, “since this seems superfluous”. Still, he says, that “the Queen our Sovereign Lady is in excellent bodily health”; and he gives a glimpse of the true state of affairs in the palace and of

Joan's reaction to her gaoler's new attitude and to her own stricter seclusion by the remark that "for three days no food has been taken to Her Majesty, since she has neither wanted nor ordered any".

Thus did six months pass under Denia's absolute sway, while from time to time the Infanta wrote brief and apparently artless letters to her brother assuring him of her satisfaction with her surroundings. Then, suddenly, a letter from her and a memorial broke through the silence in which Tordesillas was enwrapped.

She had managed to smuggle out of the palace a despairing cry for help, and implored Charles to believe her, and recognise that "the Queen my Sovereign Lady and I have no other help and protection than Your Majesty. . . . Hitherto I have not been able to write the truth because the Marquis and the Marchioness supervise all my letters, and I can only write what they approve."

From the time when the royalists reconquered Tordesillas, the Admiral's lady took an interest in the little princess, often wrote to her, and liked to hear from her: "though the Marchioness is furious about it, tries to find out who brings me your letters and conveys mine to you, has me spied upon to prevent it, and does a great many other things which she has no right to do." Catherine was deprived of the tutors she had become attached to, lest she should complain to them or use them as postmen. The Marchioness even forbade her "to see or talk to the Queen's servingmen or servingmaids". She was cut off from every one of her confidants, even from Juan de Avila, her confessor, whom she still trusted. Feminine spite was displayed, for she was deprived of her trinkets and smart clothes.

The picture she gives of her mother's life discloses a martyrdom.

Joan was penned once more in the dark inner room lighted

only by candles. Not only was she forbidden to leave the palace, but was debarred access to the passages and the big hall which commanded views of the river and the street. "There is no place outside her room where she can take refuge. If she goes into the passage she is instantly detected by the Marchioness or her daughters, and hunted back into the room by the women on guard." For the two women who watched her unceasingly were again on duty; and not only these wardresses, for the Marchioness, her daughters, and her servants were continually on the prowl, going into the Queen's room whenever they pleased, and through this into the Infanta's. But when Joan merely wished to see her confessor, "he is not allowed to come and console her, though there is no one else in whom she can confide, and he is devoted to Your Majesty's service".

The little Infanta implores Charles not to treat her unkindly, for she has no thought but to serve him "as she would serve God". She tries to show how senseless this harsh regime of prison is in the Queen's case, assuring him that her mother is devoted to him, and that there is no possibility of escape. "The Queen will not get out unless she is forcibly removed, and even if she were to try, the women are always on guard."

The letter is a cry of distress, for when, a few weeks later, Catherine defends herself against Denia's charge that if allowed a modicum of freedom she would seek to communicate with Charles's enemies, the document is penned by another hand, with only this marginal note in the Infanta's own script: "I beg Your Majesty to excuse my bad penmanship. I am really not equal to writing."

Cardinal Adrian, through whose hands the princess's letters and memorial passed, could not fail to grasp how disastrous must be the effect of such treatment upon an immature mind, and energetically espoused her cause. He declared that there was no warrant for the charges brought against her; urged

Charles to see to it "that proper respect be paid to the person and authority of the Señora Infanta, as befits her station". He went on: "I have found her shrewd and signally virtuous, very suitable to be a support to the Queen. But since the Marquis does not want this, he takes measures to the contrary." Adrian also asks that Juan de Avila, confessor and guardian of the two prisoned women, be respectfully treated, and emphasises this demand by declaring he will take compliance with it "as a personal favour".

Charles could hardly venture to ignore such an appeal from the Regent, who had just saved him his kingdom. His reply is not extant, but henceforward Denia was careful to speak of the Infanta as "Her Highness", and his letters change their tone, being filled with fulsome praises of the girl. If he and the Marchioness have failed to show her due respect, they deplore their error. "It was only done out of zeal for Your Majesty's service."

But as far as the Queen was concerned, there was no change for the better. The regime of the windowless room was maintained. Everyone in the slightest degree attached to her must be kept away—so Juan de Avila vanished from Tordesillas.

But while this harsh treatment was likely to break the spirit of one who was little more than a child, it filled Joan with fury against her tormentors. Whenever she could manage to escape into a room with a window giving on to the street, she would scream to the passers-by, asking them to "summon any officers or men who may be in the town that they may kill" this person or that. She called for the grandees, and raged because they did not come. Far from resigning herself to her fate, she resisted her gaoler in every possible way.

It was Charles's wish that she should continue to attend Mass. Juan de Avila had recently reported: "The Queen hears Mass, and wishes to go on doing so." But now Denia

wrote: "On Christmas Eve, when divine service was being held in the chapel, she came in to fetch the Infanta, who was hearing Mass, and screamed that the altar and everything on it must be taken away."

Thus the tragical circle was closed. When Joan first went to the Netherlands, being by no means inclined towards her mother's bigotry, she had gladly accommodated herself to the more tolerant views and practices of the Low Countries, and had thus aroused anxiety in Spain. But when, in her imprisonment, she urgently needed distraction, she found it in churchgoing. That having been prohibited, as a protest she refused to hear Mass. At last, finding that her enemies were set upon her attendance, her wrath induced her to disturb divine service.

This was sacrilege, which in sixteenth-century Spain could bring offenders to the stake; and here her behaviour placed a weapon in her adversaries' hands. Charles, by keeping his mother in prison and thus using the walls of Tordesillas to hide from his people the Queen's religious aberrations, constituted himself the Defender of the Faith and the Guardian of the Church.

Denia reported: "The Queen's indisposition persists, and I think it growing worse", and he felt justified in asking permission "*hacerle premia*" (in plain words, to apply torture) for the control of Joan. Though he knew that it was "a very serious matter for a subject to use such means against his Sovereign Lady", he did not hesitate to assure Charles that this "would please God and be serviceable to Her Highness for persons of her disposition need it".

Charles seems to have shrunk from having his mother put to the torture. Denia subsequently wrote to the effect that he saw no likelihood of securing his master's consent: "If Your Majesty bids me to treat Her Highness with consideration, Your Majesty shows the spirit of a good son, and may rely

on my doing as a vassal only what is advantageous to Her Highness."

As year follows year, another proposal comes to the fore, that he should remove Joan from Tordesillas—where Denia had made himself detested by the townsmen—to some more isolated fortress. Various places are mentioned, but the plan for removal is always the same, being one dictated by dread lest the populace should rise on behalf of the Queen. The transfer must be made by night. Joan will be conveyed in a litter, by force if necessary, travelling always under cover of darkness to the chosen stronghold, "that no one may catch sight of her".

The plan was never carried out, for heavy expenditure would have been involved, and after his return to Spain Charles was so short of money that on one of his visits to Tordesillas he carried off his mother's jewels. Joan, we are told, reproached him bitterly, saying: "It is not enough that I should let you reign, but you come and rob my house as well." Another time she intervenes on behalf of the servants, whose wages are in arrear, asking Charles to settle with them punctually.

Distressful though her life was, amid all her miseries there remained with her one person whose presence was a consolation, her beloved Catherine who, with a very brief interlude, had shared her captivity from the first. But Catherine was now grown up. According to the Emperor's dynastic schemes, she was to become Queen of Portugal, so she must be taken away from her mother.

The General of the Dominicans, being sent to Tordesillas, wrote asking Charles to come in person, "for if Your Majesty is close at hand the removal of the Señora Infanta will be easier and safer". It was widely believed, at Tordesillas, that Joan would never survive the parting, so the Dominican recommended that the marriage should be arranged "with

the kingdom's consent", and that the Cortes which had been summoned to Burgos should be transferred to Valladolid. Then, if the Queen's life be imperilled, Your Majesty will escape blame."

Charles came twice to Tordesillas. He had the General of the Franciscans sent there to work upon Joan—with the result that never again would she confess to a Franciscan since the head of that Order had wanted her to part from her daughter. She seems to have resisted with such strength as she still possessed this severance from the one human being who was dear to her, but without avail. Contarini, the Venetian ambassador, reports, without going into details, that "other forcible measures were taken". In the end, on January 2, 1525, Catherine left the palace in which her gloomy youth had been spent, to marry her cousin, John III of Portugal.

From the passage window, the despairing mother watched the departure of her dear one, as if hoping to preserve at least this painful memory. Soon Catherine and her attendants vanished from sight, but Joan was still riveted to the spot. Night came, then day, then another night, but she remained on guard, as if finding it impossible to believe that she would never see her "niña" again. Perhaps a miracle would happen, if she did not desert her post. But the miracle did not take place, and after the second night's vigil, hopeless and utterly exhausted, she allowed her attendants to put her to bed.

But she did not die. One of the chroniclers said of her with good reason: "This woman was fashioned to see and to endure anything in the world, whether good or evil, with a steadfast heart and unfailing courage. In two days she was up again, and there was hatred to sustain her if she no longer had anything to love. Hoping to console her, Charles sent to Tordesillas the Admiral of Castile, an old man now, but faithful as ever. It was five years since he had seen her, just after the town was taken by the royalists. Then he insisted

that she was sane, but now he had to admit that the troubles of the intervening time had shaken her reason. Writing to the Emperor, the Admiral spoke of "her suffering and confusion". Only when speaking of Denia, her gaoler, did she seem "to be as reasonable as anyone else", but if she merely overheard the Marquis or the Marchioness speaking "she suffered more than at parting from the Infanta". The Admiral made his report "hoping to arouse compassion", but it was a fruitless as all previous ones had been. The prisoner was to pass into oblivion, and no one was better fitted to ensure this than Denia.

The days, the months, the years followed one another with numbing monotony. From time to time Joan made another attempt at rebellion, rushing to the window, shouting for help, and yielding solely to force. During the intervals she was impassive, acting only when directly prompted by her environment. If they brought her food, she ate; if they took her to bed, she undressed. But when some trifle threw her into a rage, for five or six days she would refuse all food except a little bread and cheese. During her uneventful life the slightest deviation from the daily routine might be of importance.

Thus a decade passed. By degrees Denia had made the staff-offices at Tordesillas a preserve for the de Rojas family, whose members were appointed to the most diversified sinecures. There were sceptre-bearers, major-domos, maestresalas, overseers of court officials, lady-companions of various ranks, half-a-dozen accountants, a dozen mistresses of the robes on whom Joan never set eyes. Two hundred idlers kept watch over the secluded Queen. When, after a decade, the Marquis of Denia died, his son succeeded to the gaoler's office as well as to the marquissate, and went on reporting to the Emperor whether Joan had eaten her dinner or refused food, whether she had gone to bed, and whether next morning she had dressed herself or not.

For five-and-thirty years after the coronation at Aix the name of Charles V bulked largely in the political world of Europe. His armies, his diplomatic intrigues, the bustle of his expeditions, were fertile topics of conversation. Ten times he visited the Low Countries, nine times went to Germany, seven times to Italy, six times to Spain, four times to France, twice to England, and twice (as last of the crusaders) to Africa. Eight times he voyaged on the Mediterranean, and thrice on the Atlantic Ocean. Throughout this restless life, hardly anyone remembered that this Holy Roman Emperor and World Ruler was in his own land a usurper holding his mother captive. Throughout the five-and-thirty years that followed the insurrection of the Comuneros, Joan lived on at Tordesillas.

And throughout the time, she never ceased fighting her gaolers, never remitted her enmity of those who formed her entourage, detesting them and all their works. In her growing mental infirmity she fancied herself surrounded by evil spirits who were able to counteract every good prompting. She pictured a spectral cat that devoured her mother's soul, tore her father's body to pieces, and lay in wait to dismember her own frame. To the last she clung to her royal dignity, asked to be kept informed about "my affairs", wanted news of her children and grandchildren.

Once or twice the imperial family visited her, and there is preserved in Philip's apartments at the Escorial a holy image which Joan is supposed to have given her little grandson. Later, when Philip was Regent of Spain during his father's frequent absences, he must (being a fervent Catholic) have been much distressed by the news of his grandmother's irreligious behaviour—for now it was generally believed that she was incarcerated for religious aberration. Francesco Borgia, who was already high up in the counsels of the recently formed Society of Jesus and famous throughout

Spain for his wonderful conversions, was in 1552 commissioned by Philip to visit and report upon Joan.

As a boy Francesco, great-grandson of King Ferdinand and great-nephew of Cesare and Lucrecia Borgia, had served for two years at Tordesillas as one of little Catherine's pages. Joan who, as a good hater, never forgot her persecutors, had also a loving memory for all those who had shown her sympathy or devotion. When now, after the lapse of thirty years, Borgia sent in his name, the ageing Queen remembered the sometime page, and gave him a warm welcome. Two years later he came again, and these visits give us our last glimpse into the life of the woman of over seventy who had now been forty-three years at Tordesillas.

The talk between Joan and the famous Jesuit (later General of the Order) was a duel in which each had an axe to grind. At the first visit she made a general confession and received plenary absolution—to resume, as soon as he had gone, her campaign against religious worship. When he came again, she declared herself ready to hear Mass and to receive Holy Communion. He bluntly asked: "Do you believe the articles of faith as prescribed by the Holy Catholic Church?" She answered: "Of course. How could I fail to believe them?" With the cunning of the insane, she went on: "In earlier days I used to confess and communicate and hear Mass. I had images of the saints, and said the prayers recommended me by a Dominican Friar who was the Catholic Monarch's confessor."—"But why, Daughter," asked Borgia, "have you ceased to do these desirable things?"—"I am perfectly willing to do them now, but am hindered by my servingmaids. They are witches, disturb my prayers, and defile the Holy Water."—Borgia feigned belief, kept the women out of her sight, and told her they had been handed over to the Inquisition. Joan, being no longer afflicted by the sight of women she hated, ceased to resist, her only care being that

the offenders should be severely punished and should never return.

At this time (May 1554) she was already suffering from dropsy in the legs, so severe that she could scarcely walk. At length she was completely bedridden. Local baths were prescribed. One of them being too hot, ulcers formed and were so intensely painful that her cries rang through the palace day and night. She would not allow her sheets to be changed, because the slightest movement caused agony. The sores became inflamed, she vomited incessantly, could neither eat nor sleep, and at length died on Good Friday 1555 in the seventy-sixth year of her life, having spent fifty years in prison—forty-six of them at Tordesillas.

When news of her death reached Charles in Brussels, he wished to have solemn Masses for the Dead said at once, and wrote instructing his son Philip in England to do the same. Philip replied that he had no funds for the purpose, and begged his father to wait a few days, when he would come to Brussels and attend the services there. The future lord of Spain and the Indies, consort of Mary, Queen of England (whom he could not ask for money, since to do so would discredit Spain) was insolvent and had "to eat on credit". Simultaneously the Emperor in Brussels was so desperately hard-up that "he lacked money for daily needs" and throughout the year had been "unable to pay the servants' wages".

During the forty years of his reign, the perpetual wars between France and Spain had been decided in his favour, Italy had been subjugated, Pope Clement VII was defeated and taken prisoner, a king was held captive. Charles had stopped the advance of the Turks in Europe, continued the African campaigns of Ferdinand and Cisneros, fighting in Algiers and Tunis, and by conquests on the North Coast had relieved Italy and Spain from the danger of a new Moorish

invasion. But all the peoples and territories of his Empire "on which the sun never set" were exhausted, impoverished, bled white, and he himself, at fifty-five, was so weary and broken that at the time of Joan's death he had already determined to abdicate. His dream of uniting all Christian Europe under the Empire had proved futile. The German Empire, still intact at the time of his accession, was now riven in sunder, and Protestants and Catholics were waging a life-or-death struggle. He could not even hand down to his darling Philip the imperial title he had bought with Spanish gold, for it passed to his brother Ferdinand, who became the founder of the Austrian dynasty of Habsburgs.

The upshot of his forty years of world dominion, far from being a united Christendom, was a Europe given over to new dynastic squabbles and torn by religious dissension.

It was for this that Joan had suffered lifelong imprisonment, for this that he had robbed his mother of her kingdoms.

Would she have been able to preserve and rule them? There can be no doubt that such was her heartfelt desire; but what about her competence?—Isabella certainly believed her daughter equal to the task, since the codicil to her testament specified that only in the event of Joan's being absent from the realm or lacking the desire or the ability to rule, should Ferdinand "rule, govern, and administer it", but then exclusively "in his daughter's name"; and on her deathbed the Catholic Queen made her husband swear that "on no account would he rob Joan of her crown".

Joan's own wish was to keep everything as it had been in Queen Isabella's time. She wanted to save Spain from alien rule, she wanted toleration, and she loved the people. She disliked the Church Militant, and had no leanings for despotism. Her government was to be that of the royal advisers, the Cortes, and some of the noble families. The weal or woe of

her kingdoms would have been decided by the quality of the persons who succeeded in winning her confidence—which her suspicious temperament and her craving for legality made a difficult matter. The most carping critics, even Peter Martyr who was definitely hostile, agree that she was by no means lacking in intelligence, that she had a virile judgment tinctured by sarcasm and wit, and that her only grave defect was a lack of energy. Certainly under her rule the wealth of Spain would not have been squandered in foreign lands, American treasure would not have been wasted, and Spanish blood would not have been recklessly poured out in distant campaigns. Perhaps Spain would never have played the leading part in Europe: but with Spain minding her own business the destinies of Europe would have taken a different turn; and Charles, remaining till her death sovereign of no more than the Low Countries and Austria, would have been compelled to pursue a very different policy.

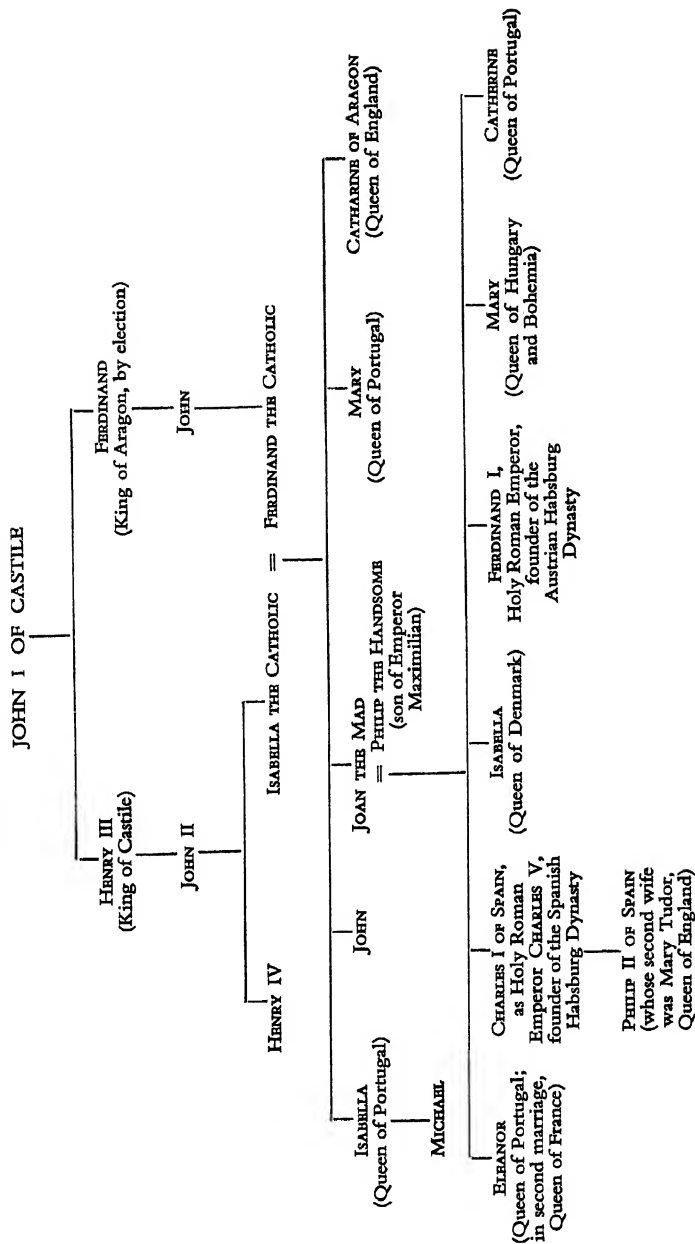
Fate decided otherwise. When Isabella died, Ferdinand was still able to conceive far-reaching schemes of his own, while Philip was too ambitious and too young to await his father-in-law's death. Joan, as a Spanish woman, never felt at home in the Netherlands; and yet her sojourn in the Low Countries where she was Archduchess had estranged her from Spanish conditions. Her heredity and her environment had made of her an unstable creature, not strong enough to control surrounding forces; and she suffered from the inward conflict between her passion for her husband and her filial affection for her father. When Europe was in the melting-pot this woman was placed in the commanding position from which the future of the western world was to be guided, and she was encircled by brutal and ruthless self-seekers, each of whom believed himself the Man of Destiny. Not one of them was ready to let her follow her own bent, for to do this, each of them thought, would be to forsake a calling.

Thus she became the victim of circumstances, not their mistress. By suffering, by keeping troth with father, husband, and son, she opened Habsburg's road to world empire. But by the greatness of her suffering, by the sadness of her fate, she won the sympathy of her people. The legends that were spread to injure her became woven round her personality and transfigured it, so that she who was forgotten in her lifetime became after death one of the most popular figures in Spanish history. The folk-feeling was that a woman who could love and hate as she did, who, self-forgetful, fought under the doom of self-destruction, who when all was lost would neither yield nor compromise—must be Spanish to the core. "Juana la loca, loca de amor"—Joan the Mad, mad from love—is the title under which she is enshrined in popular memory; and the sorrows of the last woman of Spanish birth to sit upon the throne of Spain made the Spanish people, whose development has been retarded for centuries, feel the kinship between her fate and their own. Whimsical in her ideas, extravagant in her wishes, incalculable in her behaviour, she nevertheless remained, like the Spanish people, so lovable that almost all who came in contact with her were devoted to her, and detested her gaolers Ferrer and Denia.

There is nothing that speaks more strongly in her behalf than Charles's own conduct. Brought up in Flanders under the impression that his mother was mad, and having, to rob her of her crown, confirmed her in her pitiful imprisonment, he subsequently came several times to Tordesillas, and sent his wife and children to visit her. When, a month after the imposing obsequies for Joan, he abdicated, he declared himself superfluous, "for God has recalled the Queen my mother to Himself, and my son is old enough to reign and better fitted than I to bear the burden of a crown". At the monastery of San Yuste to which he retired, he believed himself to hear

her voice summoning him. In his testament expressing a wish to be buried at San Yuste, he directed Philip that if the body of the Empress were brought thither the mortal remains of Joan were also to be transferred from Tordesillas to San Yuste.

GENEALOGICAL TABLE





CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

- 1496 August 22nd. The fleet sails from Laredo to convey Joan to the Netherlands.
September. Fleet reaches the Netherlands.
October 18th. Philip arrives at Lierre and the wedding takes place.
- 1497 March 8th. Margaret's arrival in Spain.
April 3rd. Margaret marries John.
October 4th. John's death.
December. Margaret gives birth to a child, stillborn.
- 1498 April 29th. The Cortes of Castile recognises Isabella of Portugal as heiress to the throne.
August 23rd. Isabella gives birth to a boy and dies.
November 15th. Joan gives birth to Eleanor.
July 1498-January 1499. Tomas de Matienzo, Subprior of Santa Cruz, in Brussels.
- 1500 February 25th. Joan gives birth to Charles.
July 20th. Death of Michael, son of Isabella of Portugal, and heir to the thrones of Castile, Aragon, and Portugal.
- 1501 Summer. Juan de Fonseca in Flanders.
August 10th. Betrothal of Charles to Claude, daughter of Louis XII of France.
November 4th. Joan and Philip leave the Low Countries for Spain.
December 7th-15th. They stay with King Louis at Blois.
- 1502 January 29th-April 29th. Journey through Spain.
April 29th. Philip falls sick at Oleas.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

May 7th.	Entry into Toledo.
May 22nd.	Homage by the Cortes at Toledo.
July 18th.	Ferdinand leaves for Aragon.
August 23rd.	Death of the Archbishop of Besançon.
August 29th.	At one in the morning Philip and Joan leave Toledo.
September 28th–October 4th.	Isabella's journey from Toledo to Madrid.
October 7th.	Joan and Philip bid farewell to Isabella at Madrid.
October 27th.	Homage by the Cortes at Saragossa.
October 30th.	Ferdinand's arrival in Madrid.
November 13th.	Philip's arrival in Madrid.
November 21st.	Philip sends a message to Saragossa summoning Joan immediately to Madrid.
December 7th.	The Catholic Monarchs write to the Marquis of Villena.
1503 January 15th.	Ferdinand and Isabella come to Alcalà.
February 28th.	Philip crosses the French frontier.
March 10th.	Joan gives birth to Ferdinand.
June.	Isabella takes Joan to Segovia.
Summer.	Joan goes to Medina del Campo.
November 8th.	Philip gets back to the Netherlands.
November 28th.	Isabella joins Joan at Medina del Campo.
1504 March 1st.	Joan leaves Medina del Campo for Laredo.
End of May.	The fleet sails for the Netherlands.
July.	Isabella and Ferdinand ill at Medina del Campo.
November 26th.	Isabella's death.
December.	At Toro, Ferdinand prepares for the Cortes.
1505 January 11th.	The Cortes assembles at Toro.
February–March.	Embassy of Fonseca and Conchillos to Brussels.
March 22nd–26th.	Philip at Treves. Embassy of Miguel de Ferrera.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

End of March.	Conchillos imprisoned.
April 25th.	Philip back in Brussels.
May 3rd.	Joan's letter to de Veyre.
June-July.	War in Gelderland.
End of July.	Joan kept prisoner.
August.	In Brussels King Louis's ambassadors state Philip's breaches of his obligations as vassal.
September.	Maximilian in Brussels.
September 15th.	Joan gives birth to Mary.
October.	Philip's ambassador with King Louis.
October 19th.	Contract of marriage between Ferdinand and Germaine of Foix.
October 21st.	Philip declares himself King Louis's vassal.
November 24th.	Treaty of Salamanca.
December.	Joan and Philip at Middelburg.
1506 January 8th.	The fleets sails from Flushing.
January 13th-15th.	Storm at sea.
January 17th.	Philip's ship makes Weymouth.
January 31st.	Philip arrives at Windsor.
February 9th.	Treaty of Windsor.
February 10th.	Joan reaches Windsor.
February 11th.	Catherine of Aragon leaves Windsor.
February 12th.	Joan signs the treaty.
February 13th.	Joan leaves Windsor.
March 18th.	Ferdinand marries Germaine of Foix.
March 26th-April 22nd.	Joan and Philip at Perinne lez Falemue (Penryn by Falmouth).
April 20th.	Ferdinand journeys from Valladolid to Torquemada, to await Philip's arrival.
April 27th-May 28th.	Philip and Joan at Corunna.
June 2nd.	Ferdinand impowers Ximenes to negotiate with Philip.
June 7th.	The Constable goes over to Philip.
June 20th.	Ferdinand meets Philip.
June 23rd.	Entry into Benavente. Joan learns of the meeting.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

June 27th.	Treaty of Villafafila.
June 28th.	Joan tries to escape from Benavente.
July 7th and 8th.	The Admiral's conversations with Joan.
July 10th.	Entry into Valladolid.
July 12th.	The Cortes swears allegiance.
July 13th.	Ferdinand leaves Castile.
September 7th.	Joan and Philip reach Burgos.
September 16th.	Juan Manuel's Banquet.
September 24th.	Agreement between Ximenes and the grandees.
September 25th.	Philip's death.
November.	The Cortes assembles.
December 19th.	Joan, by decree, revokes all honours granted and appointments made by Philip.
December 20th.	Joan receives the procurators and then quits Burgos.
1507	
January 14th.	Joan gives birth to Catherine at Torquemada.
April 19th.	Joan leaves Torquemada for Hornillos.
June 4th.	Ferdinand leaves Naples.
July 20th.	Ferdinand lands at Valencia.
August 24th.	Joan leaves Tornillos for Tortoles.
August 28th.	Joan meets Ferdinand.
September 25th.	Burgos surrendered to Ferdinand.
October 8th.	Joan leaves Santa Maria del Campo for Arcos.
1508	
July.	Ferdinand comes to Arcos and takes little Ferdinand away from Joan.
October 9th.	The Bishop of Malaga's letter about Joan's condition.
December 10th.	League of Cambray against Venice.
1509	
February 15th.	Joan taken to Tordesillas.
March.	Germaine gives birth to a son, who dies immediately.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

May 14th.	The French defeat the Venetians at Agnadello.
December 12th.	Treaty of Blois, by which Ferdinand is appointed Regent till Charles comes of age.
1510 February 24th.	The Pope enters into an alliance with Venice against France.
March 24th.	Ferdinand's defensive alliance with England.
May.	Louis's campaign against Venice and the Pope; the Pope recognises Ferdinand's rights in Naples.
October 6th.	Agreement ensuring Ferdinand's dominion in Castile even in the event of Joan's death.
November.	Ferdinand and the grandees visit Tordesillas.
1511 October 4th.	The Pope, Ferdinand, and Venice form a league against France.
November 17th.	Ferdinand's offensive alliance with England, which is joined by the League.
1512	Conquest of Navarre.
1513 January.	Ferdinand and Germaine visit Tordesillas.
March.	The royal pair at Medina del Campo.
March 6th.	Venice enters into an alliance with France.
1514 March 13th.	Truce with France.
May.	Navarre annexed to the kingdom of Castile.
August 7th.	Peace between England and France. Louis marries Princess Mary of England.
1515 January 1st.	Death of King Louis.
January.	King Francis invades Italy and conquers Milan.
February 12th.	New league against France.
September 13th.	French victory at Marignano.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

December 12th.	Ferdinand refuses to receive Adrian of Utrecht.
1516 January 23rd.	Death of King Ferdinand.
February 1st.	Ximenes de Cisneros transfers the seat of government to Madrid.
March 4th.	The Cortes admonishes Charles against calling himself King.
April 3rd.	Ferrer superseded by Hernan Duques as commandant at Tordesillas.
April 23rd.	Charles proclaimed King in Madrid.
1517 September 19th.	Charles arrives in Spain.
November 4th.	Charles arrives at Tordesillas.
November 8th.	Death of Ximenes de Cisneros, at the age of eighty-one.
November 18th.	Charles's formal entry into Valladolid.
1518 January 4th.	The Cortes assembles at Valladolid.
February 5th.	Charles's swearing-in before the Cortes.
February 7th.	Act of homage at Valladolid.
February, latter half.	Charles at Tordesillas.
March 13th.	Catherine removed.
March 15th.	Charles brings back Catherine, and appoints Denia commandant.
March 22nd.	Charles leaves Valladolid.
April 19th.	Ferdinand sent to the Netherlands.
July 29th.	The Cortes of Aragon pays homage to Charles.
1519 January 12th.	Death of Emperor Maximilian.
February 13th.	Charles enters Barcelona.
March 5th.	Spanish grandees become knights of the Golden Fleece.
June 28th.	Charles elected Emperor.
1520 January.	Charles returns to Castile.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

March 8th.	Charles in Tordesillas on the flight from Valladolid.
April 1st.	Opening of the Cortes at Santiago.
May 20th.	Charles takes ship from Corunna.
May 23rd.	Insurrection in Segovia and Zamora.
July 29th.	The Santa Junta formed at Avila.
August 22nd.	Destruction of Medina del Campo.
August 29th.	Juan de Padilla enters Tordesillas.
September 20th.	Denia expelled from Tordesillas.
September 24th.	Joan receives the Junta.
September 30th.	Adrian informed that the Constable and the Admiral have been appointed Co-Regents.
October 13th.	Pedro Giron takes over command of the Comuneros.
November 27th.	Giron fails to relieve Rioseco.
December 4th.	Tordesillas taken by storm.
1521 April 23rd.	Battle of Villalar.
1522 January 9th.	Adrian elected Pope.
July 16th.	Charles returns to Spain.
September 2nd.	Charles at Tordesillas.
1525 January 2nd.	Catherine leaves Tordesillas.
1552 May.	Borgia's first visit to Tordesillas.
1554 May.	Borgia's second visit to Tordesillas.
1555 April 12th.	Death of Joan.
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